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Lasell Leaves.

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VOLUME X.

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Lasell Leaves.

Published Monthly, during the School Year,

BY THE

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OF

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EDITORIAL.

It is customary, at the beginning of every undertaking, to make many promises of doing good work. Every new editor of a college paper, in looking over back numbers, thinks he sees numerous places for improvement, and, innocently considering himself first in this discovery, is ambitious to first make use of it. Fond friends foretell a brilliant success if "such and such a thing be done." Visions of former editors in jealous wrath, tearing their hair, float before him. How thankfully the timely thought, "Let your own discretion be your tutor," comes to such an one! As for us, we are satisfied to maintain the reputation which the LEAVES already has won.

The Seminary never had a more propitious

opening than did it this year. Every thing points to advancement and growth. Sixty of the old girls back, and fifty-one new boarders, make the hive a busy one. A large number of young ladies were refused admission, as it is impossible to accommodate nicely more than one hundred and eleven in the building. It is impossible to describe the home-feeling which gives to Lasell its charm. We are not alone with ever so many young, thoughtless girls. The silver-haired mother of our Preceptress reminds us of that easy-chair a long way from here, and "dear grandma;" while the crowing and cooing of that wonderful little baby have the most natural and homelike sound in the world. We found no marked changes in the Seminary itself, — a few pleasant additions here and there, to make more perfect the already delightful place. It is the customs of Lasell which we have found quite different. The time for receiving calls is now placed on Monday afternoon, instead of Saturday evening as before. We blushingly affirm the reason given for the change to be that Saturday evening should be devoted to wielding the — darning-needle. It may be an experiment which the Faculty, seeing the number of callers diminished, may be happy to have made. Alas for any youth who, having missed five trains out of Boston, finally reaches Auburndale, and plods his eager way on Saturday night unto the Seminary door; for over it is written, "Let no man enter in, on pain of death!"

The Lasellia and S. D. Literary Societies have always met on Monday evenings. We are now allowed Saturday evening for that purpose; study hour remaining on the former evening just the same. We hope the Faculty agree with us that the society work is certainly not recreation. We hope they agree with us that it is beneficial to all who join. It is, then, desirable that the societies continue in the school. But is it tending in that direction, when new girls refuse to use the only evening of freedom in the week for purposes of debate? It certainly will make an endless year of work for each member. Not only the wardrobes, but the health of the young ladies, we fear, will need mending.

The cooking lectures will not be delivered at the old time; and, as Monday morning is quite given up to sweeping, it is probable they will come on some study afternoon.

CROQUET VERSUS LAWN-TENNIS.

[I came across the following this summer, and thought it might be interesting to our girls at Lasell. It is taken from "The London Graphic," and presents an English view of these sports. The writer had evidently not seen "four girls playing at tennis" on Lasell's grounds every day in fair weather. — J. C. B.]

THERE are signs of a croquet revival this year. Lawn-tennis is not altogether doomed, but the young ladies are beginning to see that it is a game for men. If played by girls, it should be played without corsets. Against a young fellow in flannels, a girl in stays, and a dress weighted with the cumbersome protuberances which are now in fashion, has no chance. If she bestirs herself much in striking at the ball, her movements are not only ungraceful, but injurious to her health; if she cultivates grace, waiting in pretty attitudes for the ball till it comes within her reach, then there is no game. The proper tennis costume for a girl would be a Garibaldi shirt and a plain skirt, as light as possible; but girls do not really care enough for tennis to make any sacrifice of personal adornment for its sake. What they like is the open air and the company of men (four girls playing at tennis, with no men looking on, is a very rare sight); but croquet offers these attractions, with additional possibilities in the way of talk.

At croquet, the fair player may wear what she pleases, strike picturesque attitudes, go through the game without hurry, and hold sweet confidential chats [ah! oh!] between the hits. At tennis, there is no confidential chatting. Croquet is certainly slower than tennis to good players of the last game, but not slower than tennis as played by some young ladies, who only send the ball over the net once out of five tries. It might have been expected that the earnestness of some young men in their practice of tennis would prove fatal to the game as a social pastime. Enthusiasts of the racket play too well for their sisters and their sisters' friends; and it is really no great fun, after all, to "field out" while a proficient in "flannels" amuses himself by cutting balls in so dexterous a style that they scarcely rebound, and must always be missed, even when a girl tires herself out by straining at them.

CURIOSITIES in a boarding-school, — the new chairs.

LITERARY.

THE RETROSPECT.

How prim, sedate, she seems to be,
As she sits and cons her lessons o'er!
What would you say if you had known
This summer she was such a goer?

How like a bearded savage he,
In thread-bare clothes, his books in hand!
Who'd think he all the summer swelled
The greatest dude in all the land?

A LASELL REMINISCENCE.

In after-years, now we are gray,
Methinks, dear '84 and five,
Our thoughts oft turn to No. 6,
As sure as you and I're alive.

We think of how we tedious sat,
From three o'clock to half-past four,
Each with her "Merchant" in her hand,
Each glancing, longing, at the door;

Of how our teacher taught, explained,
With careful patience, knotty points;
Of how we answered, feebly vague,
The while we thought on aching joints.

Sometimes professor chiding spoke,
Of possible "exams." he hinted:
The girls smiled on, their foreheads clear,
Their calm assurance no-wise dinted.

Because they were so well prepared?
Oh, no! far from it, I assure thee:
They thought, "Such things have never been,
Such things we're certain never will be.

"At Lasell Sem. examinations
Are things which never have a place;
Our sober, honest, steadfast work
Doth never end in frantic race,"—

Till, after many gentle hints,
The previous "*possible*" turned out "*fact*."
The girls their "Merchants," primers, grasped:
They then found out 'twas time to act.

Then for a week there was no fun,
The Seminary had a ca'm:
To her own room each frightened girl
Had firmly gone, prepared to cram.

One April afternoon, the bell
Brought troops of white-faced anxious girls,—
Pens, rubbers, pencils, fiercely stood
In lieu of former bangs and curls.

The "raving locks" were tightly coiled
In classic pugs on shapely necks;
Each gait took on a longer stride,
Like that at Harvard's new Annex.

We bore great sheets of Congress size,
We sat us down to do and dare,
We seized the dreaded printed sheet,
With gestures wild we sawed the air.

Behold! two pages closely printed, —
Questions on grammar, primer, text,
Opinions, metres, and constructions:
At each we wondered what came next.

How we ever did live through it,
How we came out well and strong,
How our feeble brains recovered
From the strain so hard and long, —

Is beyond my comprehension:
Yet the fact remains, you see;
For we're all now old and wrinkled,
And as gray as gray can be.

Each has made Shakspeare her life-work;
Each has felt it more and more,
That she owes her fame and fortune
To that "exam." of '84.

A SEMINARY TALE.

FOUR cold stone walls; high above, the uncovered rafters of the ceiling, where the fat spiders make their silken snares; a floor of cement beneath; a basket piled with coal and rubbish in one corner, from which a rat occasionally steals; a bed of straw upon the hard floor; high up in the wall, a narrow chink, through which a pale sunbeam finds its way; a heavy door, whose grating bolts tell too strongly my utter helplessness,—heavens! can it be I who shiver in the cold, and sleep upon that bed at night? I am writing this with a pointed bit of coal, upon some paper which I begged the servant to bring me, when she set in my bread and water. There is little danger of my being disturbed. The sunbeam through the chink comes and goes, again and again; and the only sign of human life I see is the hard hand of my keeper, as she puts my scanty meals inside the door. Occasionally I hear a merry burst of laughter above me, as the girls go up and down the halls, affectionate as ever, I suppose, vowing eternal friendship and unwavering trust in each other, as when I was among them, loved and respected by all. On what sinking sand do you build your affections, dear girls! The first wind of adversity that blows, the first waves of suspicion that dash, bring your fair castles to the ground. It were better to trust only when years have proved your friend true. In what a delicate balance our fate is weighed! It was but the simple act of directing an envelope which brought me here. I was a new girl, and ready to oblige any one: so when Emma Colby laid a letter on my desk, and asked me to direct it, I immediately complied. It was addressed to a young man in Auburndale, but I had not been at Lasell long enough to question that. Two mornings afterward, the envelope was brought to me by one of the teachers, who inquired if I had written to that young gentleman. I hastened to explain that I merely directed the envelope for Emma Colby. That was all that was said to me. Two days after, Emma and her trunks left for home. A plan of hers to ride in the moonlight with this same young man had been discovered, and she had been privately expelled. I can never forget the

glance she gave me as the door closed upon her. Such a hateful gleam never entered into mortal eyes before. It foreboded some evil to me, and it was long before I ceased to think of it.

September came again, however, with its stores of fruit and golden leaves, and found me at Lasell, an "old girl," and a member of the Junior Class. It had been a gloomy day, not only on account of the gray sky and dripping eaves, but because the shadow of death rested above us. We had received word that Emma Colby had died a few days before. The name awakened many painful recollections; and I went into the library, that I might be alone. The room was unlighted, save by the fire, whose flickering flames threw fantastic dancers on wall and ceiling. The wind whistled dismally down the chimney. I listened spellbound, it sounded so like a voice. It grew more and more distinct and certain. Finally I heard, in supplicating tones, my own name called again and again. I started back, thinking some one must be in the room; but no, I was entirely alone. "Mary, Mary, Mary Power!" cried the voice, until I seemed compelled to answer, "What is it you wish of me?"—"I am the spirit of Emma Colby," said the voice. "You alone in all the earth can hear me when I speak. Since I left my mortal body, neither rest nor peace have I found. The gates of heaven and hell are shut upon me. By the foul wrong you did me when I was upon the earth, do me one favor, that I may escape eternal damnation." My throat was dry and parched; I could only move my lips in saying, "What can I do?" But the spirit invisible saw and understood me. "I grossly deceived Professor Bragdon before I left Lasell. Could I but see him, and crave his pardon, my soul will be at rest. I ask that you will lend me your body, that I may enter into it, and seek Professor Bragdon." Each sentence was followed by most pitiful wails and lamentations. "What!" I gasped, "suffer a spirit which is left to roam about,—refused admittance even into hell,—to take possession of my body!"—"Would you keep my soul in eternal death?" said the terrible voice; "you, who caused my first disgrace; you, who might have said a word to save me; you, who might have covered my fault, and have allowed me to correct it? O Christian as you think you are, would you refuse this cup of cold water to my thirsty, starving soul?" Her hopeless wail stirred my heart with pity. "Come," said I, "make what use of this frail body you can, and return it to me as you took it." Before the words had left my lips, the fire broke into a merry, crackling blaze, and I seemed to be dancing in time with the blue jets of flame. "How merry a life has the spirit!" I thought. I floated around, now on this side, now on that, lighter than the south wind. I am whirling fast

against the bookcase ; I will be crushed against it. But no : I pass right through the cover, and shoot between the pages of a book. "To sleep, — perchance to dream," I read. Now I can solve the riddle, thought I. I sleep, but I have no hideous dreams. Hamlet should have taken "arms against his sea of troubles." Every thing seemed like atmosphere. I could see through the blue walls, beyond through the blue trees ; and I found myself looking way, way down to the earth below, as though I were a kite, darting here and there in my heedless journey. It seemed but a short time when I again became conscious of the flickering fire in the library, and recognized my body sitting in an arm-chair. The hand was playing impatiently with the dress, and the eyes wandered anxiously around the room.

"Emma," I whispered, "are you through with my body?"

"Yes, come quick," she said. "My time has almost come. I must away to the other world." Down from the book I came, tumbling, floating, shooting, falling, unsteady as a boat in the outer wave of a whirlpool, circling nearer and nearer till I felt myself drawn into the body, and controlled by a mighty power, as strong and relentless as the suction of a charybdis. I was myself again. Feeling I would be late, I hurried into chapel. My first glance at the school rooted me to the threshold. Not an eye among them all but looked upon me with fear and amazement. Surge upon surge the color rolled into my face at their prolonged gaze.

I looked helplessly at Mabel, my dear friend, my guide and counsellor, my best beloved. There was no love nor pity in her cast-down eyes. I turned to those who had taught me from day to day, who had gained my sincere regard, and who, I thought, at least trusted me, if they did not return my love. Oh, why was I not struck blind before I ever saw such pictures of anger and withering scorn as were upon their faces ! Our principal, his black brows knit close in angry scowl, raised his hand lest any one should speak. Two girls in the back of the room broke into a titter at this. Their ridicule made me strong. I felt the blood leaving my face, my body, "oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands ;" but courage came in its place.

"Tell me," I said in low and calm voice, "why I meet from every one such indignant looks? Why do my mates shrink from me, as though I were a leper? Why do you, trembling with anger, forbid any one to speak to me? What wrong have I innocently committed, that you should scorn me so?" I heard a low cry of pain behind me. I turned not at all ; but I knew the dear voice, changed though it was. "Tell me, professor !" I said.

Exasperated beyond measure, he grasped me tightly by the arm, and then, pointing at me

with his disengaged hand, attempted vainly to speak without passion.

"Girl, wicked as is your heart, we still had pity on you, and would have saved you this disgrace. Not ten minutes ago was she sent from this room for talking aloud in a most shameful way during prayer-time ; and now she, she (can I believe my eyes?) returns, and with calm and injured look, as if wrong had been heaped on her Olympus high, demands an explanation of her reception ! How can I best unfold the baseness of her nature? How we have found her away from the school in the evening, and before the entire faculty asserting that Miss Carpenter here gave her permission. The bracelet which Lucy Smith lost was found among this girl's trinkets. She confessed with tears and pleading to Lucy, but utterly denied the fact to her friend Mabel."

I wrenched myself from his grasp. I could bear it no longer. Trembling with rage, I cried, "Lie, sir ! steal, sir ! O professor, how" —

He clapped his hand over my mouth.

"Be still !" he said, "that the mercy of Heaven be not wholly turned by such a lying tongue !"

I sank down upon the floor at his feet, and covered my face with my hands.

"Her every impulse is a lie," he continued. "For weeks she has read her Latin from a translation which we found in her room. This she absolutely refused to confess. Finally, her Latin teacher examined her books, and found the translation written word for word under each line. Honor, she has none ; sense of right, she has none ; reverence for her Maker, she never once felt ; the deep and terrible sin upon her soul, she never thinks of. Surely the Great Physician alone can heal her sin-sick soul, can cast the evil spirits from her."

At the word "spirit," my mind rushed back to Emma Colby.

"It was a spirit," I gasped. "It was" —

I said no more. My reason, remembrance, fortitude, — all left me.

When I awoke I found myself upon the bed of straw in this empty coal-cellar, with the lurid ray of a sinking sun making distinct my hideous surroundings.

My mother, you believe that I am innocent. If I should never live to see you, believe me, I have been true to your teaching. Oh ! I hear a heavy tread outside, a mocking, cruel laugh, the clanking of chains. O God, be merciful !

"Why Mary, wake up, wake up !" said my room-mate. "You have been dreaming, I think, by the way you called for help."

"Oh, yes," I said, "I have dreamed the story you read to me from the London paper, about revenge." And I sank back exhausted upon my pillows.

UP THE SAGUENAY.

THERE were four of us, girls and cousins. Our badge was the daisy, our motto "Q. & S. Co." (the translation whereof is left to the vivid imagination of the reader), and we were out to see and enjoy every thing that came within our reach. We had come by boat from Montreal the night before, and here at Quebec were to change for the steamer "Saguenay." This effected, the question of state-rooms arose, staring us in the face ; and, judging by the crowd assembled about the purser's window, we should be thus rudely stared at for some little time. However, as we were no worse off than our fellow-passengers (it being impossible to secure state-rooms in advance), we put a smiling countenance on the face of our woes, and meekly took a position in the rear of the aforesaid throng. Patience is ever rewarded ; and so was ours, with a state-room conveniently large, and sufficiently near the entrance to the dining-saloon. Depositing bags, umbrellas, etc., we breakfasted with the relish incident to youth and light hearts, but as hastily as possible, in order to secure pleasant seats on deck.

The scenery about Quebec is most delightful. Leaving the "Silver City" behind, we passed on our left the straggling and picturesque village of Beauport, with the whitewashed cottages of the French peasants, and the one tin-roofed church, lifting its towers, like supplicating arms, toward the blue heavens above. Soon we saw the mist arising from the Falls of Montmorenci : then the whole beautiful cataract appeared in sight, leaping down the precipice, to mingle its waters with those of the St. Lawrence ; but it as suddenly disappeared from view, behind the Isle of Orleans, — the steamer here taking the right side of the river.

Thus recalled to ourselves, we took occasion to observe the passengers about us. There were the usual number of staid folk travelling for health or pleasure ; also the "bridal party," — quick eyes discerning them even under the guises of a big shawl and a turned-up collar (for it was cool on the river) ; a party of students carolled college-songs on the bridge above us ; and the ever present priests, their sombre robes strangely contrasting with their jolly red faces, paced the deck, with hands behind them, up and down, up and down. We girls were seated somewhat apart from the others, and occasionally read aloud from Mr. Howells's "A Chance Acquaintance" descriptions of the very scenery we were enjoying. All day long we "dropped down the stately river," stopping at but one or two places, — the most prominent being Murray Bay. This is quite a popular summer resort among Canadians, — the chief attractions being its boating and fishing facilities ; for surely nothing about either the village or the great white

hotel would be likely to attract a sane person from his comfortable home. The banks of the St. Lawrence are rather flat, and to some might be uninteresting; but the scenery is quieting if not varied, and the river itself of great interest. It gradually broadens, until when Riviere du Loup is reached, at dusk, we have twenty miles of water between us and Tadousac on the opposite shore. On the wharf at Riviere du Loup, all sorts of fantastic forms and weird shadows appeared, flitting hither and thither in the gathering darkness; the occasional gleam of a lantern serving but to heighten the ghostly effect. A couple of merry French girls of the better class, discovering friends on the boat, laughed, chattered, and gesticulated after the fashion of their nation, to the infinite enjoyment of the passengers, who had nothing to do but look and listen.

Several half-breed women and children came to the wharf's edge, anxious to dispose of baskets, and various knick-knacks carved from wood. One little fellow especially amused us, swinging his arms frantically about, and actually thrusting his wares into our very faces; shouting himself hoarse, meantime, in his quite unintelligible native *patois*. One of his little whitewood canoes is now in our possession, presented by a gallant passenger, to encourage the boy, and "please the girls."

During the night, the steamer entered the waters of the Saguenay; and we awoke next morning to find ourselves anchored near its head, at Ha Ha Bay. A smiling world, and the assurance of ample time, tempted us to "try our land legs:" so we joined the motley, noisy group assembled on the landing. The arrival of the boat is a great event to the *habitants* of this region, and every man and boy is on hand for his share of the "plunder;" the men receiving small pay in return for assistance given the boat's crew in "wooding up," etc., the boys selling berries, and doing odd jobs.

One of these lads, bright and dirty, half Indian half French, attracted our attention by mounting an empty *buckboard*, and giving rein to a half-starved looking animal, which, however, seemed in a fair way to make off with his burden. Hailing the lad, we made him understand, by gesture and a show of coin, that we wanted a ride: so, two at a time, we drove all about the hamlet. A merry time we had of it, and an appetite for breakfast the jolting gave us too! But oh, the mud! It was black and sticky and deep. And that boy had the very spirit of mischief in him, and the horse seemed a Pegasus "come to life again;" for between the urging of the one, and the high spirits (?) of the other, our speed was most alarming (always taking into consideration the mud, for we surely relieved the village of our "peck," at least).

At Chicoutimi, through the politeness of one

of the "students" afore mentioned, we had another buckboard ride. This was quite a stylish vehicle, two seated, and the top lined with a brilliant red and yellow figured goods! But our comical conveyance was soon forgotten, upon reaching the Chicoutimi Falls, in admiration for its really lovely situation and great natural beauty.

From this very head of navigation on the Saguenay, we started on our trip down the "sad, dark river of the North," and during the remainder of the day wound in and out between its steep banks and numerous islands; seemingly every moment about to run into some precipitous rock, or barely escaping the shelving banks of an island, so narrow is the channel. The shores close in upon us, steep, rocky, and utterly void of any green thing, excepting, perhaps, groups of low, dark evergreens struggling for existence. Nature here is solitary in her grandeur, and not a human foot comes to disturb the stillness. Not a hamlet is seen, a thatched cottage, a tent. The steamer alone, sole proof of civilization in this solitude, ploughs her way through the sullen waters.

As the afternoon wore away, the deck became more crowded with persons seeking eligible positions from which to view the most interesting objects of the trip. At last the gently sloping side of Cape Eternity came in sight; and half way up the height, to our astonishment, we perceived a statue of the Virgin, white and pure, placed there by devout Catholics, but how or when we could not learn. Rounding the point, we suddenly passed under the frowning precipice, rising abruptly from the water's edge to a height of fifteen hundred feet. The river at its base is of an unknown depth, and we shuddered as we looked from its inky blackness to the dizzy heights above. The passengers then began throwing stones, it seeming an easy matter enough to strike the cliff, which appeared so near; but one after another the harmless missiles fell with a splash into the water.

Steaming out from Eternity Bay, and passing Cape Trinity's less abrupt, but still loftier, peak, we pursued our way toward Tadousac. Here, just as the sun was setting, a little party of us went up the hill, crossed the rustic bridge over a romantic gorge, and, descending a slope on the other side, came to the oldest place of worship on the continent. Joaquin Miller thus speaks of it: "Here, at the mouth of the river of death, first landed the French, September, 1534; about fifty years, only, after Columbus discovered the new world! The river is wide like a sea, although we are four hundred miles from the open ocean. The scene is much like the Bay of Naples. The air is certainly vastly superior in purity and sweetness. The soil is tawny, and dotted with plateaus of birch and

pine and cedar, which seem to have fled up the rugged rocks that rise gradually and gracefully back from the water. Here these hover in the steepest and most inaccessible places, as if to escape the axe; for, ah! it is cold here for half the year or more, and the 'habitant' must have his roaring wood-fire. Still, how secure this spot is, with its one little bit of a church, set as a dot on the map, to wait the first coming of the white man to all the mighty North! Trade and strife and progress and battle have gone by the other way; but the little wooden church, with the weight of many centuries on its bowed shoulders, stands there in the grass alone, looking on the grand bay, 'peace in its heart, promise of rest like to this on its holy altar.'"

We went quietly and reverently into the quaint little edifice, and, schoolgirl like, pressed flowers and grasses (plucked from the graveyard near) between the leaves of our note-books, to be kept as *souvenirs* of the old church at Tadousac.

That night we crossed the wide, beautiful St. Lawrence in rather solemn mood, leaving behind us this strange, interesting northern country, with its unfathomable, winding river, its rocks and stunted vegetation, and its "habitant," happy in his ignorance, but almost as much a savage as the American aborigines.

When the full moon broke through the rifted clouds, making a path of light and glory across the water, our spirits arose, though softened; and almost unconsciously we sang. Gradually, others on deck joined us, either to help, or ask for more; and when our last port was passed, and we well on our way back to Quebec, the passengers said "good-night" as friends, who, but two days since, had met entire strangers.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Two scientific gatherings of great importance have been held since our last number was issued.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science, a body comprising nearly all the high scientific authorities of England, Scotland, and Ireland, held its annual meeting at the earnest invitation of the citizens and lord mayor in the hospitable city of Montreal. Never before had the association attempted the experiment of holding a meeting at a distance so great.

But the attendance was large — very large for such an undertaking. The total registered number was 1,773, and over half of these crossed the Atlantic. The remainder included Canadians and some Americans (citizens of the United States); many of whom read papers, and took part in the discussions.

The other gathering was the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at the City of Brotherly Love, whose

citizens, in the cordial reception and hospitable entertainment of their special guests, sustained its former reputation.

The numerous attractions at Philadelphia during the first part of September probably served to increase the number in attendance at this meeting of the association. The Franklin Institute Electrical Exhibition, rivalling in some respects the late Paris and Vienna Electrical Expositions; the Pennsylvania State Fair, noted for the excellence of its display in almost every department; the advent of many prominent members of the British association at the close of the Montreal meeting,—these and other circumstances concurred in swelling the number of registered members (1,261) beyond any figure known heretofore.

Though even five hundred less than the number at Montreal, there seems to be an easy way of explaining the apparent inferiority in size of our association. The British allow only those to attend their meetings who have formerly registered as members, while the Americans earnestly invite the attendance of citizens and visitors to all their proceedings. In this way, many citizens of Philadelphia this year, not wishing to become members by the payment of a fee which entitled all so paying to the reductions in railway fare and other advantages, attended the sectional meetings, with great interest and profit. As the object of scientific research is to ameliorate the condition of mankind everywhere and always, we attach a strong preference to the American method.

The notable feature of the Philadelphia meeting was the presence of these foreigners. Indeed, not only were there over two hundred members of the British association present, but many foreign scientific bodies in France, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Russia, India, and Japan were duly represented by delegates. As many of these visitors read papers, and took part in the discussions, an excellent opportunity was presented to Americans to become acquainted, to a certain extent, with some of the most noted scientists in the world.

As a rough estimate of the amount of work done during the week of each meeting, we may mention that the British association read 327 papers, and the American 304. At the former about 50 reports on important scientific questions of the day were made; the committees having had at their disposal, for investigation and research, \$7,500.

In this respect, our association may well learn a lesson. To see the presiding officer labor at bringing out a report of some kind, from some member of the numerous committees appointed the preceding year on important subjects, was nothing more or less than a farce. Appropriations for the use of each committee in its work

should be generously made, with strict regulations as to its use.

As to the relative merits of the work done in the meetings of the two associations, it must be admitted that our cousins work on a higher plane than we. The character and quality of the papers presented seem to be superior to ours. Perhaps the greater encouragement which science receives in Great Britain (and most other countries) from the government, in the way of grants of money for various researches and scientific projects, accounts in a large measure for this difference. When our nation recognizes the importance of regular and continued scientific research by endowments for that purpose, and when our State governments encourage scientific education in a broad and systematic way, then we may hope to stand on an equal footing in this respect with other nations.

An electric light has been introduced into the new light-house on the Island of Kaza, at the entrance of the outer harbor of Rio Janeiro. The light is revolving, having two white disks and one red one succeeding each other at intervals of fifteen seconds; and it is visible thirty-five miles away.

It is said that another Atlantic cable will be laid between England and Canada. It will start in Scotland at the Faroe Islands, touching Iceland and the west coast of Greenland, and from there running in a southerly direction as far as the Bay of St. Lawrence; it will land at Gaspe Harbor. The total length of these cables will be some three thousand one hundred and fifty nautical miles, while the longest section will not exceed nine hundred miles. On this account, the working capacity of the cable will be about double that of any of the present cables.

ARCTIC EXPLORERS HOME AGAIN.

OF all the many interesting items of scientific news during the past summer, none presented such a thrilling phase, and so touched the sympathies of all civilized nations, as the rescue of Lieut. Greely and his few surviving comrades from the jaws of Arctic cold and ice. It is impossible in a few lines, and the short time at our command, to present the picture as it should be painted; but we can state a few of the facts, and leave the painting to the imagination of our readers.

In 1881 thirteen of the nations of Europe and America entered into an arrangement for establishing various stations in the polar regions, chiefly northern, for the purpose of securing observations in regard to weather, tides, action of the compass needle, and other phenomena found to be of more and more use now to mankind in their every-day life and business. These observations were to be taken during the same period,

at all the stations, for one, and in some cases, three years. Fifteen stations were established, two of which were furnished by the United States, one in Alaska, and the other on the eastern coast of British America, opposite the northern extremity of Greenland.

Here at a latitude of 81° 44', the most northerly station of all the nations, Lieut. Greely and his party of twenty-five workers were landed in the summer of 1881. The "Proteus" had made an easy and quick passage to Lady Franklin Bay, the destination of the party, and after landing her stores of coal, eatables, etc., bade farewell to the little colony already nearly established at Fort Conger.

The station had been chosen near the bed of coal discovered by the English in 1875, and the materials for a house had been bought on the coast of Greenland during the passage; so that all promised well for the sustenance and protection of the party. Well enough, so long as the provisions lasted, which were intended for three years; but after that, what? What if no vessel could reach them?

Along the shore leading from Fort Conger, down for two hundred and fifty miles to Cape Sabine, stations of provisions had been left, or cached (hidden), at intervals of from fifty to seventy-five miles. Some of these had been there for years, some were left by the "Proteus" herself. It was understood between Lieut. Greely and the authorities that each year a relief party would be sent to furnish new men, in the place of the sick or disabled, and a fresh stock of provisions. If help should fail to reach him after the two years were finished, his course would be to commence a southward retreat along the coast, using the caches as needed. He himself stated, in 1881, that this plan was perfectly feasible.

Accordingly, in 1882, the "Neptune" was fitted out, and sent on her relief expedition. After six weeks' steady fight with the ice-pack and adverse winds, failing to reach Fort Conger by over one hundred and fifty miles, the captain gave up the battle, and, after establishing two caches, sadly turned homeward.

Again, in 1883, the "Proteus" set out on her errand of mercy. Many remember the dreadful issue of that attempt. Caught in the solid ice, nearly two hundred miles short of her destination, she was easily, fearfully crushed, and slowly sank. The officers saved a quantity of her stores, and again established a cache for Lieut. Greely in his forced retreat from northern cold and starvation. By boats and sledges, the crew of the "Proteus" finally reached Godhavn, Greenland, where was the "Yantic," their other vessel.

Great, indeed, was the disappointment when the fate of the "Proteus," with the failure of this party to reach Greely, was known. The spring

of 1884, and not a word concerning the noble band at Fort Conger! Sad forebodings begin to spread among the people. Brothers and fathers, sisters and mothers, wives and children, look northward at night with tears in their eyes. The country becomes alarmed; scientific men and old Arctic explorers study out the probabilities of the whereabouts of the party; Congress offers a reward of \$25,000 to the captain of the whaler who should bring back Greely and his men; and a bill is passed, empowering President Arthur to use any amount needed to fit out a thoroughly equipped expedition.

Even foreign nations are aroused. Great Britain, in a most kind manner, proffers the gift of the Arctic steamer "Alert"—noted for the cruise of Sir George Nares to this same spot in 1875.

The little fleet of four vessels sails in May; the world waits in suspense. In mid-July there flashes over the wires and cables of the world the glad news that the party has been found, and that the flagship "Thetis" and the "Bear" have brought them on board to St. Johns.

But a sadness fell like a funeral pall over this bright message, when it was added that seventeen out of the original twenty-five were dead; and that all the remaining men when found were within a few hours only of a similar fate by starvation and cold.

THE RESCUE.

The force of the storm had blown the tent, under which they had huddled in despair, down upon them. The strongest of the party could manage to hold up the signal-flag for the brief space of two minutes only, to direct aright the relief party, whom they could hear, but not see.

The facts concerning the restoration of the survivors we learn from a communication of Surgeon Green of the "Thetis," in "The Medical Record:"—

"The cases of Greely's six fellow-survivors, it is remarked, were very similar to his. The condition of all was so desperate that a delay of two hours in the camp was necessary before they could be removed to the relief vessels. Brandy, milk, and beef-essence were administered.

"Greely fainted after being carried to the ward-room of the 'Thetis.' When he was brought to, a teaspoonful of minced raw fresh beef was given to him. His clothes were carefully cut off of him; and heavy red flannels, previously warmed, were substituted. He was excessively emaciated, and his body emitted an offensive odor. His skin hung from his limbs in flaps. His face, hands, and scalp were black with a thick crust of soot and dirt. He had not washed himself, or changed his clothing, for ten months. He had lived a long time at a temperature inside the hut of from five to ten degrees above zero. He was nervous and irritable, at times almost irrational; and his eyes were wild and staring. He insisted on talking, craving news,

and demanding food; but he complained of no pain.

"His tongue was dry and cracked, and coated a brownish black. He was ravenously hungry. His pulse was 52, and soft or compressible. His skin was cold, clammy, shrivelled, and sallow. His temperature under the tongue was 97.2 degrees. There was great muscular waste, and he was unable to move or to stand without support. Before leaving Fort Conger in August, 1883, he weighed 168 pounds: he now weighed 120 pounds. He was carried aboard the 'Thetis' about eleven P.M. on June 22, it being then broad daylight in that region; and his treatment from that hour until eight o'clock the next morning was a teaspoonful of minced raw beef, alternated every half hour with a teaspoonful of milk-punch. Strict quiet was enjoined.

"On June 23 Surgeon Green was compelled to allow him to read some letters from home, after which he seemed less restless. He talked rationally, but showed a loss of memory in often repeating what he had previously said. He had not closed his eyes in sleep since his rescue. The treatment was the same as during the night, except that finely cut raw onion was added to the minced beef, and half an ounce of milk-punch was given every two hours.

"On the next day, June 24, although he had yet had no sleep, and he showed a great desire to talk and read, there were signs of improvement. He was less persistent in demanding food, his tongue presented a moister appearance, he began to complain of soreness in his limbs, and his heart sounded stronger. Surgeon Green had him sponged with tepid water, and briskly rubbed with flannels. He gave him a small quantity of oatmeal thoroughly boiled, beef essence, and scraped beef and onion.

"On the next day, June 25, Lieut. Greely slept for the first time. He awoke, after two or three hours, much refreshed. He talked without excitement, and his tongue and skin began to look more natural. His muscles felt sore, and his ankles were puffed.

"On the next day, June 26, his mind was tranquil, but there was a loss of memory of words. He was allowed to sit up in bed, and read a little. He slept six hours. For the first time since his rescue, medicine was given him,—some muriate of iron.

"On the next morning he had eight ounces of broiled steak; and on the following day, June 28, he dressed himself, and sat up for two hours. His food was now gradually increased from day to day, and he continued steadily to improve. On July 1 he was well bundled up, and allowed to sit on deck for an hour in the sunshine. On July 17 the 'Thetis' arrived at St. Johns.

"Lieut. Greely's muscles were now filling out rapidly; and he was allowed to go on shore, and take exercise. Here, Surgeon Green says, the lieutenant committed an error in diet at the American consul's table, and suffered for two days with a slight attack of intestinal indigestion. On July 25, for the first time, he was allowed to eat three square meals. Six weeks after his rescue, he had gained 49 pounds. He gained 9½ pounds the first week, 15 pounds the second week, 8 pounds the third week, 7 pounds the fourth week, 5½ pounds the fifth week, and 4 pounds the sixth week."

Thus the survivors were brought back to life and health, though some of them have reminders still of their visit at death's door. All honor to the brave men who so nobly bore their sufferings, and who fulfilled the mission so well on which they were sent!

[We must postpone until another number the fuller discussion of the results of this most important expedition.]

J. C. B.

SOUTH-END INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

ONE of the most interesting exhibits in the Mechanics' Fair is that of work done by children in the South-end Industrial School. The exhibit occupies one of the smaller apartments on the first balcony, opposite the organ. There are dresses of woollen and cotton stuffs, cut, fitted, and made by girls from twelve to fourteen years of age. The work is, of course, done under the supervision of the teacher, but it is none the less the work of the children, and looks remarkably neat and well done. There are dresses, skirts, aprons, jackets, and caps in the department of dress-making; and in the line of more fancy articles, are shown very fair specimens of embroidery and art needle-work. The work of the boys is no less important. Carpentry is taught in its simplest form, to give the boys a correct knowledge of the use of tools; and the result of their lessons may be seen in numerous boxes, boot-jacks, dish-racks, tool-boxes, and so forth. The older boys are instructed in brass hammering, and both girls and boys unite in drawing designs for brass. There are on sale several picture-frames of hammered brass, which have been designed and executed by boys thirteen and fourteen years of age; and the designs of many are very good indeed.

Much good is being done by benevolent people of Boston, in the support of these industrial schools. And not essentially different in purpose are the many vacation schools now opened during the summer months for the poor children of Boston, where the girls are taught sewing, embroidery, and kitchen-gardening; while the boys are instructed in carpentry, wood-carving, clay-modelling, brass-hammering, and in some of the schools shoe-making is taught.

This work of industrial and vacation schools is one toward which none of us ought to feel indifferent, for they are the means of educating and improving many boys and girls who are growing up to be the citizens of our towns and cities.

POLITICAL NOTES.

It is not worth while to be censorious about Mr. Blaine's tour. As the poet says, "To-ur is human," etc.

THE best style of bank-note steel-engraving

has been issued, with a beautiful portrait of Mr. Blaine. 'Tis from a recent portrait, and represents the next President as he will look when being sworn in, on the 4th of March next.

It is with interest that thousands have followed Blaine in his Western tour. Surely he has been received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, and we are more confident than ever that he will occupy the Presidential chair.

THE voters of the United States want to know how Cleveland stands on the tariff issue, but Mr. Cleveland refuses to gratify them. He contents himself with pointing to the purposely muddled tariff plank of the Democratic national platform, and remarking, "I have nothing to add."

GOV. ST. JOHN'S letter of acceptance as candidate for the Presidency of the United States has appeared. It is a warm and earnest appeal for the interest of our country in the cause of intemperance. He says, "This traffic, sanctioned as it is by the laws of our country, costs the people, at a low estimate, one billion dollars a year, — not to speak of the destroyed homes, debauched manhood, poverty, heartache, crime, and corruption it produces. This disgraceful business should be suppressed, and the enormous sum of money that, under the present system, is worse than thrown away, saved to the people; and thus a protection would be given to the industries of this country, that would enable us to throw our doors open wide to the competition of the world."

ART NOTES.

THE statue of Admiral Dupont, which is to stand in Dupont Circle, Washington, has been completed in Philadelphia, and is expected to reach the capital early next month. It will be unveiled the last of October or the first part of November. Mr. Launt Thompson, the sculptor, will receive about \$14,000 for his work. The admiral is represented as standing on the deck of his vessel, uncovered, earnestly gazing, having first dropped his field-glasses, which he holds in both hands in front of him. The statue is about ten feet high. The face is said to bear a striking likeness to the famous officer. The pedestal, which is already in position, is of Richmond granite.

It is not yet decided what disposition will be made of the valuable collection of etchings and prints left by the late Mr. Claghorn of Philadelphia. When Seymour Haden was in this country, he declared that he knew of no collection of his own works as complete as that possessed by Mr. Claghorn. The collection is said to be worth about \$250,000.

THE desired statue in honor of John Harvard is now provided for by the munificence of a friend of the university, whose name is with-

held. It will be erected near the Memorial Hall, instead of on the Delta as at first proposed.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE Lasell Glee Club will be re-organized for the coming year.

DUDLEY BUCK has declined his Yale College degree of Doctor of Music.

THE bodies of Beethoven and Schubert are to be transferred from the burial-ground of Mæhring to a new cemetery outside of Vienna.

NEVADA studied Gounod's "Redemption" under the master himself.

SEMBRICH is in Dresden. She will not visit America during the coming season.

THEO is a widow.

GILBERT and Sullivan are engaged upon a new play.

LISZT is not blind.

GOUNOD's book on Wagner will consist of three parts, under the headings, "The Man; The Artist; The School."

MME. ALBANI returns to America in January, for concerts.

GERSTER will not visit America until year after next.

LOTTA's new musical play "Nitouche" has made a failure in New York.

MME. PATTI will celebrate the twentieth anniversary of her *début* in Paris as Violetta in "Traviata," Oct. 27.

RUBINSTEIN's dread of seasickness keeps him from visiting America.

MRS. ANNIE LOUISE CARY-RAYMOND emphatically declines all offers to sing in concerts.

WAGNER is said to be classed among the clash-ic composers.

VIENNA has given fifty thousand dollars for the erection of a monument to the memory of Mozart.

M. PEROR, a Paris pianist, proposes to play in a den of lions. Something is said about cruelty to animals.

LOCALS.

HURRAH for Blaine!

THE results of the Lasell election were as follows: Blaine and Logan, 89; Cleveland and Hendricks, 19; Butler and West, 5; Mrs. Lockwood, 2; St. John and Daniel, 5. "That's the way we do in Jackson!"

ADAM raised Cain: so did Cain, when he killed Abel.

ITALY has 4,800,000 lemon-trees, which produce 1,260,000,000 lemons annually; and yet,

during circus season in Italy, lemonade is just as sad looking and pale as in America where lemons are always more scarce.

ONE girl was heard to remark to another, that the ice-cream was frozen by steam here; whereupon the other exclaimed, "Why, I should think it would melt!"

ON entering the front hall, the old girls were pleased to see an addition to the hall furniture, in the shape of a grandfather's clock standing in its corner by the curtains. It is pleasant to hear its silvery tones chiming the hours.

Teacher (in despairing tones). — "Now, Miss H., don't you think you fully understand this part of the lesson?" Miss H. (her eyes riveted on some object outside). — "No; but there's a dear little squirrel running out on the railing."

THE number of tennis-players has increased so much this year, that two new tennis-nets have been set up for their use.

ONE of the young ladies in the nineteenth-century history class gave us the startling information that France is situated in England, and occupies about one-half of Great Britain.

EVEN though Boston is the Hub of the Universe, and professes to lead all other cities in intellect, and supports well its surrounding institutions of learning, still we have received from one of its inhabitants a letter bearing this address, "Mrs. Lasell Semnary, Aurbendle, Mass."

THE water at a certain railroad-station out West gave out, and a supply had to be brought in barrels for the engines. One dark night an engine was by mistake filled up from six barrels of whiskey, and eight or ten of beer, just arrived at the station for delivery to members of the temperance club in town. The engineer never had such a time in all his life, as the engine got drunk. It whistled constantly, snorted, and reeled, and with difficulty the machine was kept on the track; and, when they got to the terminus, nothing would persuade the engine to go to its home in the round-house. It staid out all night.

Sub. Fresh. (to dignified post-graduate). — "Are you a freshman?"

P. G. — "No, I'm a post-graduate."

S. F. — "Why, what's a post-graduate?"

P. G. — "Oh, it's only a girl that has the misfortune to come back to a school after she has graduated from it, and slowly petrify to a post!"

S. F. (horried). — "Oh, how awful!"

(P. G. collapses.)

THE familiar cry, "Bananas all ripe! Bananas all ripe!" once more resounds through the streets of the village, which is a sign that the fruit-venders have returned to gladden the hearts of the Lasell girls.

THE contrast between French and American newspaper advertisements is so amusing, that we print a sample of the former. An optician advertises thus :—

Large choice of the best opera and field glasses, with best and pure achromatical glasses with the most aggrandizement and largest sight ; double perspectives of the newest construction, for wide distance ; carefully proved barometers and thermometers ; spectacles and pincenez with the finest glasses of real crystal to the cheapest prices. Articles which are not convenient will be willingly changed.

THESE October days have been unexceptionally pleasant for rowing, and the Juniatas have made good use of them. The vacancies occasioned by the non-return of the "old girls" have not been filled as yet. At a recent meeting of the club, the following officers were elected :—

President.—Lydia Starr.

Secretary and Treasurer.—Gertrude F. Penfield.

Captain.—Gussie M. Lowe.

First Strokes Oarsman.—Rachael Allen.

Second Strokes Oarsman.—Kittie Prescott.

IT was rather frosty on Oct. 16, but that fact did not lessen at all the surprise and delight of the girls when they discovered snow-flakes falling. Too bad ! We might have recorded a sleigh-ride, had not their eagerness frightened the snow into rain.

MASTER JOHN and Miss Belle Bragdon are happy now in the possession of a Shetland pony and a little village-cart. The pony was one which professor obtained in Scotland this summer. It was brought to Auburndale, and placed in the stable, before the children had heard of their gift ; and, of course, their surprise and delight were unbounded.

WEDNESDAY evening, Oct. 15, a few of the Seminary girls attended the lecture on Wendell Phillips, delivered in the Methodist church by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. "It is impossible," said Mrs. Livermore, "to paint any adequate picture of the life of Wendell Phillips, except on the dark background of American slavery." A clearer or more interesting account of the causes which brought about the American civil war cannot be found than is in this lecture. It is one which a patriot and hero-worshipper will not fail to attend.

MRS. HARRIS, sister of one of the girls, and a lady who has given much of her life to missionary work in Japan, gave a very interesting address about Japan, at the Seminary a short time ago. Mrs. Harris's remarks and descriptions of Japanese women were enhanced, and much more enjoyed, by the fact that she appeared in Japanese costume. After the address, she met some of the teachers and girls in the parlors, where

she exhibited numerous idols, and performed the mode of greeting, common in Japan.

SATURDAY night the 18th, a number of the girls indulged in a taffy-pull, and had a very merry time.

The girls who had not participated in the fun gave any amount of "taffy," so to speak, to those that had. Of course the taffy-pullers returned the compliment, only in a more substantial form.

ON Monday, Sept. 29, about fifty of us, mostly "new girls," were packed like sardines in the barges of our friend Mr. Tinkham, and were merrily driven to see the sights of Concord and Lexington. We visited the site of Thoreau's (or, as our driver termed it, Pharaoh's) hut ; the old burying-ground ; Sleepy Hollow, where are interred the bodies of Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Emerson ; saw the "Old Manse," and the house where still remains the bullet-hole, a relic of the Revolution ; and then took our lunch by the bridge, near the famous statue of the "Minute-Man." We visited the State's Prison, and passed the houses of Emerson, Louisa Alcott, and Hawthorne, and then drove through Lexington homewards.

THE first Saturday evening after our return to Lasell was made memorable by a little social, the object of which was to put the new-comers on a friendly footing with all. The pupils, and a few friends from the village and vicinity, were "received" by the Seniors, and entertained during the course of the evening with selections by Miss Penfield and the Lasell Glee Club.

Refreshments of a light nature were afterwards served, and the evening seemed to have been hugely enjoyed by all present.

ALL who have been to Lasell know what a "Tuesday Question" is. We are happy, however, that every Tuesday does not necessarily bring with it one of these interrogatives, which usher in a week of thought and research, and a carefully written answer.

The last question propounded was of a most astonishing nature to our diminutive comprehensions. "What is the fundamental form of the universe?" "Name the colors of the rainbow in their order."

Most appropriate to the time of year, was the subsequent question, "What are the names of the different trees whose leaves change their color in the fall?" "What is the cause of this change?" It seemed a simple question ; but several of the girls could discover but four, while others varied from that number to fifteen. One observing girl found twenty-one. All agreed that change of color was caused by the frost, except one, who said it was due to *Nature*.

REV. RICHARD WINSOR, missionary to Western India, at home for a year, but about to sail for

his field of labor, addressed the young women of Lasell upon the subject of East Indian missions last Tuesday evening. His remarks occupied the time of the usual weekly prayer-meeting. Mr. Winsor leaves his young daughter at Lasell, and has therefore more than an ordinary interest in the school. He contrasted the condition of the million girls of India with those before him, whose home in Christian lands gives them advantages which to the former are quite unknown. Something of the simplicity of their habits may be inferred from the fact that their board, clothing, and tuition can be secured for a year for twenty-five dollars ; a sum that is often given to them by their sisters in this country. Mr. Winsor showed that every Christian must, by virtue of that calling, be a missionary in some important sense to all whom he can teach. Mr. Winsor considers the East Indians noble by nature, but priest-ridden. They are kept in superstition by their ignorance, for few of the common people can read. They believe in the Incarnation of the Divine Spirit in the Trinity, and in a new birth. As children, they are compelled to commit large portions of the Vedas to memory, but are quite ignorant of the meaning, as these books are written in Sanscrit, a tongue unknown to the people. The habits of the women and their dress were described. It is rare that any one knows how to sew. Their simple garments make the use of the needle unnecessary. They live in houses of one room, perhaps only eight feet by ten feet large, with mud walls, and in great filth. The women grind the corn, and cook the food. The girls never go to school.

Happily this state of things is now undergoing a change for the better, through the influence of the Christian teachings of the missionaries.

MR. BRAGDON knows a Christian gentleman, formerly a teacher, who intends to spend this winter in Germany and Rome, and next summer make a tour of the Continent on a bicycle. He will take a boy or young man under his care. Mr. Bragdon recommends him in every way, and will put any parent, wishing such a chance for his boy, in communication with the party.

PERSONALS.

MISS MARION SIGAFUS was married at her home, Tarrytown, N.Y., Wednesday, June 25, to Mr. J. Everett Bird.

MISS MAYME WEYL and Mr. George Townsend were married Thursday evening, July 10, at the home of the bride, 3050 Thomas Street, St. Louis.

MISS BELLE FITZGERALD and Mr. Robert M. Kerr were married in the Vermont-avenue Christian Church, Washington, D.C., Thursday evening, Aug. 7.

MISS YETTA WESTHEIMER was married at the Synagogue, St. Louis, Mo., Wednesday evening, Sept. 3, to Mr. Simeon Binswanger of that city.

MISS NELLIE CANFIELD and Mr. Charles C. Cunningham were married at the bride's home, Washington, Io., Wednesday evening, Oct. 1.

MISS HATTIE WILLIAMS was married Tuesday evening, Oct. 7, at her home, Washington, Io., to Mr. Frank Wilson.

MISS EMMA HARE and Mr. H. A. Smith were married Thursday evening, Oct. 9, at her home, St. Joseph, Mo.

MISS LEORA HALEY and Mr. Frank A. Marvin were married in the Episcopal church, Marblehead, Mass., Oct. 15.

MISS HATTIE B. SETTLE and Mr. William T. Bush were married at Watertown, N.Y., Oct. 2.

SINCE writing the above, we learn that the other day Hattie Settle rode by the seminary, with her new husband. In view of this very strange proceeding on the part of an old Lasell girl (we cannot excuse her by reason of any supposed timidity, or reluctance to show her chosen life-mate to the curious gaze of her Lasell sisters), we hereby retract the above, and declare it unpublished, — till she explains.

THROUGH Mrs. Morrill comes the sad news of the death, on the 31st inst., of Mrs. Poor of Cambridge, mother of our Neena here in '82. We are very sorry for Neena.

"ELAINE GOODRIDGE, Sept. 14, 1884." May there be many happy birthdays for the new-comer! Professor Goodridge is gratefully remembered at Lasell; and the prosperity of the school at Bernardstown, under his supervision, is no surprise to those who knew him here.

MISS ELIZABETH MAY HOSFORD's parents gave a brilliant lawn-party in her honor, at their home, Clinton, Io., Wednesday evening, July 2.

MISS GRIGGS has returned, and has a warm welcome from teachers and friends.

MISS NEWKIRK brings good tidings of Kitty Morrell, now Mrs. Van Husen, of Detroit, Mich.

MISS FANNIE L. GREGG sends her photograph: we would like better to see herself.

MISS HILTON and other new girls report kind commendation of Lasell from old pupils. May the memory of the school brighten as the years go by, and as experience of life proves how good is kindly restraint, and the true work of a school!

MISS ABBY GOODALE made a brief visit at Lasell, during vacation. She has returned to her work as principal of one of the public schools in Duluth.

MISS ANNIE R. BRAGDON was married Wednes-

day evening, Sept. 3, at the home of her friend, Miss Nellie Ferguson, Brookline, Mass., to Mr. Arthur Winslow of Auburndale, and has her home near "the dear school;" Mr. Winslow continuing his work in the Allen Brothers' School, at West Newton.

MISS FANNIE WISWALL visited the Seminary in vacation. Her health is much improved since her long stay abroad.

DR. R. L. WALSTON made his first visit to the Seminary in vacation.

MRS. C. L. HOAG came also to see the place where her daughter spent a happy year.

EMMA GENN was called home suddenly by a severe accident, and is still detained by it. We shall welcome her back.

THE girls of '81-'82 will be glad to hear that Miss Lucy Lappan is now in Hanover, Germany, where she will remain for some time pursuing a course of study. Her letters, giving accounts of her travels this summer, are very interesting. It was planned that a friend should be with her this winter; but unexpected news from America deprived her of a companion, and she is now a "stranger in a strange land." "A brave little woman" says an intimate friend. Homesick girls should compare their situation with hers.

MISS GUSSIE M. LOWE, '84, has returned as a post-graduate, and is now pursuing the studies of music, painting, book-keeping, and elocution.

DORA WALSTON did not return this year as expected. The attractions of *Education* were too small for her at Lasell this year.

MISS NELLIE H. PACKARD, '84, made us a short call last week, and the promise of a longer one in the near future. She is by no means idle: a class of five in painting, the South Boston Flower-Mission, "papa's books," and numerous other things, keep her busily engaged.

THE friends of Miss Lulu Wells will be sorry to hear that she does not return to Lasell this year, as she had intended. After travelling through Europe five months, Mrs. Wells and her daughter return to America, leaving Lulu in Paris for the winter. She has found a pleasant home, with an American friend, in a French family, and is studying the language with one of the finest teachers in Paris. There are prospects of her pursuing her study of painting under Mr. Bacon, who is quite a celebrated artist. Some may remember an engraving, entitled "Burial at Sea," which appeared in "Harper's Magazine" last winter, engraved from one of Bacon's paintings. We wish Lulu a successful and happy winter, and a safe return home.

THE cousins Hattie and Emma Seiberling are at home in Akron this year. Hattie is continuing her lessons on the pianoforte under a

Cleveland professor, and is otherwise engaged with a "palette and a paint-brush."

DIED in Watertown, Mass., Aug. 2, Mrs. ELLA STOCKING PORTER, wife of Mr. Lewis B. Porter, aged 25 years.

Such was the sad intelligence which suddenly changed our glad summer vacation into a season of mourning. May God comfort the hearts of those of us who sorrow because she, whom we loved so well, has been taken from our midst!

For several years after leaving Lasell, Ella remained with her parents in Hyde Park; where, as has been truly said, she was well-nigh idolized by the home-circle. One year ago this month she was married to Mr. Porter, and later removed to Watertown. During the last Christmas holidays, we, together with several of the "old girls," were delightfully entertained in her charming home.

A short season of happy wedded life, a few days of motherhood, and our beloved friend was laid to rest in the quiet "God's acre" of her village-home.

How blessed, to those of us who were her associates in bygone years, is the memory of her beautiful life! Although younger than many of her schoolmates, her matured judgment and womanly ways made us look up to her as to an elder sister.

While earnest and faithful in improving the talents with which she was so richly endowed, yet never, in her enjoyment of the gifts, did she forget the Giver. With her versatile genius consecrated, she was a power for good; and it seemed as if she was so much needed here: but God makes no mistakes!

Her marked courtesy to the aged, and her unselfish interest in the welfare of those around her, made her a universal favorite.

Particularly do we recall the rich melody of her voice. Not alone were we charmed with her perfect rendering of classical music, but well we recall her singing in the prayer-meetings. Here it was that, from the depths of her pure soul, she "sang of His mighty love, mighty to save."

Often, in the quiet of our room, she would exclaim, while her lovely brown eyes filled with tears, "How good God is to us, and how true we ought to be to him!" Dear girls, could our angel friend speak to us to-day, I fancy the message would be the same "How good God is to us: how true we ought to be to him!"

"She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.
In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead." L. R. P.

BECAUSE we have been more fortunate than many schools in the preservation of the lives of our students, the death of any one who has been a student among us is, perhaps, all the more keenly felt. On Saturday, Oct. 18, word was received at Lasell that our friend and schoolmate Nellie Marsh had passed from this life to finish her education among the celestial ones. She had been in delicate health for some time; and, though her friends had thought she was too frail to stand the blasts of earth long, yet her death at the last was unexpected, as death always is. In token of our grief for her loss, and sympathy for the bereaved mother, one member from the faculty, and one from the students, attended the funeral, held in Worcester, where she had of late made her home. The mother, almost heart-broken at the loss of her only child, felt grateful and comforted to meet the friends from Lasell, to be able to speak about Nellie in her school relations, which were so great a part of her life, — greater, indeed, than we had realized before; nor did we fully appreciate how dear Lasell had been to her, till her mother told us how earnestly she had plead to be allowed to return, notwithstanding her delicate health, and how, in the hope she might improve, she had held to the engagement of her room until about two weeks before the term opened, when her mother wrote that Nellie was not well enough to return to school. Nellie was one of those quiet, unobtrusive natures, the pleasure of whose presence is not so fully appreciated till we are deprived of it. She was a favorite with her teachers and her mates. She had won the affection of all by her faithfulness in her work, her kindly thoughtfulness for others, and a constant effort to do right.

Just entering upon young womanhood, a comfort to her friends, the only child of a widowed mother, it seems strange to us, perhaps, that her young life was cut short; yet we, in the blindness of our mortality, cannot see how much suffering she may have been spared, or what lessons her friends may learn from her death. Is there not some message from God in it, and may not there be a lesson for us? If we had known she was to go so soon, would not we all have found one more opportunity to have said a kind word, or done a kind act? and ought we not to daily have the same consideration for others, which we would show did we know the remaining opportunities were so few?

EXCHANGES.

It is with reluctance we take up our stylograph again, after three delightful months of freedom. We feel very charitable toward all. Visions of swinging hammocks and moonlight walks — alas, how distant they seem already! — have left us in no mood to criticise, or to be criticised, in other than the most friendly manner. We hope that

in this lovely autumn-time the LEAVES will be a pleasure and benefit to all who may hear their gentle rustling.

COMING across the "Academy Trio" for June, we are lead to hope that it will not forget its friends this year; for it is indeed a spicy and readable little paper.

WE are surprised, and none the less pleased, by the absence of lengthy political articles in our exchanges, and with which it is such a temptation to editors to fill up the empty columns.

WE have before us the "Vassar Miscellany" for July, and are at once struck by the Commencement subjects, which would seem to require an unusual amount of thought and careful reading, and would do credit to any of our brother colleges. Still, we are compelled to heave a sigh of relief that we were not among the favored few to listen to these learned discourses, especially in the hottest summer weather, when lighter thoughts, as well as clothes, are all that are bearable.

THE "Dartmouth" and "Bowdoin Orient" greet us: old friends, yet in one sense new, as their covers will show. We extend a most hearty welcome to "The Princetonian," "Colby Echo," "North-western," "The Exonian," "Bates Student," "Kent's Hill Breeze," "Vassar Miscellany," "Sentinel," "Dartmouth," "Philippian," "Bowdoin Orient," "Oberlin Review," "Southern Collegian," "The Radiator," "News Letter," "Williams Athenæum," "Willistonian," "The Crescent," "Student Life," "High-school News," and "High-school Argo."

TENNIS.

In keeping with the addition of two new tennis courts comes the information that a tennis club has been duly proposed and organized. This new body is known as the Atalanta Tennis Club, and rejoices in seventeen members, the membership being limited to twenty. One of the club recently gave us a long account of the reasons for the name being thus, referring to the Atalanta of running fame, who stopped in her racing efforts to pick up the balls thrown at her feet. By the means of a great stretch of the imagination, we are at last enabled to understand the implied significance of the title. The officers are as follows: President, Jessie A. Hayden; secretary and treasurer, Lizzie M. Whipple. The members are at present adorned with new pins, the design being a small racket with the letters A.T.C. dropped upon the stringing, the whole being of Roman gold.

On Monday, Oct. 27, the first tournament was held, the members to compete for the yearly prize offered by the club. Said prize is a pin composed of a tennis net and posts, with the lettering, etc., upon the netting; the member

winning it the greatest number of times to have final possession at the end of the year.

Upon this day, the excitement was intense; some non-participants even leaving their rooms unswept, that they might be able to view the contest. The first prize for singles was awarded to Lou Walston; the prizes for doubles, to Lou Walston and Birdie Routt.

A SAFETY-BRAKE FOR VESSELS.

WHAT is known as the "sea brake" is a novel invention which is said to be getting very popular on the upper lakes. On each side of the stern part of a vessel is hinged a great fin, nine feet by nine and one-half feet, made of boiler-plate, braced with angle-iron. They are arranged to fit in the rim of the vessel, where they are secured by simple catches, which are controlled by lines from the pilot-house. When the fins are closed, they press against springs, so that when the catches are released the fins are thrown out from the side of the ship, and are caught by the water. If the vessel is under headway, they are instantly thrown out until they stand at right angles with the keel. As they assume this position, they bring up against powerful springs. It is said that a steamer running at a full head of steam can be stopped within her own length by this contrivance. Either brake can be used separately, and thus throw the vessel in any direction quicker than if the rudder were relied upon alone.

AN INFAMOUS LAW.

"THE Woman's Journal" says, "Several years ago a citizen of Washington, who happened to be poor, married a young lady who had great wealth. They had but one child, who died. The husband had entire control of his wife's property, and managed it wisely. At his death, not long ago, it was discovered that nearly the entire estate stood in his name; and, as there was no will, his relatives got the most of it. The widow, who was worth two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand dollars when she married, is now comparatively poor; and her late husband's relatives, who had nothing, are comparatively rich. Even the house in which her father lived, and which was her own when she married, went to them under an odious and wicked law which provides that a woman in the District of Columbia has no right of dower in property that is encumbered."

G. H. INGRAHAM,

— *Apothecary* —

Corner of Waltham and Washington Sts.,
WEST NEWTON.

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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EDITORIAL.

THAT the just and the unjust are treated without partiality at Lasell, is a tradition of long standing; but, like most of the institutions of antiquity, this is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Any one who has attended Lasell during the last four years knows about the course of lectures on Physiology and Hygiene, delivered by Dr. Porter of Boston. The lectures come every fortnight for five months of the school year. Dr. Porter makes the lectures very interesting, and we learn much of practical value from her which we could not from a text-book. Until this year every student in school has been obliged to listen to Dr. Porter, take notes, and write abstracts of what is said, no matter how many years she has heard the same things re-

peated, nor how thoroughly she studied physiology before she came, nor whether she is in the special or regular course. But now times are changed: those girls who have heard the lectures two years are excused from attending; while those who have been here one year are required to attend, but not to write the abstract of the lecture. We think there are cases where special students might be excused altogether. This arrangement is very satisfactory, however, to the girls, and we hope it may prove so to the teachers.

QUITE a stir has been created lately among grammarians, on account of the proposition to place a new word in the English language. There has always been lacking a personal pronoun of common gender, in the third person, singular number. Some one has finally coined a word which seems to fill the deficiency very nicely. It is a contraction of *that one* into *thon*. It would be declined like any other pronoun, having three cases,—the nominative and objective being the same, while the possessive is formed by adding *s*. In a sentence like this: Each one must be guarded by his or her conscience, the possessive form of *thon* would be used for *his or her*; then the sentence would read: Each one must be guarded by *thons* conscience. There are certainly very good reasons why this word should be adopted, and we think it will be.

We feel quite certain that it is not well understood outside how much thought and care are expended for the health of the girls at Lasell. This year, more than usual study has been given to the matter of bettering the physical condition of the girls. Accurate measurements of every pupil have been taken; and Miss Ransom, with the aid of Dr. Sargent of Cambridge, is making out a plan of exercise for each one. The gymnasium, having been supplied with new apparatus, will be open all the time, giving us the opportunity to exercise whenever it is most convenient. The benefits to be derived from this will be almost invaluable, and we hope the arrangements will meet the hearty co-operation of the parents as well as the girls.

We have not noticed that any one of the magazines announces a list of contributors approaching in ability, reputation, and power to

interest and instruct, that which "The Youth's Companion" announces of writers actually engaged for 1885. This year it offered three thousand dollars in prizes for good short stories. It secured not only the stories, but many new writers, whose work will be hereafter utilized. And the price, only \$1.75 a year, will cover a subscription from now until the close of the year 1885. Sample copies are mailed free by the publishers, Perry Mason & Co., Boston.

THE small vote which St. John received in the Lasell election aroused the inquiry as to what the sentiment regarding temperance is among the girls. An attempt was made last year to organize an auxiliary of the W. C. T. U., but failed because the girls considered the constitution too rigid. A Lasell Temperance Society, of very mild requirements, was formed; but it was found, after the officers were appointed, there were no more temperance girls for members of the association, and no one could be induced to join. The many arguments that able-minded men and women have put forth to convince people of the harm coming from alcoholic liquors have been heard so often that they have lost all their effect. Statistics have been given showing the immense number of crimes attributed to drunkenness. Frances E. Willard and Mary A. Livermore were both at Lasell last year, and spoke most eloquently on the subject of "Intemperance." Their words had little effect. No doubt there are many young ladies here who never would offer wine to young men, nor approve of their drinking it, but who think, because they are ladies, there can be no harm in an occasional Roman punch, brandy sauce, and an after-dinner glass of champagne. Is it not folly to ask young men to refuse what they themselves partake of at pleasure? The girls here are certainly less frivolous than at the majority of boarding-schools. Every thing possible is done to make sound-principled, independent, whole-minded women of those who come to Lasell. Can this be accomplished if the girls absolutely refuse to take a decided stand for temperance, the great reform of the age, the goal toward which the finger of civilization points?

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.—
GARFIELD.

LITERARY.

MARGERY GREY.

A LEGEND OF VERMONT.

BRIGHT the cabin walls were gleaming,
In the sunbeam's golden glow,
On a lovely April morning,
Near a hundred years ago ;
And upon the noble threshold
Stood the young wife Margery Grey,
With her fearless blue eyes glancing
Down the lonely forest way.

In her arms her laughing baby
With its father's dark hair played,
As he lingered there beside them
Leaning on his trusty spade.
"I am going to the wheat lot,"
With a smile said Robert Grey ;
"Will you be too lonely, Margery,
If I leave you all the day ?"

Then she smiled a cheerful answer
Ere she spoke a single word,
And the tone of her replying
Was as sweet as song of bird :
"No," she said, "I'll take the baby,
And go stay with Anna Brown ;
You must meet us there, dear Robert,
Ere the sun has quite gone down."

Thus they parted : strong and sturdy
All day long he labored on,
Spading up the fertile acres
From the stubborn forest won ;
And, when lengthening shadows warned him
That the sun was in the west,
Down the woodland aisles he hastened,
Whispering, "Now for home and rest."

But when he had reached the clearing
Of their friend, a mile away,
Neither wife nor child was waiting
There to welcome Robert Grey.
"She is safe at home," said Annie,
"For she went an hour ago." —
"It is strange I did not meet her,"
Came the answer, quick and low.

Back he sped, for night was falling,
And the path he scarce could see ;
Here and there his feet were guided
Onward by some deep-gashed tree.
When at length he gained the cabin,
Black and desolate it stood,
Cold the hearth, the windows rayless,
In the stillest solitude.

With a murmured prayer, a shudder,
And a sob of anguish wild,
Back he darted through the forest,
Calling on his wife and child.
Soon the scattered settlers gathered
From the clearings far and near,
And the solemn woods resounded
With their voices rising clear.

Torches flared, and fires were kindled,
And the horn's long peal rang out ;
While the startled echoes answered
To the hardy woodman's shout.

But in vain their sad endeavor,
Night by night, and day by day ;
For no sign nor token found they
Of the child or Margery Grey.

Woe, woe, for pretty Margery !
With her baby on her arm,
On her homeward way she started,
Fearing nothing that could harm.
With a lip and brow untroubled,
And a heart at utter rest,
Through the dim wood she went singing
To the darling on her breast.

When, in sudden terror pausing,
Gazed she round in blank dismay :
Where were all the white-scarred hemlocks,
Pointing out the lonely way ?
God of mercies ! She had wandered
From the pathway ; not a tree
Giving mute but kindly warning,
Could her straining vision see.

Twilight deepened into darkness,
And the stars came out on high ;
All was silent in the forest
Save the owl's low boding cry.
'Round about her in the darkness
Stealthy shadows softly crept,
And the babe upon her bosom
Closed its timid eyes, and slept.

Hark, a shout ! and in the distance
She could see a torch's gleam ;
But, alas ! she could not reach it,
And it vanished like a dream.
Then another shout, another,
But she screamed and sobbed in vain,
Rushing wildly toward a presence
She could never, never gain.

Morning came ; and, with the sunbeams,
Hope and courage rose once more :
Surely, ere another nightfall,
Her long wanderings would be o'er.
Then she soothed the wailing baby ;
And, when faint from want of food,
Ate the wintergreens and acorns
That she found within the wood.

Oh the days so long and dreary !
Oh the nights more dreary still !
More than once she heard the sounding
Of the horn from hill to hill.
More than once a smouldering fire
In some sheltered nook she found,
And she knew her husband's footprints
Close beside it on the ground.

Dawned the third relentless morning ;
And the sun's un pitying eye
Looked upon the haggard mother,
Looked to see the baby die.
All night long its plaintive moaning
Wrung the heart of Margery Grey ;
All day long her bosom cradled
It, — a pallid thing of clay.

Three days more she bore it with her,
On her rough and toilsome way,
Till across its marble beauty,
Stole the plague spot of decay.

Then she knew that she must leave it
In the wilderness to sleep,
Where the prowling wild beasts only
Watch above its grave would keep.

Dumb with grief she sat beside it,
Ah, how long, she never knew.
Were the tales her mother taught her
Of the dear All Father true, —
When the sky was brass above her,
And the earth was cold and dim,
And when all her tears and pleadings
Brought no answer down from him ?

But, at last, stern life the tyrant
Bade her take her burden up ;
To her lips so pale and shrunken
Pressed again the bitter cup.
Up she rose, still journeying onward,
Through the forest far and wide,
Till the May flowers bloomed and perished,
And the sweet June roses died ;

Till July and August brought their fruits
And berries from their store ;
Till the golden-rod and aster
Said that summer was no more ;
Till the maples and the birches
Donned their robes of green and gold ;
Till the birds were hastening southward,
And the days were growing cold.

Was she doomed to roam forever
O'er the desolated earth,
She the last and only being
In those wilds of human birth ?
Sometimes, from her dreary pathway,
Wolf or black-bear turned away ;
But not once did human being
Bless the sight of Margery Grey.

One chill morning in October,
When the trees were brown and bare,
Through the streets of ancient Charlestown,
With a strange bewildered air,
Walked a gaunt and pallid woman,
Whose dishevelled locks of brown
O'er her naked breast and shoulders
In the wind were streaming down.

Wondrous glances fell upon her ;
Women veiled their modest eyes
Ere they slowly ventured near her,
Drawn by pitying surprise.
"Tis some crazy one," they whispered.
Back her tangled locks she tossed :
"Oh, kind hearts, have pity on me !
I am not mad, but lost."

Then she told her piteous story,
In a sad, disjointed way ;
And with cold white lips she murmured,
"Take me home to Robert Grey."
"But the river," they said, pondering,
"We are on the eastern side ;
How crossed you its rapid waters ?
Deep the channel is, and wide."

But she said she had not crossed it :
In her strange, erratic course
She had wandered far to northward,
Till she reached its fountain source

In the dark Canadian forests ;
Then, blindly roving on,
Down the wild New Hampshire valley
Her bewildered feet had gone.

Oh the joy-bells ! Sweet their ringing
On the frosty autumn air.
Oh the boats across the waters,
How they leaped the tale to bear !
Oh that wondrous golden sunset
Of that blest October day,
When that weary wife was folded
To the heart of Robert Grey.

UNKNOWN.

IOWA BLUFFS.

It was a leaky old ferry-boat in which we crossed the Upper Iowa River ; and not until the creaking wooden pail had made many a dip, did we cautiously step aboard, and pull ourselves over the pretty stream.

At the landing we were met by the "oldest inhabitant," a huge boulder, full of forms, whose life came, and passed away again, a myriad years before our own existence. Finding him of a hard and taciturn nature, we were glad to move on to the new quarry.

A profitable business in fossil stones had for some time been carried on in this place, and now a new quarry was being opened. The full force of a neighboring spring had been directed to the spot, and was tearing away earth and stone, fast working down to the solid rock. Just beyond, under the shadow of a high bluff, stood the old mill, dingy and forlorn. Here the quarry-stone was sawed into slabs. It was more easy to believe than to doubt that the mill was haunted. There were windows, but the light refused to enter. All about on floor and shelf lay scraps of what had been, — slabs well marked with crinoids, sections of the orthoceras, and here and there a little trilobite kept as a rare prize.

Our interest in geology was not sufficient to hold us long at the mill and quarry.

The spring which supplies the mill with water-power gushes out of the rock part way up the bluff, and flows down with considerable force over rocks and loose stones. It is quite a feat to reach the head of the spring, crossing the waterfall on a railless bridge, stopping every few steps to steady a board under foot. Once safely across, we stood there on solid rock ; while at our feet the sparkling waters tumbled down the bluff, all unconscious of their rainbow hues.

It was indeed beautiful as we rested on that little table-land of rock, and looked down at all below. Above us rose the rocks high and threatening, layer upon layer of solid stone in its quiet strength, all calm and motionless, rising many feet above our heads. On one side, some ten feet above us, hung a huge boulder, which seemed ready to fall at the slightest jar.

Way up in the cliff, far beyond our reach, was

a rounded projection, which the wise ones say is the head of an orthoceras, whose life had been lived a hundred thousand years ago. Close beside it, in poor, irregular letters, is cut the name of some adventurer who had climbed to that height. And many a man, in visiting Willett's spring, sees the name, but neither sees nor cares for the being whose body has for centuries formed part of the solid rock. Such is human thought of fame, — not what one is, but what one seems or claims to be.

But we had delayed too long on the way, and hurried on to the real object of our tramp.

After two hours spent in hard climbing, relieved now and then by a rest in some shady nook, our guide, who had run on ahead, called down, "Here we are !"

Hot, and not a little tired from our trip, we climbed the last hill, and exclaimed, "Here we are," as we turned a sharp corner in the rock, and passed from August into October weather. We were at the entrance of the ice cave.

Having rested a little on the rocky ledges of the large ante-chamber, preparations were made for a look into the cave. Waterproofs and rubbers for the women, and linen dusters for the men, was the regulation costume. Thus clad, candles lighted, and canes taken up, our small procession started on its march. For the first ten feet, daylight helped our flickering candles ; but, after the first sharp turn in the passage, we were entirely dependent upon their light. The rocks under our feet grew slippery ; the walls were wet and clammy, and in places hung with sheets of ice.

On we went, usually walking upright, but occasionally stooping to pass under some low-hanging rock, which offered only a narrow passage. Those behind, looking into the darkness beyond, felt as if they had found some witch's den : the bent forms clad in black moving noiselessly about, the occasional flash of a candle, the sound of a voice in the distance, and jewel-like glimmer of the walls, lent an unearthly appearance to the place.

After advancing eighty or a hundred feet, we came to a place where only a small hole led into the next chamber. We went no farther, but, stopping there, were entertained with a history of the man who, resting against the wall, found himself frozen to its bosom, a discussion of the chances that the ceiling would sometime fall, and kindred subjects, fitted to make us appreciate the daylight when we saw it again.

It was with a genuine sense of relief that we came out into the fresh air, and sat down to enjoy a luncheon of ice.

Winneshie's ice cave claims to be the only one in America, although its rival is found in Scotland. All through cold weather the walls are dry and free from ice ; but, as summer comes

on, the ice slowly forms, increasing in amount until early in August, when the coming winter robs the cave of its power, and the ice slowly disappears. The ice is most abundant in the warmest weather, hanging on the walls in sheets from two to six inches thick.

The cave's summer comes in winter, when its breath melts all the snow about the entrance.

Geologists and chemists have offered various explanations of this ice in summer, and heat in winter, but none have been fully satisfactory.

SOURCES OF THE PLOT OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

It is said that Beethoven would sometimes take a simple little air which he had probably heard some country girl humming as she scrubbed at the wash-board, or the lullaby of some tired mother as she stood at the cradle of her child, and work it up into a grand masterpiece. So it was with Shakspeare. He would take a simple, crude story which may have been told him when a child, or some fable which he had read, and make it a grand production by adding such grace and finish to it as he alone was capable of doing.

He obtained several of his plots from old story-books : one was a Latin compilation of tales, called "Gesta Romanorum ;" another an Italian compilation, entitled "Il Pecorone," an English translation of which was known to have been extant in Shakspeare's time.

Although some of the stories connected with "The Merchant of Venice" have been found in many different places, some even traced back to the mediæval Greek romances, yet it is probable that Shakspeare obtained his ideas from later productions.

There is an old English declamation from which Shakspeare might have gotten the incidents connected with the pound of flesh. The title of it is, "Of a Jew who would for his Debt have a Pound of Flesh of a Christian." In this, however, the ordinary judge of the village presides ; nothing is said of the intervention of Portia, and nothing about the "shedding of one drop of Christian blood."

There is another story, however, more closely connected. It is in "Il Pecorone," and is entitled "The Adventures of Giannetti." This is so nearly like the incident in "The Merchant," as almost to convince one that it is a literal translation. In it the lender is a Jew, the borrower a Christian ; and from this we get the words "equal pound of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken in what part of your body pleaseth me." But the Jew in this is not pictured quite as cruel and merciless as Shakspeare's Shylock. He seems to have wanted the flesh, not purely out of revenge, but because it would cure a certain malady with which a friend of his was afflicted ;

but it seems that it was revenge alone that made Shylock so oblivious to all entreaties.

The story of the caskets has been told time and time again, once by an English poet Gower, and once by the Italian novelist Boccaccio; but Shakspeare probably took his from a story in the "Gesta Romanorum." Even this is very unlike that in "The Merchant." In this a Roman emperor, Ancelmus, has born to him a son. When the king of Naples hears this, he becomes alarmed lest in later years this son should avenge himself for the wrongs done his aged father, and so decides to ask for a treaty of peace between the two nations, which is granted on certain conditions which the king of Naples will not accept: so he contrives to gain his end by marrying his daughter to the son of Ancelmus. It is here that the caskets are introduced. The princess wins her husband by choosing the right one of three caskets, which are similar in description and inscription to those in "The Merchant."

The episode of the rings is found only in "Il Pecorone," and the story is very like that in "The Merchant." It is here that the name of Belmont first appears.

Some critics have thought that Shakspeare followed an unknown novelist, who blended the story of the pound of flesh and that of the caskets into one, for it has been found from an old diary that a comedy entitled "The Jew" was played at the "Bull" in 1579, when these incidents were combined; but whether Shakspeare was even aware of this fact or not is doubtful.

Critics have thought that Shakspeare was not original enough, inasmuch as his plots were seldom of his own invention; but it is just as absurd to reproach Shakspeare for not forming his own plots, as it would be to censure Powers for not making the clay from which he modelled his Greek Slave: for these old stories were just about as useless before Shakspeare had applied his magic touch, as the clay was before the Greek Slave was fashioned.

ABOUT TALK.

IN the old story, the fairy godmother, coming too late, finds that some wicked fairy has afflicted her favorite with plain looks, and bestowed the coveted gift of beauty upon another. She hastens to undo the mischief as best she can, by declaring that, at every word, of the pretty girl's, frogs and lizards shall leap out of her mouth; but that, whenever the plain girl shall speak, pearls and diamonds shall fall from her lips.

A young girl from an American home of wealth came one fall to a boarding-school. She immediately attracted notice by her prettiness of face and figure, and the grace of her every movement. There was a cherry glow at her lips, and a peachy bloom on her cheeks, her dark eyes

looked up from beneath long fringed lashes, her silken hair seemed to have caught some of the rays of the sun. She was dressed with exquisite taste, — simply, as became a schoolgirl, but prettily, and with that indefinable touch that we call "style." The teacher to whom this girl first presented herself looked upon her with secret delight. She said to herself, "Now I have found an ideal girl, so far as externals go; and I know from her frank, bright, open look, that she is intelligent and true, too. How I shall enjoy her!"

A few days after, that teacher, sitting in her room, heard the girl talking with some of her new-made friends. These were the fragments of her conversation, which she caught from time to time: "What beastly grub they give us here! You just bet I'd skip home on the next train if I could. I have the most divine pug at home you ever saw. You'd be mashed on my brother if you knew him. He's the most heavenly waltzer! Squelched? I should snicker to murmur! Hope I'll kick the bucket before I ever get such another blessing! That man must have been off his base when he turned on this steam. It's colder than a barn door here. I must meander to my 6x8. S. Y. L. See you later. Ta ta."

It was enough. Shattered was the fair air-castle! Do you think that that teacher ever quite got over the effects of her disenchantment? The faultless dress somehow did not please as it had; the pink cheeks and pretty lashes had somehow lost their charm. There was a touch of commonness upon it all; not even the evidences of a good mind and heart, which were not failing later, sufficed to atone for the poverty and vulgarity of that girl's speech. 'Twas as if one should find a lily, pure and white and fragrant, in contact with some old cast-away tobacco-pipe. Would you want to wear it in your dress after that?

"But all girls talk so." Alas, it is almost true, if one can trust one's ears. But, thank heaven, there are a few girls yet, in some of the nicest homes in America, who, looking up to their wise and womanly mothers with old-fashioned reverence, and earnestly seeking to gain from the speech of the cultivated people whom they meet, and the great authors whom they read, are learning to clothe their thoughts in a beautiful and fitting garb. These are the girls who one day in society will hold at their sides the noblest and most finely cultivated men, entranced by their delightful conversation.

In looking over a little memorial of Mrs. Henry M. Fields, I find page after page of eloquent praise of her, from famous clergymen, scholars, writers; but none have impressed me so much as these few simple words from President White of Cornell University: "Many were so happy as to see her more frequently; but

there cannot have been one who enjoyed every moment of conversation with her more than I. The thought of discussing with her some matter of common interest has cheered many tedious journeys to the city; and the great metropolis seems sadly shrunken to me, now that she no longer stands in it."

SPOOPENDYKE AT DEATH'S DOOR.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, with a groan, "my dear, I hope you'll be kind to the baby after I am gone. You needn't mind about a monument, — a simple stone will do me; only I want you to watch and see that the measly thing don't get canted over sideways like some I've seen!" and Mr. Spoopendyke straightened out in his stuffed chair, and kicked his slipper to the other side of the room.

"But, dear, you're not going to die," meekly responded Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Did you hear my remarks about the tombstone and the baby? Did you catch the spirit of my injunctions about the offspring and the *Hic Jacet*?" and Mr. Spoopendyke groaned, and kicked the other slipper to the ceiling.

"I was only going to say," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke consolingly, "that, if you take care of the rheumatism, it will go away."

"P'r'aps you've some information as to where it'll go!" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke. "P'r'aps you think it'll go down-town in its best clothes to the matinee when it ought to be home a-getting dinner ready. Well, it don't. Nor it don't go 'round with it's back hair in its mouth, hunting for a pair of dog-gasted crimping-pins with a pair of tin trousers on! This rheumatic pain is going to a funeral, that's where its a-going; and the late lamented on that occasion is going to be one Spoopendyke, of which I am he;" and he fell back in his chair, and groaned dismally.

"Yes, but I know" —

"You know! — yes, you know: with your amount of information, you only need a door-mat with 'Welcome' on it, and a red-headed clerk, to be a public library."

"But I was only going to ask if the potatoes didn't do any good," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Did the potatoes do me any good? Ask 'em," said Spoopendyke, as he drew a huge tuber from his pants' pocket. "If that one doesn't know, inquire of this. If that one can't tell, p'r'aps this can;" and he pulled another potato from his pistol-pocket. "Come forth," he yelled, developing potatoes from all over him. "Come and be my bride; speak the speech as I pro — Come forth," he bellowed, as a huge potato stuck fast. Then he bumped his elbow on the corner of his chair; and, lifting himself out with a bound, he smashed the potatoes with a bang against the wall. "Did the potatoes do me any good!"

"I was only going to say that I heard" —

"You *heard!* With your capacity for sounds, you only need your head lightened up, and a big nigger to pound on it, to be a bass-drum."

"I heard that the potatoes were *not* good for the rheumatism; but that it should be taken care of, and rubbed constantly. I know there must be something good for it," sighed poor Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Produce that something! Roll that something into my presence, and pull out the bung! Let that something be encouraged to squirt. But it's too late — too late. The shadows of death are fast closing around, and the dog-gasted lamb is prepared for the measly sacrifice. If you ever find it, rub it on my tombstone." With which injunction Mr. Spoopendyke began to undress himself slowly.

"I've shuffled around in this mortal coil until the measly thing's almost unwound, and now I'm going to take a whack at immortality;" and Spoopendyke crawled dismally into bed. "If I'm dead in the morning, don't cry. And if I ain't dead — you be dog-gasted careful not to make any noise to disturb me."

"Well, I don't care," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she dropped on the floor to take off her boots. "I know there must be something good for it. If he isn't better in the morning, I'll have to bring the monument to the house; and, if it isn't as tall as the Tower of London, he'll howl around all day because I don't love him."

Then Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled carefully into bed. She was rewarded for her thoughtfulness by the inquiry whether she thought the rheumatism was a hammock prepared for dog-gasted females to fall in and out of, or a Dutch oven to warm cold feet. — *Brooklyn Eagle*.

POLITICAL NOTES.

OUR next President — ?

THE song of the People's party: —

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these:

We've lost our Ben."

THE song of the defeated candidate: "It is better to have run and lost, than never to have run at all."

ALL the Presidents of the United States have been blue-eyed; and the eyes of the defeated candidates have been green (with jealousy).

THE great object of Butler's candidacy, the saving of Massachusetts to Blaine, has been accomplished. As a candidate, he has been a failure.

THE next national House of Representatives will probably stand about one hundred and eighty-five Democrats, to one hundred and forty Republicans.

THE decrease of the public debt during the month of October was \$8,307,192.

CHARLES J. FAULKNER, United-States Minister to France in 1860, is dead.

AT present writing, it seems quite evident that Cleveland is to be our future President. It has been an enthusiastic campaign; and it will be a great disappointment to all stanch Republicans, to see their party go out of power.

We trust that the Democratic party will have the country's interest at heart, and that we may find the United States in a prosperous condition at the end of the administration.

THE motion granting precedence to the Franchise Bill has been passed by the House of Commons. The Radicals are combining to oppose the Government compromise with the Lords. They aim at the abolition of that body.

It is reported that Japan has offered to act as mediator between China and France.

CHINESE advices state that the Empress of China has offered half of her jewels for the defence of the empire against the French invasion.

THE Crown Prince of Germany has become Regent of Brunswick. The title of "duke" has been dropped. The Prince's eldest son will succeed to the regency when his father becomes Emperor of Germany.

THE Lord Mayor of London entered into his office with great pomp and ceremony. The most important features in the procession were several Nile boats fully manned, a herd of camels, and a drove of elephants. The Lord Mayor was everywhere greeted with enthusiastic cheers.

A GREAT FEAT.

MR. BLAINE'S tour of the country, pending his election, will go into history as one of the marvellous achievements of the age. The speeches he made, and the fatigue he endured, stamp him as one of the broadest-minded and ablest-bodied men in the country. There is not one man in a million who can make speech after speech, hour after hour, day after day, without repeating himself. On his way through Michigan, Mr. Blaine made as many as a dozen speeches in a day, in which he did something more than merely make acknowledgments of honors accorded him, but went into intelligent and elaborate discussions of the issues of the campaign. Before returning to Maine, he made five hundred speeches, which might be garnered and read for their forcible points, broad conception, and progressive freedom. As an exchange says, it was this power to present living issues with a freshness and breadth that never tired the auditor, that stamped Louis Kossuth as the foremost statesman of his time.

Mr. Blaine's addresses have not been so elaborate or so ambitious as those of Kossuth, because the occasion neither demanded nor permitted of such wonderful elaboration. But Mr. Blaine has been unanswerable, and no journal of the opposition has ventured to assail him beyond the merest superficial criticism. No editor or orator of the opposition has attempted to reply to the forcible presentation of the case for the American people made by Mr. Blaine. He has been unanswerable as no other public speaker has been, because his words have been words of truth and soberness, instinct with profound convictions, and pervaded with an earnestness possible only to men who have penetrated to the core of things which underlie and go before national progress. He has comprehended the real issues of this struggle as no other man has done, and in dealing with them has ascended above the carping criticisms of ephemeral journalism. Though no man has ever better deserved the utmost of favor at the hands of a great and intelligent people, none have ever appeared as the solicitors for such favor who could so well afford to accept his triumphal progress as full compensation. — *Ex.*

ART NOTES.

THERE is now in New York a portrait of the late William M. Hunt, painted by the late J. F. Millett. It is not common to see such a combination as this, — an artist distinguished and beloved in his own country, painted by an artist in a foreign land, more famous perhaps than his sitter, but certainly not more beloved.

The picture was on exhibition, and offered for sale, in Boston, but not finding a purchaser for it the owner brought it to New York; and it is thought that somewhere, in some public gallery, a settled home may be found for it.

It is curious to observe, from the returns of the Royal Academy, how small a proportion of the pictures on exhibition within its walls are sold to visitors. Out of sixteen hundred pictures, only two hundred were disposed of while in the building; and of two hundred pieces of sculpture, only five.

The advantage of being hung on these respectable walls seems to be in the advertisement, "Exhibited at the Royal Academy," which we see on so many pictures when at the dealers.

HOLLAND has been, and will always be, a favorite resort for artists; and two Americans, George H. Boughton and E. A. Abbey, made their trip one of genuine discovery. Avoiding the paths of the common tourist, and discarding Murray and Bædecker, they strolled through the most beautiful portions of the country, filling their portfolios with sketches which for variety, beauty, and originality, excel any thing

and every thing ever before gathered in the land of dykes and canals. It had been planned that a well-known writer was to accompany them, and add to their sketches his impressions of the country; but, owing to his inability to keep the engagement, this part of the work was executed by Mr. Boughton. The result of this combination of art and literature was a most delightful and enjoyable series of illustrated papers in "Harper's Magazine," now made into a beautiful holiday book, under the title of "Sketching Rambles in Holland."

The two artists saw Holland as it is, and their work presents a more faithful and attractive idea of that country than has ever before been given by either pen or pencil.

THE fine Titian owned by Professor Cornelius Tilton of Harvard University has been loaned by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it will stay a year.

MUSICAL NOTES.

NOTES by the weigh: five-pound notes.

THE class of '85 has at last a most melodious call.

DEL PUENTE is at San Carlo, Naples.

EMMA THURSBY will soon begin a series of concerts in Norway.

VALLERIA is singing in London.

MISS MARIE VAN ZANDT, it is said, will soon leave the *operatic* stage. Wonder why?

GERSTER and Campanini are to head a concert company in the United States this season.

RUBINSTEIN is at St. Petersburg.

THE latest verse the Salvation Army has added to its chorus, "What makes it Heaven:"—

"There'll be no policemen there,
There'll be no policemen there;
In the mansions above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no policemen there."

"THE meaning of song goes deep," says Carlyle. Wherefore? Where are those *two* girls who study logic?

PARIS, Nov. 8, 1884. The Paris court to-day gave its decision in the Patti divorce case, granting the Marquis de Caux an absolute divorce.

MATERNA comes to America about the last of December.

THE new statue of Bach, which was recently unveiled at Eisenach, is unanimously declared to be one of the finest in Germany.

THEODORE THOMAS has arrived in America.

'85 gave a very "classical" concert Halloween.

GUSTAV REICHARDT is dead.

THE Cincinnati "Inquirer" says, "Mapleson has unearthed another tenor;" but whether from Pompeii or Herculaneum, is not stated.

PAPPENHEIM seems to be losing her voice. Her success at San Francisco was not very great.

GUARRO, the composer, died at Naples, of cholera.

TREVELLI comes to America in April.

BARCELONA is a popular resort for musicians.

THE well-known tenor, Pasquino Brignoli, died recently in New York. He was a great favorite with the American public.

MME. ALBANI is still in London.

HERR CARL REINECKE, who is at the head of the Leipsic Conservatory, says that some of the most earnest and gifted pupils in Leipsic at present are Americans.

STRAUSS has accepted, on brilliant conditions, an engagement to give a series of concerts next season in St. Petersburg.

GREAT preparations are being made for the German opera season in New York.

CAMILLA URSO has now permanently settled in Boston, where she is attracting pupils from all parts of the United States.

COSTA's library brought low prices.

CONSTANTINOPLE is having quite an operatic season.

THERE is a Chinese orchestra in London. Let it stay there.

SCIENCE.

THE tower of the Hell-Gate light-house was lighted up for the first time Wednesday night, Oct. 16, by nine lamps of the Brush-Swan Electric Light Company, each of sixty-nine thousand candle-power. It is considered the most powerful light used in any light-house in the world.

PROFESSOR G. F. WRIGHT, treating on the Niagara River and the Glacial Period, infers that the river itself has worn the whole of the gorge from Queenstown to the Falls, with, perhaps, some little assistance from pre-glacial erosions above the whirlpool. The rate of erosion, calculated at about three feet a year, would make the time requisite for the work so performed not over 11,000 years.

M. DUTER has proved that the magnetism of flat steel magnets, whose surfaces are their poles, does not disappear when they are removed from the magnetic field.

A NEW electric battery has been recently made. Both electrodes consist of plates of coke; the one surrounded by a paste of lead peroxide, and the other covered on its horizontal upper surface

with pieces of platinized coke. The two are separated by means of parchment paper. The exciting fluid is a saturated solution of sodium chloride.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company is experimenting with a view to adopting the electric headlight.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJÖLD, the Arctic explorer, is preparing to undertake an expedition to the South Pole.

DR. SCHOREINFURTH is spending three months in Berlin, preparatory to a new journey through the Egyptian deserts, which he will undertake next winter. His main object is to survey the desert.

LOCALS.

ONE of the Preps has been suffering from a growing-pain, and the other day she informed us that she was positive she had pleurisy of the heart.

A SENIOR wants to know if the pericardium isn't "that thing in your throat." She would also like to know what it means.

WHAT young lady has been mostly discussed lately?

Polly Ticks.

First Girl.—What does B.C. mean?

Second Girl.—Before Christ.

First Girl.—Well, what does A.D. mean?

Second Girl.—Oh, that means Before Adam!

SOME strolling Thespians were once playing "Macbeth" in a country town. Their properties were not kept in very systematic order; for when the hero of Shakspeare's drama exclaimed, "Is that a dagger that I see before me?" a shrill voice responded from the "flies," "No, sir; it's the putty-knife. The dagger's lost."—*Ex.*

MAID OF ATHENS: what is the difference between the above and carboline?

One is Maid of Athens, and the other is made of petroleum; but both come from Greece.

Pinkie.— "And he wrote me the most beautiful letter, all full of quotations from Wordsworth,—a regular Wordsworth letter."

Room-mate (meekly).—"Did he?"

Pinkie.—"Yes; and one was a quotation from "Marmion," I guess, all about moonlight rows and things."

Miss P. (musingly)— "I wonder if Lot's wife was fond of salt."

Miss M.—"I shouldn't think she would have been."

Miss P.—"Well, any way she seemed to turn to it."

WHILE there's life, there's hope! We still are true to Blaine, and have not telegraphed our

congratulations to Cleveland. One would easily judge of our loyalty by the numerous portraits of Blaine and Logan which adorn our doors.

SUNDAY morning at breakfast.

Miss —. — Did you know brown-bread is good for a weak back?

Miss —. — No, but this tastes as though it *had* been good for a week back.

P. G. (Speaking of the singing in one of the Boston churches) — "The contralto was superb."

Miss L. — "Was it a man or a woman?"

Future S. G. — "Can you tell me whether we have to be excused from taking a bath the same as from going to walk?"

Old Girl. — "Yes, certainly."

Teacher in French Class. — "All of you who have ever been in Paris, please raise your hands. Two of you? Miss H., how long were you there?"

Miss H. — "A year."

Teacher. — "A year! and did you speak French?"

Miss H. — "No, ma'am."

Teacher. — "What did you speak — English?"

Miss H. — "No, ma'am."

Teacher and Class in Chorus. — "Why, what did you speak?"

Miss H. (composedly) — "Nothing: I was only a year old."

MISS CARPENTER has lately been presented with quite a large addition to her library. The books are many of them rare in this country, and quite a search was necessitated that they might be found. Among those most valuable, we find the works of Mary Cecil Hay, Wilkie Collins, The Duchess, Miss Braddon, Ouida, and Charles Reade. The chief charm of these books lies in the fact that they were presented (?) to Miss Carpenter by the girls.

QUITE a number of the Haynes book-rests are in use among the girls now. For the purpose of holding a text-book while using a lexicon, or paper and pencil, these rests are invaluable to students. Dr. Haynes invites suggestions regarding them; but they seem to us quite perfect, and at least far superior to any thing of the kind we have ever seen before.

DURING their Western trip, Professor Bragdon and family happened to be in a town where a convention of the W. C. T. U. was being held. Every six minutes throughout the day, all the bells in the place were tolled; for it is estimated that a drunkard dies every six minutes. Of course, all the children were asking why the bell was ringing; and they were answered, "Another drunkard is dead, and they are tolling the bell that the people may know of it." A short time after this, Professor Bragdon started for the East again. Little John said to him, when they had

boarded the train, "We aren't going to see a single drunkard on the way home." His father immediately said, "Why, John?" The youngster replied, "Because they all died the other day, don't you remember?"

HALLOW-EEN, weird and ghostly as ever, with all its mysterious festivities, was a time of much pleasure to the Lasell girls. Early in the evening Miss Martina Grubbs read to the girls Burns's "Hallow-een," which gave us an idea of the many practices common in the Hallow-eeen-est of all Hallow-eeen countries. After a brief study hour, the girls repaired to the "club room," where, masked, and in ghostly attire, they enjoyed a good dance. We do not feel at liberty to reveal to the public statistics showing the number of girls still suffering from indigestion, caused by the marvellously beautiful oysters and cake served at supper that evening; or how many ate salt, and went to bed backwards; or descended the cellar-stairs at midnight, and had a private confab with their future husbands in spiritual form; or arose as the village-clock sounded loud and clear on the frosty night air the hour of twelve, and gazed in their looking-glasses. But in the morning, judging from the glad or sad expressions on the different faces, we supposed that the destiny of each had been revealed to her.

THE Star Lecture course of Auburndale has afforded unusual delight to those attending from the Seminary this year. Mrs. Mary Livermore's address on Wendell Phillips on Wednesday, Oct. 15, has been mentioned in the former number of the LEAVES.

On Oct. 22 Professor Churchill of Andover read, in his inimitable way, selections from "Pickwick Papers," Dickens's "Christmas Stories," "Hamlet," and from a few anonymous writers. The audience at his will was convulsed with laughter, while yet the tears were dimming the eyes. As a reader of Dickens, Professor Churchill has no equal.

Professor C. T. Winchester of Middletown, Conn., delivered his celebrated lecture on "An Old Castle," Wednesday evening, Oct. 29. The enviable reputation which Professor Winchester has made, on account of this lecture particularly, led us to anticipate much; but our expectations were more than doubly realized. Professor Winchester is an easy, fluent speaker, who holds his audience, one might say, breathless with admiration and interest throughout his entire discourse.

The lecture, "My Impressions of the West," delivered by Rev. J. W. Bashford, Ph.D., on Wednesday, Nov. 5, presented some very novel ideas to us. It was a great pleasure to all to see Mr. Bashford standing again in the pulpit, which, for so long a time, he had occupied as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Auburndale.

The violin concert given on Nov. 12, by Sig. Guiseppi Vitali, assisted by Sig. N. Fanelli, harpist, was pronounced by all as a great success. As an imitator, Sig. Vitali has no equal. One number of the programme, "The Sounds of Spring," brought out rounds of applause.

The stereopticon illustrations of Paris, shown by Mr. George H. Allen of Boston, on Nov. 19, completed the course of lectures very pleasantly. Entertainments of this character generally grow tiresome before the evening is ended, but this proved quite contrary to the general rule.

AMONG the many places of interest which can be easily visited by the young women of Lasell is Echo Bridge at Newton Upper Falls.

As Monday, the 3d of November, was about as perfect a day as could be desired at this season of the year, a number of the girls thought the time would be well spent in driving to the bridge and to Mount Ida. And so it was, as all who have ever heard the echoes will acknowledge.

The bridge consists of six large stone arches, under one of which quietly flows the Charles River. It is said that under this arch a sound can be heard to echo nineteen times. Eight or ten were the most we were able to count. The names of the different presidential candidates were called; and it was thought by some that St. John echoed longest and loudest, — probably it was because we stood by the water.

The bridge was built by the Boston Water Works Company, as a support at that place for the aqueduct which furnishes the Hub with that most necessary article, water.

After leaving the bridge, it was suggested that Blaine was to speak in Newton at half-past four; but we could not go there and to the mount too! All preferred to see the "plumed knight:" even the few Democrats sisters of our number were not loath to go.

Although the train bringing Mr. Blaine was nearly half an hour late, the crowd gathered at the station were very patient; and, when it did arrive, cannon was fired, and cheer upon cheer arose. Scarcely had he crossed the platform to the stand from which he was to speak, when suddenly one end of the hastily built rostrum gave way. What fears crossed our minds as we heard the falling boards, and saw the man, on whom we looked as our future president, disappear! But it was with joy that we saw him soon assisted to rise, unhurt; and a board placed across some of the timbers served for a stand. When he said, "That is the way the Democrats will fall to-morrow," the crowd gave vent to their thoughts in a rousing cheer; but when he added, "But the Republicans can always find enough platform on which to stand," the expression of the people was more loud than before.

As the train pulled out from the station, we caught a last glimpse of him, with his head uncovered, standing on the platform of the rear car; while the sound of the cannon was almost drowned by the voices of the admirers of Blaine.

On our return to the Seminary, it was with the feeling that this had indeed been a red-letter day.

THE NEW PICTURES.

SOME of the fruits of Professor Bragdon's trip abroad are beginning to show themselves on the walls of Lasell. He has added largely to the art collection, gathering his pictures mostly at Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Paris, but not confining the specimens to these galleries mentioned, those of Italian cities being well represented; though doubtless we should have had more of the latter, had not the cholera forbidden the party to go into Italy. First in importance are the oil paintings, a half-dozen German pictures, some of them taken from the late exposition at Munich. They are mostly *genre* subjects; one of them a peasant scene, very *naïve* and interesting. A half-dozen more are water-colors by Venetian masters, light, airy bits of scenery or figures. All of these pictures are scattered through the various parlors, a very valuable addition to their effect; while the engravings they have displaced find space for themselves about the halls and in the dining-room. The chapel-walls are also a little more closely filled; while the fine view of the Roman Forum, and the Arch of Titus, are removed to give room for two very lovely engravings of German paintings by Plockhurst. They are scenes from the life of Christ, "The Walk to Emmaus," and the "Parting between Christ and his Mother." These engravings are handsomely framed in bronze, in the same manner as a new engraving of "St. Michael and the Dragon," by Guido Reni, which hangs in the front hall. This one is much finer than the one we had previously.

Our stock of the photographs of the old masters is increased by some three hundred which Professor Bragdon has gathered. Not many of them are yet mounted. Some are to be arranged in books, and others framed. Unmounted photographs are so troublesome to handle that the new collection has not yet been put upon exhibition. A favored few have rather by accident gained a peep at them, and promise us a rich treat in store.

SOCIETY NOTES.

THERE are a few maidens who wander around adorned with tiny gold pins bearing the mystic letters "P. C." "We cannot tell the why and wherefore" of these emblems; although, from the size of the owners, we should judge the title to be "Portly Creatures."

THE Lasellia Club is in a flourishing condition: many new members have been initiated, and it bids fair to be the most prosperous year the club has yet enjoyed. At a recent meeting, the following officers were elected:—

President.—Miss Hayden.

Vice-President.—Miss Stebbins.

Secretary.—Miss Alling.

Treasurer.—Miss Grubbs.

Critic.—Miss Penfield.

Guard.—Miss M. Routt.

Assistant Guard.—Miss J. Brown.

THE A. B. C. will shortly hold its annual initiation: the prospective members are already getting their winding-sheets in readiness.

THE members of the Tennis Club have been making hay while the sun shone; or, rather, have been playing tennis during the recent warm weather, as the many roughened hands and faces can testify.

THE L. M. A. seems to be entirely defunct. The object of this organization was always a profound secret. The meetings were generally held at midnight, and the "business" was discussed to an accompaniment of sardine-boxes and molasses (?) candy.

THE S. D. Society is progressing finely this year, with twenty-five new members. The debates have been very interesting and animated, being entered into by both the old and new members. On Saturday evening, Nov. 8, an irregular meeting was held; and the "Courtship of Miles Standish" was given in a pantomime of six scenes. The first election of the year for officers will be held on Saturday, Nov. 15.

THE "O. K. B.'s" hold their revival meetings regularly.

PERSONALS.

MISS THOMSON, formerly teacher here, is now in the faculty of Baldwin University, Berea, O.

WE wish to correct a mistake made in the October number. It was Miss Emma Hack, not *Hare*, who was married to Mr. H. A. Smith, Oct. 9, in St. Joseph, Mo.

CARRIE KENDIG reports a rough but enjoyable passage homeward from her summer trip abroad, and readiness for work at 35 Dale Street, Boston Highlands. She promises to visit Lasell soon. May we be there to see!

MRS. ANNA MARBOLD WERNING has lost her little twin boys. She mourns, but as a Christian. Mr. and Mrs. Wernsing sailed Nov. 1, on steamer "Hartsburg," for Badberger, Germany, Mr. Wernsing's former home, where they will make an indefinite stay. Like a loyal Lasellian, she orders the LEAVES sent to her there, and sends her love to the "old girls." She has our love and sympathy.

MAMIE FITTON of Rockville, Conn., here in '79, invites us to her marriage to Parley B. Leonard, at five P.M., Nov. 19. Mr. Leonard will get a good wife.

EDNA L. CROOK died at her home in Springfield, Mass., Oct. 9, 1884.

She had been long in suffering health. In June, 1883, after months in which she had seemed to wait in the shadow of death, she wrote of "joyful willingness to live or to die, as God wills," and of a sense of his strength "as of everlasting arms," supporting in the severest suffering.

Some time later, assured by the physician of recovery, the vision of the farther shore had been so long near and vivid that she "could not restrain tears of disappointment."

In January, 1884, she seemed convalescing, and wrote again in the calm, uplifted spirit of one who has the vision of God.

We have no later words from herself, but cannot doubt that she turned again toward death in joyful trust, assured in the sustaining grace of which she had so long and sweet experience.

BERTHA MORRISON, Chicago, is about to change her home to Michigan Avenue, near Sixteenth Street, where she hopes to see more of the Lasell friends who visit that village. She writes that ib Hosford is in Chicago, and that Ogontz does not seem to have stolen her affections from Lasell; also that Carrie Hinckley is struggling with housekeeping cares, having her "trials with maids who know nothing, and those who know too much."

MATTIE HENRY is visiting Lizzie Hoag in Lockport, and reports her (Lizzie not Mattie) as lovely as ever. So is Mattie.

A LETTER from Ida Sibley, who is at 5,560 Germantown Avenue, Germantown, with her sister Emma, gives assurance of her well-being, and plans for usefulness, and intimates that we may see her this winter. She will be welcome.

ANNIE POTTER and Dora Mayo were both here over Sunday recently. We were very glad to see them, as we are all of our old girls.

BESSIE MERRIAM was here for a short time the other day. She goes to see her sister quite often, who resides in Newton, and doesn't forget Lasell on her way home. We always welcome her bright face.

IN the last LEAVES the notice of Hattie William's wedding was given. Since then we have received the following account:—

WEDDING.—On Tuesday eve, Oct. 7, 1884, Rev. C. L. Stafford married Frank L. Wilson, son of Hon. C. H. Wilson, and Miss Hattie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Albert Williams. The night, without, was dark and dismal, resembling one of the forty nights in Noah's experi-

ence, against whose furious pour he had provided for the safety and comfort of himself and his ; but, within, all was light, and full of good cheer. At 7.30 the pair of lovers walked in before a large and brilliant company, supported on either hand by their parents ; and the knot was neatly tied, and the twain embarked in a life-boat for a voyage that we hope will be long and pleasant, and prospered with the favorable winds of fortune, ending, at last, — far off, — at the Happy Isles.

'Twas a right good and wholesome looking couple, the parties being well contrasted in personal appearance ; and they were self-possessed, and looked radiant and happy. The rooms were prettily decorated, and all forgot the tempest in the midst of the brilliant scene.

The bride wore a cream-colored satin dress, with an over-dress of Spanish lace of the same color, and a bouquet of natural flowers at the throat ; and she was a fair vision. Frank was in black, and wore, besides, a smile and a bouquet.

Refreshments were served, and at a seasonable hour the company surrendered the field to the new conquerors. They have beautifully fitted up rooms over Moore's store, adorned with the numerous pretty and costly presents they received, and with pictures and bric-à-brac, much of which was made by the bride's artistic hands ; and they ought to be as happy as paired birds in an embowered nest, in that cosey retreat.

The world never grows old, as we do, but renews itself perpetually and incessantly : the dew is on its grass o' mornings now, as at dawn a thousand years ago, and the dew of tender sentiment falls on young hearts still ; and the old, old knitting of the affections continues, with never the dropping of a stitch, — the sly Cupid "attends to his knitting," as Penelope to her web. The sharp-eyed old man observes that love glances still shoot across streets and audiences as subtly as when he was a youth of bounding pulse and free fancy, and was caught with eye-sparkles and the enchantment of smiles.

"The sense of the world is short, —
Long and various the report, —
To love and be beloved.
Men and gods have not outlearned it ;
And, how oft so e'er they've turned it,
'Tis not to be improved."

On Thursday eve Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Wilson gave a brilliant reception to the new family ; and everybody was there to greet the pair, who looked as blooming as the red, red rose.

Bon voyage!

PROFESSOR DOLE writes to the Principal that his lungs are better than fifteen months ago. We are very glad to hear from him, for indeed his many former pupils hold him in grateful memory. How ready he always was to help us in every way ! No question in the range of study

found him unprepared with kind and clear reply, or direction and help to sources of information. He seemed to know the contents of every book in the library, and his many purchases for it were made to supply what we most needed for reference. How patient he was ! — if one may call so cheerful a companion patient.

Always suffering he seemed, but ever ready and interested, when a day's work was done, for all the boating, walking, and general dragging around which we girls exact of the good man who keeps us from drowning and mishap "off the grounds." He must loathe the memory of us, or he would come sometimes to see us.

EXCHANGES.

THE "Yale Courant" contains a very unique article, "Of Love and Tennis." It is certainly a pleasing form of moralizing.

THE last one of the "Clippings" in the "Phoenix" has been going the rounds of college journalism for about a year, and we would advise the editor to seek something at least new.

A FRIENDLY feeling of nearness comes over us as we read in the "Vassar Misc," "The rule concerning nails, tacks, and pins is being rigidly enforced." Enter a Lasell girl's room, and read Art. 3 of the "Suggestions" tacked on the door.

THE "LEAVES" would be pleased to make the acquaintance of the "Archon," if the editor who wrote would be so kind as to tell us its abiding place. It must consider itself far famed indeed, to expect us to know the college(?) which publishes it.

"THE Flower Girl," in the "Colby Echo," is the best poem we have noticed among our exchanges. It is beautiful in its pathos, and well worthy of mention.

WOULD the "University Cynic" be kind enough to send us Vennor's Almanac? We are without one at present. Even if the Exchange Notes are by a *Green Mountain* editor, we are sorry he is not bright enough to see the analogy between a politician and a weather prophet. We would like to add that we are *ladies*, brought up in the "exotic atmosphere of a Bostonian boarding-school," and, therefore, unaccustomed to the backwoods vernacular used toward us.

WE shake hands with you, "Stranger," and are only too glad to echo your sentiments on "Bangs." Let all our sisters read these selections : —

"Bangs are considered by the writer as a snare and delusion. We can see a possible cause why a young woman should carry an alligator-skin portemonnaie, containing a glove tassel, two peppermints, a boot-buttoner, two hair-pins, and ten cents in change, down-town in her hand for four miles ; . . . but, in spite of all the depths of

philosophy or researches of science, the reason why any young lady of ordinary beauty and intelligence should desire to obscure her face with the same variety of appendage as that which usually adorns the countenance of a breachy cow is, and must ever remain, an unfathomable mystery. . . . To the careful student of natural history, bangs furnish a broad field for research ; and no more profitable place for their study can be found than the home of the "Stranger." Some may be seen short and crimped, clustering around the plump face like an early Savoy cabbage leaf on an old Hubbard squash ; another kind is long and straight, under which the mild blue eyes of their owner peep like an old gander trying to crawl through a hedge-fence ; other varieties curve in like a clam-shell engaged in removing the soot from an old kettle-bottom ; while others curve out and up, in strong resemblance to a turkey with his eye fixed on a hawk far above the reach of ordinary vision."

OUR NEIGHBORS.

THE Freshman class at Harvard numbers 229 ; Yale, 145 ; and Cornell, 213.

THE base-ball mania has attacked the young ladies of Bridgeton Academy. They have organized two nines, and selected their ball-grounds. At present the question of uniforms is the all-absorbing topic. — *Ex.*

VASSAR COLLEGE has graduated altogether five hundred and ninety-six students. Of this number one hundred and eighty-eight have married, or only one in three. — *Ex.*

WESLEYAN has decided to substitute cardinal and black for her present college color, lavender.

BY THE RIVER.

THEY wandered alone by the river,
Two children, happy and gay :
The spring had come in its beauty,
The glory and brightness of May.
The two had been playmates always,
Had shared childish sorrow and joy :
The little maid, gentle, confiding ;
Strong, brave, and true was the boy.

They wandered alone by the river, —
The summer-moon shone overhead :
The boy had grown on into manhood,
The maiden toward womanhood sped.
No longer the prattle of childhood,
But grief, like a frost, chilled the heart ;
The tears from her eyes were fast falling, —
The time had now come, they must part.

She wanders alone by the river,
And autumn's cold winds chill her through.
No longer he lingers beside her,
Her brave, gallant lover in blue.
In his grave in the South he is sleeping, —
Many years since that summer have fled :
Her dark locks from sorrow have whitened,
Her heart, like these dry leaves, is dead.

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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EDITORIAL.

WE are to have a new gymnasium! and that, too, in the immediate future. The ground was broken for it on Dec. 6; and we feel certain, from the number of men employed in laying the foundation, and in hewing timbers, that the building will be ready for use at the beginning of next term. Those tempting rows of grapevines, however, are now things of the past, for the gymnasium is building directly above the place where they were wont to flourish. We are sure all the old girls will rejoice with us when they think of the old gymnasium. Somewhere it has been said that one enjoys the pleasures of others most when ¹ has been the cause in

some way of their happiness. Now, if you old girls wish to really enjoy hearing from Lasell, each send a good sized check to Professor Bragdon, that we may have the long-hoped-for chapel next year.

A SHORT time ago a paper was sent to us, with an article in it marked. The smile which for so long a time had been stranger to our face came back with blushes of delight as we read:—

"LASELL LEAVES begins the new school year in a manner highly commendable. The account of a tour on the Continent, and the stories of excursions in the vicinity of the seminary, are well written. Take the number through, it has not been excelled by any one of the numerous student periodicals received at this office. The young ladies who edit the LEAVES are contributing not a little to the good name of the crowded halls at Auburndale."

Eager to see whence came such a commendatory notice, we turned to the titlepage of the paper, and, to our amazement, found it to be a Western paper published in January, 1878. The smile has vanished forever.

THE first cooking lecture of the year came off at quarter past ten on the morning of Dec. 15. This arrangement makes Monday a very busy day, and, if one has a caller in the afternoon, she certainly has no resting time. We are inclined to think Monday morning the best time that can at present be found.

Every afternoon in the week is occupied in some way, either by Dr. Porter's lectures, or classes in chemistry, natural philosophy, stenography, or free vocal; and it would be very tiresome to go from one of these sedentary recitations into cooking lesson, which compels us to sit still three hours more.

MRS. LEONARD ON THE POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

THE best work that a woman can do for the purifying of politics is by her influence over men, by the wise training of her children, by her intelligent, unselfish counsels to husband or brother or friend, by a thorough knowledge and discussion of the needs of her community. Many laws on the statute books of our own and other States have been the work of women. More might be added.

It is the opinion of many of us that woman's power is greater without the ballot, or possibility of office-holding for gain, when standing outside of politics. She discusses great questions upon their merits. Much has been achieved by women in the anti-slavery cause, the temperance cause, the improvement of public and private charities, the reformation of criminals,—all by intelligent discussion, and influence upon men. Our legislators have been ready to listen to women, and carry out their plans when well framed. Women can do much useful public service upon boards of education, school committees, and public charities, and are beginning to do such work. It is of vital importance to the integrity of our charitable and educational administration that it be kept out of politics: is it not well that we should have one sex who have no political ends to serve, who can fill responsible positions of public trust? Voting alone can easily be exercised by women without rude contact: but, to attain any political power, women must affiliate themselves with men, because women will differ on public questions; must attend primary meetings and caucuses; will inevitably hold paid office, and strive for it,—in short, women must enter the political arena. This will be repulsive to a large portion of the sex, and would tend to make women unfeminine and combative, which would be a detriment to society. It is well that men, after the burden and heat of the day, should return to homes where the quiet side of life is presented to them. In these peaceful New-England homes of ours, great and noble men have been raised by wise and pious mothers, who instructed them not in politics, but in those general principles of justice, integrity, and unselfishness, which belong to, and will insure, real statesmanship in the men who are true to them. Here is the stronghold of the sex weakest in body, powerful for good or evil over the stronger one, whom women sway and govern, not by the ballot and by greater numbers, but by those gentle influences designed by the Creator to soften and subdue man's ruder nature.

AND still, year by year, the standard of college education is raised higher and higher and higher and higher and higher. Columbia has just organized a banjo club.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

¹ See editorial in November number of the LEAVES.

LITERARY.

A SUMMER TRIP IN EUROPE.

ON last Commencement Day, June 18, several Lasell girls went to New York to join a number of others who were to spend the summer in Europe, travelling in Dr. Loomis's party.

There were twenty in our section of the party. When we left New York, the next afternoon, there were quite a number of Lasell schoolgirls at the dock to see us off.

During our voyage over, the weather was for the most of the way pleasant, and we enjoyed a reasonable amount of peace and comfort by day; but we would like to know the internal composition of the pillows on which we attempted to sleep at night. In time of war, an indestructible fortress could be built of them; for no ball or bomb-shell would make any impression on them.

After landing at Glasgow, we rested a day, and then started for Holland, reserving Scotland and England till later.

The Hague and Rotterdam are attractive cities, with their canals and quaint old houses. On the front windows of nearly all the houses, little mirrors are fastened in such a way that in them those in the house may see reflected the faces of persons passing by.

There seems to be a mania in Holland for knitting. Women walk along the streets with great baskets or bundles on their heads, and knitting. Others have a sort of yoke over the shoulders, with large baskets suspended at each end. Their hands are free: so they knit. Even little children at play have their knitting in some capacious pocket, ready for work if they stop to rest a few minutes. Such great industry is positively painful.

In the museum at Antwerp we saw the armless artist, Charles Fehr. He was copying a head from one of the pictures in the museum. He holds his palette on the great toe of his left foot; his brushes are held between the first two toes of his right foot. It was astonishing to see how neatly he mixed his paints, and cleaned his brushes.

There is a sort of garden connected with St. Paul's Church in Antwerp. In this place is the Mount of Calvary. It is of some cinder-like substance, and is built against the wall of the church, extending almost to the roof. There is a cave or grotto at the base. On the left side of its inner wall is a representation of future punishment. There are figures in relief of the suffering souls. These figures are colored, to make them appear more lifelike, and all are enveloped in flames; their eyes, red with weeping, are turned up toward a figure of Christ above them. In the centre of the grotto is the tomb

of Christ. Through a small grating may be seen an image of Christ on a bier.

While going from Antwerp to Cologne we passed through Malines, — called the "city of fools" because the people once tried to extinguish a fire on the roof of a church; and the fire was found to be only the moonlight shining on a glass globe.

On the morning of July 4, we were in Cologne, the city renowned for its cathedral and perfumes. In the afternoon we were on a steamboat on the Rhine. A patriotic girl from New York had one lone fire-cracker which she had brought from her native land, and it was fired with great ceremony.

The scenery along the Rhine between Bonn and Bingen is beautiful beyond description, with the high hills on either side, the many castles and ruins. Some of us were very much surprised at the appearance of the vineyards. Having always heard of the "vine-clad hills" on the banks of the Rhine, we had expected to see a luxuriant growth of vines; but, to our astonishment, none of the vines looked more than three feet high, each closely trimmed and tied to a stake.

What a delightful place Heidelberg is! The old castle, standing on a high hill overlooking the town and surrounding country, is so beautiful even in ruins.

When we were coming away from the castle, there appeared before us a creature who looked as if he had stepped out of Mark Twain's book, "Tramp Abroad." His face, which had been gashed in all directions, was adorned with a network of court-plaster. The point of his nose was missing, and one eye was covered with a bandage. We did not waste any pity on that young man, knowing that he had probably fought a duel, and would undoubtedly fight another when his wounds healed. This was the only student we saw in such a fragmentary condition, but there were a great many with scarred faces.

Let those who are fond of the much-despised gooseberry go to Heidelberg. There they may have gooseberries as large, at least nearly as large, as plums.

Frankfort is one of the brightest and prettiest cities in Europe, and from this attractive city we went to Leipzig. Of all the gloomy places imaginable, Leipzig is the worst. How can so many persons feel like studying music or any thing else in such a dismal place?

When we were in Berlin, one of the ladies announced her intention to work for the women suffragists, in the hope of being rewarded with a Berlin appointment. It certainly is a delightful city.

The Thiergarten, or public park, which is about three miles long and one mile wide, is

covered with forest trees; and, with its shady walks and drives, is a positive relief from the ordinary parks, with their artificial lakes and crazy-quilt flower-beds.

The Column of Victory, erected at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, is most magnificent. It rises to a height of one hundred and ninety-four feet, and is surmounted by a colossal gilt bronze figure of Victory.

The great street of the city, Unter den Linden, abounds in fine buildings, among them the palaces of the Emperor and Crown Prince, the Arsenal, and Opera House. At the east end of the street is the famous bronze equestrian statue of Frederick the Great.

A small river, the Spree, runs through the city. A conundrum asks: "Why should Berlin be the liveliest city in the world?" — "Because it is always on the Spree."

It is possible we may sometime forget the great works of art we saw in Dresden, but time can never efface the remembrance of the appearance of the party the morning we left. As we were leaving the hotel, the proprietor presented each with a large bouquet, and what appeared to be a diploma, but when untied proved to be a picture of the hotel and guide to the city. Mrs. Loomis, as the wife of the conductor of the party, received a floral structure fully as large as a peck measure.

At Prague the menus were on small American flags; and at each plate was a bouquet of red, white, and blue flowers.

Nuremberg was the queerest and quaintest city we visited. The walls of many of the houses are quite low, but the sloping roofs are very high; and in these roofs are usually from three to six stories of little dormer windows.

On the exterior of the Church of St. Sebaldus are many curious carvings. There is one door called the Bride's Door. On either side of it are figures of the Wise and Foolish Virgins. The foolish virgins look exceedingly dejected and forlorn; but any thing more pert and self-contented than the faces of the wise virgins cannot be imagined. One day, Professor Bragdon took several of us for a walk in some of the streets, which are so narrow it would be almost impossible to drive a carriage through them. Much of our summer's pleasure was due to the kindness of Professor Bragdon. Having been abroad several times, he was familiar with all points of interest. He was untiring in his efforts to add to our comfort and pleasure in every possible way, and for his many favors we are all deeply grateful.

There is one place few of us would care to visit again: that is the cemetery at Munich. In the cemetery is a building mainly of glass. To this building all persons dying in Munich are brought, to remain for three days. A wire is

attached to a finger in such a way that the slightest movement would cause a bell to ring in a room in which some one watches day and night. Looking through the glass, we saw the bodies of several men and women, and three babies. Around each corpse were hung numerous floral wreaths. It was inexpressibly sad to see so many lying there dead, brought from their homes to that public place.

When we were in Munich, it was finally decided that on account of the cholera it would be best to abandon going to Italy. This was a very great disappointment to us all, but we felt it was wisest to give it up. As we were not going into Italy, we had more time to spend in Germany, and also went down the Danube to Vienna. The man who wrote of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" must have looked at it through blue glasses. The sad truth is that it looks like very dirty soap-suds; but the scenery along the river certainly is beautiful. Many persons think it rivals that on the Rhine.

In the Loretto Chapel of the Church of St. Augustine, in Vienna, are sealed urns containing the hearts of deceased members of the imperial family. In that church is an exceedingly beautiful monument to the memory of Maria Christine, daughter of Maria Theresa. Among the figures is one of an angel leading a blind old man. While we were admiring the work, a very old man came up to us, and asked one of the ladies if she spoke English. She replied that she did; and he immediately began to give a description of the monument in broken English, very much like the English of the Chinese. Pointing to the angel, he said, "She be one good fellow: she pullee old man 'long."

In Vienna we had the first and only ice-cream which could be compared to the genuine American article. One day several ladies were looking at some ice-cream dishes in a Vienna china-store. They were somewhat larger than individual butter-plates, and the saleswoman said they had none larger. When one of the ladies showed her the size of those in ordinary use in America, she exclaimed, "Oh, what a great amount of ice-cream the Americans must eat! What a happy country!"

Oh for the pen of a ready writer to fitly tell of the beauty and grandeur of Switzerland, with its deep blue lakes and snow-capped mountains! Lucerne is seen at its loveliest from about four to half-past five o'clock in the morning. Nothing more beautiful can be conceived than the lake and mountains in the early morning light. We had a perfect day when we went up the Rigi: there was not a cloud; and we had a magnificent view of the distant line of snow-covered mountains, almost a hundred and twenty miles long.

In Switzerland we usually travelled by coach

and diligence, and how we did enjoy it! for the roads were nearly all well kept, and we saw much more of the country than could be seen from the windows of the odious European railway-cars. All Americans should be truly thankful that they are permitted to live in a land where they have the blessed privilege of travelling in an American car, instead of being cooped in a three feet by six compartment of a foreign railway carriage, with six or seven other unfortunate travellers.

At Interlaken we were pleased to meet Miss Abbie Hill, a former pupil at Lasell.

When we were down at Chamounix we went up the Montanvert to see the great sea of ice, *Mer de Glace*. A few crossed the *Mer de Glace*, and ascended the Flégère. We made the ascent of the Montanvert on mules. If there is such a thing as total depravity in animals, those mules were totally depraved. We seriously objected to their desire to go to the edge of the narrow path, and look down over every precipice.

What a change from the quiet of the mountains to bright and gay Paris! From the top of Napoleon's great Arch of Triumph, we had a fine view of the city. In the distance, the Trocadero, a curious semicircular building, in which was held the Paris Exposition. From among the trees rises the dome of the Hotel des Invalides. Under this dome is the tomb of Napoleon. There is the grand Opera House, and the green roof of the Madeleine Church, a church without windows, except in the roof. Looking across the city, we see the Heights of Montmartre, where the Communists took their stand at the beginning of the insurrection.

One Sunday afternoon we went to hear Père Hyacinthe. The once celebrated man now preaches in a room, which answers for a church, in an out of the way part of the city.

We had imagined that all kinds of articles could be taken duty free into England; but when we crossed the Channel, to Newhaven, our trunks were more thoroughly searched than when we landed in New York.

We regretted we could not stay longer in London, that great city of endless attractions; but we improved what time we had.

We learned two new words in London: that a Mackintosh is English for a gossamer cloak, and goloshes are a pair of rubbers.

When we went to Shakspeare's old house in Stratford, the old schoolhouse, and the church in which he is buried, we were reminded of the many Saturday afternoons our literature class spent down in No. 6 with that devoted Shakspearian Professor Rolfe.

The first evening we were at Melrose, we followed the advice of Sir Walter Scott, and went out to view the abbey by moonlight; but the moon failed to appear, and a sudden shower drove us to the shelter of the hotel. At Mel-

rose we had delicious strawberry jam. One of the girls, who had a brother at home with a sweet tooth, procured a small jar of the jam, and carried it in her hand during all the rest of our journey. When last seen in New York, she was still clinging to the jar.

The day we went through the Trosachs, there was a drizzling rain, but the driver called it a Scotch mist. We enjoyed the visit to Stirling Castle, Holyrood Palace, and the old castle in Edinburgh; but we were beginning to be anxious to return home, and were all happy when we set sail for America.

There are some things too sorrowful to be talked about. Our homeward voyage was of this nature. Suffice it to say, that the weather was stormy nearly all the way.

There are, of course, some disadvantages in travelling in a large party; but every thing was so well arranged, and we found it very agreeable to have no care of tickets or trunks, and our hotel accommodations were usually very good. We had a pleasant trip and a delightful vacation.

THE CIGAR VS. WOMAN.

"THE gentlemen seem to enjoy it so much, let them smoke." That is the last permissive expression which ought to fall from a woman's lips, and would be among the very last if she knew exactly what was wrapped within the concession. It may, indeed, argue well for that unselfish regard for the pleasures of the sterner sex, which is so characteristic of womankind; but we may well question whether such an open-handed concession argues either scientific sense or economic observation.

Literally, the stick of tobacco within masculine lips is growing more and more to be the rival of woman, and carries the day. It is not difficult to trace the operation. Boys go by themselves to smoke. Young men leave the company of young women in order to burn their idols. On trains of cars the cigar separates the sexes; and, while the woman companion is left alone, the male escort is immersed in atmosphere heavy with stale and stupefying odors. At the hotels the same process of selection is carried on; and, at least as to habit, the law of the survival of the fittest is not in operation. The fittest thing would be for the lords to be with the ladies, but King Nicotine decrees otherwise; and the tobacco bait leads to the lobby, and allures to that ubiquitous room where the ringing of glasses and rattling of oaths compound in ominous disharmony of morals.

The drift is none the less plain and patent in the general currents of society. A tea-party or an evening company is given. No sooner are the viands despatched, than again the process of separation is developed. The abnormal appetite

asserts its sovereignty over innate instincts. The unnatural dominates the natural. The unclean is not let down from heaven, but comes in, nevertheless; and, as it comes in, the finer and refining sex go out. Typical forms, which sadly need reforming, are frequent enough in all grades of society. There is our old friend Ph.D.: he early learned the way of the transgressor; and every year has witnessed his going beyond the year before in the number of soothing signals burnt at the door of his lips.

Notwithstanding the soporific spells laid with growing frequency upon his senses, he has become eminent in his profession, and enjoys more than a national reputation for genius and ability. We have watched the development in his case. We believe our diagnosis is correct. In early manhood, this wreck of the human loom covered his finer manhood all over with the showers of sooty carbon. Now, carbon is one of the most effective non-conductors known to science; and, in his case, the accumulations became so great as effectually to shut out the rays from feminine beauty, and completely insulate him from the magnetic attraction of the sex.

The cigar became a sceptre which permitted no Esther to approach. It became a torch which most cruelly burned the wings of Cupid whenever the little erotic messenger dared draw near. Tobacco fumes proved fatal to the breath of love. Had he never made the acquaintance of a cigar, he, doubtless, to-day had been a happily married man, and had been fulfilling his duties as an honored *pater familias*. As it is, one poor woman the more is left to the desolateness of spinster life, while he continues in the celibate singularity, without a pledge given to human society, without a home, and minus those splendid possibilities in the direction of developed domestic ties and conjugal affection, which might have crowned a magnificent manhood.

What is true in his case is equally true in myriad other cases; for we venture the assertion, which we believe can be scientifically substantiated, that manhood is almost sure to inwreath itself in the smoke of the noxious weed ere it contents itself in the monastic air of bachelorhood. Could science and common-sense get the ear of womanhood, it would surely convince her that her apologetic commentaries upon these masculine labors which end in smoke are so many encouragements to a noxious rival which forbodes no good to her sex. Let the woman remember that there is a fatal logic which associates the cigar-shop with the drink-dens; and it is not the decree of accident that plants the one near the other, but it is according to that law of relationship which links causes in kind in near proximity. — *Ex.*

THE COST OF DRINK.

It is estimated that, in the United States and Territories, 130,000 places are licensed to sell spirituous liquors, and 390,000 persons are employed in these grog-shops. If we add to these the number employed in distilleries and wholesale liquor-shops, we shall have about 570,000, while there are but 150,000 ministers and school-teachers. While one class is laboring to advance the country in moral and spiritual life, the other plies the work of death. The clergymen cost the United States \$12,000,000 annually; the criminals, \$40,000,000; the lawyers, \$80,000,000; intoxicating drinks to satisfy and increase depraved appetites, \$700,000,000. The liquor traffic annually sends 100,000 to prison, reduces 200,000 children to a state worse than orphanage, sends 60,000 to a drunkard's grave, makes 600,000 drunkards, and brings woe, disease, misery, crime, and premature death all over the land. — *National Temperance Almanac.*

AMERICAN NOVELS.

THE first and most striking trait in these books is the extraordinary respect for class distinction, position, "gentility," and money among the characters described, with scarcely an exception. The highest feather in a girl's cap is to have refused a "British nobleman," or, at least, one of the Boston "aristocrats." Next comes the value set upon dress. The importance of the "gown" question can hardly be imagined by the European mind. A French heroine is of course *bien mise*, and her *chassure* is probably insisted on; the *petites mules*, or the *bas bien tires*. An English girl must be picturesque in her attire, and her clothes must be becoming; but to say that her gowns came from Paris would not enhance her charms in the eyes of the readers, who would probably consider her very absurd for her pains. A wild civility

"Doth more bewitch me than where art
Is too precise in every part."

There is not much trace of Herrick, however, in the United States ideals. A list of Miss Lydia Blood's gowns, as given by so clever a man as Mr. Howells, might be drawn up for the advantage of milliners; Miss Daisy Miller's flounces, and the many buttons of her gloves, are among the chief points of her portrait by Mr. James. — *The Contemporary Review.*

POLITICAL NOTES.

It is now said that Logan, if not elected to the Senate, will return to the practice of law, at which he will make, between "Chicago and Washington," at least \$25,000 a year.

IN Washington Mr. Blaine has taken more commodious quarters for the winter than he occupied last year.

It is reported that, when he passed through Boston, the few friends who saw him were impressed with his cheerful manner. If he is a disappointed man, he bears no trace of it, but shows every indication of that intellectual vigor which was his marked characteristic. Mr. Blaine says that he has no idea of entering public life again.

At a Thanksgiving dinner in Berlin, two hundred and seventy Americans were present. Minister Kasson called for three cheers for Grover Cleveland, the next President; and they were heartily given. A telegram was then sent to the governor, announcing that the Americans in Berlin had drunk to his health.

At the last session of the Forty-eighth Congress, President Arthur's last message was read and received, before a large attendance of the members of both houses. It is a very long document, reviewing the features of the various department reports. Among the various topics which it contains, he recommends that our naturalization laws be revised and made uniform; that the coinage of silver dollars, and issuance of silver certificates, be immediately suspended; that the navy be restored; that the unit of weight in first-class mail matter be one ounce; that Congress assume absolute political control of Utah; that our merchant marine be revived by commercial treaties, by a better consular service, by the enactment of measures to favor the construction of a steam-carrying machine under the flag of the United States, and by the establishment of a uniform currency basis for all countries on the American continent; that a national bankrupt law be adopted; and that a suitable pension be conferred upon Gen. Grant.

MUSICAL NOTES.

GOUNOD desires to dedicate his oratorio "Mors et Vita" to the Pope.

THE account of Brignoli's death is very pathetic.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG's intended marriage is reported.

NEVADA failed to entirely please her critics by her performances in oratorio at the Norwich (Eng.) Festival. It is said that her method is essentially operatic.

PATTI comes to Boston in December.

THE Conservatory of Music in Mexico has over two thousand pupils.

It is feared that Mme. Gerster will not be able to fulfil her American contract, on account of illness.

EUROPE is full of American singers.

MME. PATTI will sing in none but the larger cities this year. Towns whose assessed valuation is less than the prices of seats will have no chance to hear her.

MME. ERMINA MENCINI FRAZZOLINI, the celebrated singer of some years since, is dead. To her Verdi owes much of his popularity.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM PECK, the old-time bell-ringers, are now nearly eighty years old, and are in an unfortunate financial condition.

A SUBSCRIPTION is in circulation having for its object the raising of sufficient funds to pay for an erection of a monument in memory of the late Pasquillino Brignoli.

LUCCA goes to Berlin in February.

LASELL is certainly not lacking in the musical line. Besides about fifty-four pupils who take instrumental music, and about thirty who take vocal music, there are those who take lessons upon the cornet, banjo, and guitar.

EMMA ABBOTT tries to do well.

NEVADA is pronounced "second only to Patti" by many Europeans.

MISS MARIE VAN ZANDT, while singing in "The Barber of Seville," in Paris, was seized with vertigo, and was obliged to retire before the last act.

WAGNER'S music is beginning to find favor in Italy.

MME. DEALCHI will soon appear in Boston.

IN a letter to a friend Mme. Nilsson denies positively any intention to visit America this year.

At the re-opening of the Theatre Italien, in Paris, Mme. Sembrich received a veritable ovation on her appearance in "Lucia."

ART NOTES.

THE work of organizing the exhibition of drawings and engravings by Gustave Doré is making satisfactory progress, carried on by the Cercle de la Librairie.

The firms of Hachette, Mame, Jouvett, Hetzel, and Calmann Levy will contribute rare proofs, engraved blocks, and original sketches in their possession. The illustrated papers of Paris, and publishers of Doré's works in England and America, have also consented to loan works in their hands. The collection of sketches and water-color paintings in the possession of the Doré family is expected as an addition to the exhibition, which will be opened, if possible, about the 1st of March, in the club-rooms of the committee, on the Boulevard St. Germain. A splendid catalogue is being prepared, which will contain, besides a description of the works exhibited, a nomenclature of the books and publications issued, illustrated by the artist.

THE demand for the best reproductions of the important pictures of the old and new masters is so great, that the Soule Photograph Company have added two thousand more subjects to their collection, and now have more than eight thousand.

THE authorities of the English National Gallery have given permission to a French publishing house, and to a German firm, to copy the

art-treasures there for reproduction as engravings, and have refused the London Fine Art Society the same privilege.

THE artist W. Hamilton Gibson has discovered what he believes to be a genuine Claude Lorraine. While rummaging in a loft over a stable at his homestead at Sandy Hook, Conn., he saw an old picture covered with dirt and varnish. He removed the coating of varnish, and, to his great delight, saw a beautiful landscape. There were rocks and trees, a shepherd and shepherdess, and a stone bridge over a stream. Sunlit clouds were in the air, and the warm light and color peculiar to the great master's painting pervaded the picture. On the back of the picture was the monogram "C. L." and the autograph "Claude Lorrain." There could be found no date. The spirit in the technique, and freedom in the drawing, show that it was not painted by a copyist. The father of Mr. Gibson had the painting about thirty years ago. It was warranted at the time to be a "genuine old master of great value." The varnish soon covered it, and hid its beauties; the family of Mr. Gibson, sen., did not like it: so it was removed to the lumber-loft, where it has been for fifteen years. If this is a genuine Claude Lorraine, as it is believed, it is probably the only one on this continent. Mr. Gibson intends to establish its authenticity beyond a doubt.

SCIENCE.

"A LIGHT fee," the lawyer remarked, as he pocketed a thousand-dollar check from the gas company.

IT is wondered whether the coming Massachusetts Legislature will have any gas question to consider "in re-Morse."

GRAPE-SEED oil is among the new products of Italy.

HERR WOLF of Saxony has invented a safety-lamp, which burns benzine instead of oil.

A NEW blasting paper is announced, a powerful rock explosive, and a recent Austrian invention. It is described as being ordinary blotting-paper coated with a mixture of prussiate of potash, of charcoal, saltpeter, potassium chlorate, and wheat starch. On being dried, it is cut into strips, and rolled into cartridges.

THE electric-lighting apparatus on the dome of the court-house at Wabash, Ind., was wrecked on the 22d of October by a flock of wild geese.

THE Prussian authorities are planning a hygienic institution as a branch of the University of Berlin. It is said that Dr. Koch will be placed at the head of it.

DR. FINSCH, the German explorer, left Sydney in the "Samoa" on Sept. 10, to explore the Phoenix and Union Islands.

THE students of Berlin University have organized a new association among themselves,—a

society of students of the science of dentistry. They have added the American stars and stripes to their banner, in acknowledgment of the debt this science owes to the United States.

IT is now proposed to carry the railway-trains across the English Channel on steamers, and two propellers suitable for the purpose are being constructed.

THE German Association of Naturalists has selected Strasburg for its next year's assembly.

THE Association for the Advancement of Women held its annual meeting in Baltimore, Oct. 29, 30, and 31, under the presiding guidance of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

CAPT. KOSTORICH of the Russian navy proposes the use of a small captive balloon, to which an Edison lamp is suspended, for night signalling. By the aid of connecting wires, the lamp may be lighted and extinguished; and the apparatus may thus be used with any of the codes in vogue.

MR. J. C. BURKE, teacher of the sciences at Lasell, gave an interesting and valuable paper on "Recent Arctic Explorations," at the Natural History Society's meeting in Newton, Tuesday evening, Dec. 3. Touching first upon the early explorations, and what they accomplished, he came down to the more recent ones, giving special reference to the Greely expedition.

Mr. Burke, being urgently requested by some of his pupils, has kindly consented to read the paper at the school some evening next term.

LOCALS.

ONE of the girls recently went to ask Professor's permission to go into Boston with her room-mate and the latter's brother. On being asked if he was on her calling-list, she exclaimed in the greatest surprise and innocence, "On my calling-list! Why, he's just like a brother to me: indeed, he's really *more* than a brother!"

MISS K. (explaining an experiment in philosophy to Miss L.).—First you take a consecrated solution of calcium chloride, and—

MISS L.—Thanks, awfully! but I think I can remember the rest.

ONE of our brilliant pupils spells neuralgia "pneuralger." We sincerely hope she may never be afflicted with such a frightful thing as that looks when written.

WHILE two of the girls were dancing together in the club, one of them wanted to tell her partner to reverse, and, not thinking of the word at the moment, said, "Oh, please back water!"

"Tis beauty that doth made woman proud;

'Tis virtue that doth make her most admired;

'Tis modesty that makes her seem divine."

PUGGIE to Brainey.—Let me propound a conundrum to you. What three wise persons in the world have had pug-noses? Say you give it up.

Brainey (meekly).—Yes, I do.

Puggie. — Socrates. Anthony Trollope, and Lizzie May.

Miss C. (meekly). — And some persons have accused ex-President Grant of inclining towards nepotism.

Pinkie (thinking of the expression "Cæsarism" in the lesson of the day before). — Who was Nepot?

SAID one of our city clergymen yesterday, "If architecture be frozen music, there will be terrible noises when some of our New-England churches thaw out."

OF the ten Seniors, three elect Latin; three elect French; six elect astronomy; two only elect logic.

OF the Juniors, four elect chemistry; three elect Latin; seven elect French; one only ventures on trigonometry.

SOME of the lovers of tennis played several sets on Nov. 19, the weather being very pleasant. The day after, there were three inches of snow on the ground, and the thermometer way down somewhere near zero.

A MOST satisfactory arrangement has been made regarding the Christmas vacation. The catalogue had advertised that vacation commenced Saturday, the 20th, at one o'clock. Under this arrangement, but very few of the girls could reach their homes before Sunday, and consequently would have to remain here until Monday morning. The Faculty very kindly has decided to end the term on Friday afternoon, and shorten the Easter vacation one day to make the year even.

THE reading of "As You Like It," by Professor Raymond, on Thursday evening, Dec. 11, was most thoroughly enjoyed by all who heard it. Touchstone and Audrey appeared funnier than ever, and called forth much laughter and applause from the audience.

ON Monday evening, Nov. 10, a very delightful entertainment was given by the pupils of Miss Call and Mrs. Morrill. The girls recited the different cantos from "The Princess," by Tennyson, and sang the songs which come between each canto. The programme is as follows: —

Solo: "Tears, Idle Tears" . . . Miss Prickett
Synopsis . . . Miss Grubbs
Miss Marshall, CANTO I.
Solo: "As through the Land." . . Miss Starr
Miss Davenport, CANTO II.
Trio: "Sweet and Low." . Misses Jackson, Prickett,
Starr.
Miss Ryan, CANTO III.
Solo: "Bugle Song." . . Miss Whipple.
Miss Hammond, CANTO IV.
Solo: "Home they brought her Warrior." Miss Penfield.
Miss Ebersole, CANTO V.
Solo: "Ask me no more." . . Miss Routt.
Miss Lowe, Conclusion.

Each one performed her part so well that it would be difficult to say which one excelled.

Miss Davenport delighted every one with her graceful gestures. The feeling which Miss Hammond threw into her selection thrilled the audience. The "Bugle Song" was perhaps the most difficult, as well as the most brilliant number on the programme. It was finely executed by Miss Whipple, and called forth well merited applause for an *encore*; but Miss Whipple did not respond. The entire performance was satisfactory, and we are glad that another entertainment of the kind is to be given soon.

THE heart of one of the young ladies was gladdened by having her brother and his college chum visit her during the vacation. Unheard of event in the annals of Lasell: the two young men were actually domiciled under its broad roof-tree! Re-unions were held every evening in the parlors, and college songs echoed through the halls. Monday they returned to college, pleased, we hope, by the little insight into the home-life of a boarding-school girl.

VACATION.

It has come, and gone. How slow it seemed in coming, how fast in going! Never did five days fly as those did. At first it was intended to give us only one day; but Professor Bragdon kindly allowed us a vote as to whether we would take our sweets all at once, in the shape of five days at Thanksgiving, or have them given to us in bits, as Washington's birthday and Decoration Day. We were so unpatriotic as to decide almost unanimously against "The Father of his Country" and "Our Heroic Dead," considering a bird in the hand better than two in the bush.

About two-thirds of the girls "hied them to their ancestral halls;" and as it is supposable that, immediately upon their return to the bosom of their families, they were put upon a pedestal, and worshipped from a respectful distance by a crowd of admiring relatives and friends, it is to be inferred that they have had their full share of glory, and so will not be referred to again in this chronicle.

The class which will have the honor to appear in print is the small one of about fifty girls who stood by their colors, and refused to leave the good ship Lasell even for a short holiday. I am sure we of this fifty will always recall with pleasure what was to most of us a first, and to all of us a pleasant, experience of a Lasell vacation.

Wednesday morning Professor Bragdon had a sale of what he facetiously referred to as "lost articles." It was rather amusing to see a girl pay seventy-five cents for the privilege of reclaiming a handkerchief which perhaps had cost her only twenty cents when new; but this was one of the cases which prove that there is something in a name. The money obtained from this sale, about twenty-five dollars I believe, was

sent to the Baldwin-place Home for Little Wanderers; and Thanksgiving morning Professor took us in to the exercises and dinner at the Home. We enjoyed our visit very much, but were almost as impatient as the children for the exercises to give place to the dinner. The little folks had a good, old-fashioned, New-England Thanksgiving dinner. As soon as we had seen them fairly started in the work of demolishing the piles of good things contributed by generous friends of the Home, we went from there to the Old North Church; on our way trying to imagine how Paul Revere felt when he saw, beaming out from the high belfry tower, that little flame which kindled so great a fire.

At the church we were kindly and courteously entertained by the rector, who showed us the old chandeliers, and four images about the organ which were captured from a Spanish pirate ship, the old Bible presented by George III., the old Prayer-book, the gallery where the slaves used to sit "in good old Colony times," and the old organ and clock. The church itself was an object of great interest to us, as it was built in 1723, and still contains the ancient box pews, which were a new sight to most of us. A few of the most adventurous of us climbed the steep belfrey-stairs, saw the oldest chime of bells in America, and stood upon the spot where once shone out the candle which was *not* "hid under a bushel."

Just here I hope I shall have the sympathy of an admiring public. I wish to convey fifty young ladies from the Old North Church belfry into the dining-hall at Lasell in the shortest possible way. I guess we will let them jump.

The dinner, as is usual with Lasell *Thanksgiving* dinners, was superb, as can be seen from the menu.

SOUP.

Mock-turtle, julienne, crackers, pickles.

FISH.

Salmon, Hollandaise sauce, Saratoga potatoes, rolls.

ROASTS.

Turkey, oyster stuffing and sauce, duck, cranberry sauce, currant jelly.

COLD MEATS.

Cold ham and tongue, lobster salad.

VEGETABLES.

Mashed white potatoes, baked sweet potatoes, corn, green peas, squash, onions.

PUDDINGS.

Pine-apple, Bavarian cream, cocoanut.

PIES.

Mince, apple, custard, squash.

DESSERT.

Vanilla ice-cream, fruit-cake, chocolate-cake, sponge-cake, candy, nuts, raisins, oranges, bananas, Tokay grapes, coffee, bon-bons.

We did ample justice to the dinner, most of us eating straight through the menu. We were at the table from 2.30 to 5.45.

The tables were very prettily decorated with flowers; and when they were cleared of all but

the dessert, the hall was brilliantly lighted, and the girls had donned their gay caps which came in the bon-bons, the scene was one long to be remembered. After three times three for the housekeeper, we adjourned to the gymnasium, where we engaged in blind-man's-buff and other games, and wound up with an old-fashioned Virginia reel.

The rest of the vacation was given up to revels dear to the soul of a schoolgirl, and the lark and the turkey were rivals for the position of favorite. Several of us engaged in a little "sing" two or three evenings, until we were kindly informed by Professor that the villagers were *not* savages, and so did not care to be soothed; after which we abated our zeal in the musical line.

Our sympathies are extended to the two young gentleman who visited the Seminary (?) during vacation. We feel assured that, had they placed their shoes outside the guest-room door for the "porter" to blacken, the girls at Lasell would not have dragged the shoes off, or cut them up for keepsakes.

Monday evening we went back reluctantly to hard work, but comforted our hearts with the thought that it was only three weeks to Christmas, and another season of "revelry by night."

SOCIETY NOTES.

THE S. D. Society is in a flourishing condition. The new members, about twenty-five in number, have most cordially joined hands with the old, and all have a deep interest in the society.

At a recent meeting the following officers were elected:—

President.—Miss A. Johnson.
Vice-President.—Miss Allen.
Secretary.—Miss Bubbs.
Treasurer.—Miss Ryan.
Critic.—Miss Corcoran.
Usher.—Miss Moffett.

IN regard to its club paper, the Lasellia Club has adopted large size single sheets in preference to octavo ordinary sheets of former years. On Saturday evening, Dec. 6, was held the first irregular meeting of the Lasellia Club for this year. The entertainment prepared was very finely rendered. Miss Reece and Miss Ninde, two of the leading pianists of the school, called forth much applause from the audience by their beautifully executed selections from well-known composers. Miss Penfield, ever full of her bright and original ideas, gave us one of her charming chalk-talks, representing the Lasell girl from the time of her entrance at Lasell till her exit. The pictures were such a marked success—especially the "Breathers"—that much petitioning for them was done on the part of the audience. Misses Whipple and Starr, our favorite duetists, enchanted the club with their bird-like voices, and received loud and prolonged encores. The

grand finale was a "cute" and bright selection recited by Miss Grubbs. She kept the audience convulsed with laughter over the opinions of the "Brakeman at Church," and very gracefully responded to her hearty encore.

THE Lasell Publishing Association held their monthly meeting Dec. 4. The election of officers for the ensuing term was as follows:—

President.—Miss Prickett.
Vice-President.—Miss Allen.
Secretary.—Miss Marshall.
Subscription Agent.—Miss Mirick.
Auditing Committee.—Professor Bragdon, Miss Willard, Miss Lufkin.
Editor-in-chief.—Miss Whipple.
Local Editor.—Miss Ninde.
Musical Editor.—Miss Mills.
Scientific Editor.—Miss Rose.
Exchange Editor.—Miss Carson.
Political Editor.—Miss Peck.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

SPACE compels us to omit many of the questions we have received, but in the next number we hope that all will be satisfactorily answered.

WHO is the author of that national anthem with the refrain beginning, "O Solomon Levi," etc.?—MUSICAL FRIEND.

THAT momentous question has not yet been settled. By some it is ascribed to Mozart, but others contend that it was written by an unknown composer bearing the name of Smith.

CAN taffy tolu be sent by mail?—TAFFY CHEWER.

FROM the occasional sounds issuing from No. 27, we should judge that taffy to Lu is sent mostly by females.

WILL you tell me a permanent and safe cure for warts?—ONE WHO IS AS YET THWARTED.

OUR highest medical authority tells us that a regular course of devitalization will prove most effective.

WHY is more food consumed at the Senior table than at any other?—PREP.

YOU doubtless refer to the feast of reason, of which said body are supposed to take freely in large quantities.

I THINK I am in love; but, that I may be sure, will you please state the symptoms?—MAG.

WE never discuss subjects of that nature in these columns, but we can refer you to Jad and Mooney, class of '85.

ARE there any means by which the length of a person's arm may be decreased?—X.

IT is said that Miss D. of Liberty Hall carries into constant practice her admirable method of fore-shortening. We advise you to apply to her in person.

WHY were the occupants of the "Trio Room" so happy during vacation?—SPECTATOR.

BECAUSE they furnished their own Grubbs.

WHY does a girl like to wear the society pins of her college friends?—SMALL BOY.

SHE probably likes to have them pin their faith to her, if only symbolically.

WHY does tradition tell us of so few noted women in very ancient times?—HISTORIAN.

BECAUSE tradition usually descends from father to son, and thus gives the women no chance.

WHY do the girls in the front of the building prefer to suffer unendurable heat rather than open their windows?—OUTSIDER.

WE do not know.

PERSONALS.

MISSES ALLEN, RYAN, and BAILY all wore beaming countenances a short time ago, the cause being a visit from their parents.

BLANCHE SHAVER was here one Monday not long ago. She looks just as bright as ever.

WE were pleased to see Effie Miles, who was at the Seminary a few weeks ago. She says she is having a good time at home.

DURING vacation, Lena Kaull and Nana Poor visited Lu Walston. They were welcomed heartily, and we hope we may see them again soon.

LAURA DAVIS's ever radiant visage was seen around the halls lately. We were glad to see her looking so well and happy.

MISS LULU WELLS is alone in Paris for the winter, 35 Rue de Lubeck; her mother and sister having returned to Denver. She thinks Lasell more comfortable in winter; says she "pokes and pokes the fire all day long." She saw Grace Eaton in the Bourse. She was expecting turkey and cranberries for Thanksgiving Day, and remembered her visit to the "Little Wanderers" a year ago.

ADA HIBBARD CREWE sends words of cheer from her home in England. Her health seems firmly re-established, and her little child is perfect. She is an enthusiastic Liberal, and characterizes the people clamoring for the removal of the House of Lords "England's truest subjects."

LETTERS from Mrs. John Shearn (*née* Bettie Morris) say that she is inexpressibly happy. That little pink and white infant, which dates from Oct. 28, is undoubtedly one of the sources of her happiness.

MISS LIZZIE WHIPPLE is anticipating a visit from her old room-mate, Miss Jennie Baker, during the holidays. We hope she will make Lasell a good long call before returning home.

MISS MAUDE HALLER spends the Christmas vacation with Miss Jennie Hasbrook, who attended Lasell last year.

MISS ANNIE POTTER goes home with Miss Jennie Jackson, to remain during Christmas holidays.

MISS FLORENCE SHIFF is attending the Misses Bond's School in Baltimore, Md. The school is a very pleasant one, but Florence has been too long at Lasell to let any other place be first in her affections.

MISS MARTINA GRUBBS will make Miss Gussie Lowe happy with a visit Christmas.

MISS NEW KIRKIRK goes home with Miss Law.

MISS EMMA GENN is back among us once more.

LOTTIE HARDY was here on Saturday not long ago. We were glad to see her bright face once more.

ANNA HOXIE is spending the winter in St. Louis, and says she is enjoying herself immensely.

HELEN DAVENPORT was all smiles last Saturday. Cause: her beloved brother had arrived.

WE don't know for sure, but we rather think Lou Hammond was as glad to see him, from the way in which she talked to Professor.

EXCHANGES.

THE "Dickinsonian's" dress, if not artistic, can surely claim the merit of being odd. In glancing over its twenty pages, we are not able to find one article in which an outsider would be interested: it is Dickinson from beginning to end. By a paper thus filling up its columns with matter entirely personal, it becomes almost a worthless exchange.

THE "College World" in the "North-western" gives us much useful information concerning our brothers and sisters.

THE "Student Life" contains a good reply to "A Defence of the Theatre." The answers are well made, and deeply grounded on truth.

THE "Yale Courant" abounds in bright and witty articles, frequently varied with poems. The latter, however, are almost entirely on the *par amour* order.

WE are confident that we only echo the sentiments of many colleges, when we assert that it is most belittling and unmanly in such institutions as Princeton and Yale, to be constantly engaged in petty bickerings and mud-throwing. It is only too easy to find examples of this, but the article in the "Courant" for Nov. 8 is especially ungentlemanly.

WE are always pleased to see the "College Transcript," which comes promptly to hand. We can give it no higher praise than to say that the paper is only an exponent of the college itself, and brings its students before the public as earnest, wide-awake men and women, who have regard for the duties as well as the pleasures of life.

THE prospective class in psychology would do well to commit the following:—

Across the moorlands of the Not
We chase the gruesome When,
And hunt the Itness of the What
Through forests of the Then.

Into the inner consciousness
We track the crafty Where;
We spear the Ergo tough, and beard
The Ego in his lair.

With the lassoes of the brain we catch
The lances of the Was,
And in the copses of the Whence
We hear the Think-bees buzz.

We climb the slippery Which-bark tree
To watch the Thusness roll,
And pause betimes in gnostic rhymes
To woo the Over-Soul. — *Ex.*

OUR NEIGHBORS.

HARVARD holds the collegiate and national championship in tennis. The average standing of the girls in the Annex is higher than that of the men in college. Out of the eighteen graduates of Harvard since 1801 who now hold prominent positions on various newspapers, thirteen were formerly on the staff of some one of the college publications.

CHINA now wants peace; so does France: she wants a piece of China. — *Ex.*

HORACE rode along the Sacred Way on a mule, but the modern Sophomore follows him on a pony. — *Ex.*

FRESHMEN at Williams are enjoying the novel sport of hazing the Sophomores.

First Communist.—"Tell you what 'tis, cit-'zen Schmidt, this here American people ain't got no enterprise—no snap—not sense enough to know a good chance when they see it. Why, this here election was jest bilin' over with a good show for anarchy—an' did they take it up? No, sirree." *Second Child of Progress.*—"Nah! Dot vas so. Dere vasn't aenarchy enough in 'em to prake a beer-zaloon open, ain't it? I shame myself for dot holy banner of communism, my frent. Uf some of dem colletch shtudents don't choin us, ve vas up der shpout gegong, dot's sairtin." — *Puck.*

THE foot-ball season has now closed. Some very good games have been played, and the contest for first place was a sharp one among the different colleges. Yale ranks first, Princeton second, University of Pennsylvania third, Wesleyan fourth. We notice a very good article in the "Transcript" defending the practice of the game. The writer fears that a cowardly dread of hurts will be substituted for manly indifference to mere bodily ills, should foot-ball be discarded from the athletic sports of colleges. The safe, but effeminate lawn-tennis, and artificial gymnastics, can-

not as fully develop as the field sports of our trans-Atlantic ancestors. A very good appeal is made at the end of the article to the committee at Harvard, which "comes forward to shield the bodies of the students from possible bruises and broken bones, but which makes no attempt to shield their souls from drunkenness, cowardice, and debauchery."

A BEGINNING class in Arabic has been formed at Cornell, to recite twice a week.

IN the "Advertiser" for Nov. 10, the reports of the treasurer and secretary of Harvard Annex very much interested us. The entire article is well worth reading. A short clipping from the secretary's report will give an idea of what work the Annex girls are doing.

The actual work done in the class-rooms is shown in the following detailed statement: There was one student in Sanskrit under Professor Lanman, who studied Whitney's Grammar, and read in Lanman's Reader. Nine attended a course of lectures on Greek literature given by Professor Dyer. Ten read Lysias, Plato (Apology), Homer (Odyssey, Books I., IV, V., VI., IX., XII.), Aristophanes (Clouds), and took a course in Greek composition, under Professor Croswell. Four read Sophocles (Ajax), Aristophanes (Birds), and Thucydides (Book VI.) with Professor Dyer. Seven pursued a course in Greek composition under Professor Croswell, using Sidgwick's text-book. Seven read at sight, with Professor White, Books XIII.-XIX. of Homer's Odyssey, and Book VI. of Thucydides. Six read Plato (Republic), and Aristotle (Ethics, Books I.-IV. and X.), with Professor Goodwin.

Twelve students, under Mr. Preble, read Livy (Books VIII. and IX.), Horace (selections from the Odes and Epodes), Cicero (De Republica, Book I., and selections from Books II. and III.). Three, under Professor Smith, read Phormio and Andria, part of the Heauton Timoroumenos of Terence, selected letters of Cicero, Agricola, and Germanica (28 chapters), and Epistles and Satires of Horace. Five pursued a course of Latin composition under Mr. Preble. Seven read Quintilian (Books I. and IX.), and selections from Lucretius, with Professor Lane.

Thirteen students received the usual instruction in themes and forensics from Mr. Wendell. Eleven took a course in English composition under Professor Hill. Eleven took Professor Hill's course in the literature of the nineteenth century, listening to lectures on Webster, Burke, Miss Austen, Scott, Hawthorne, Irving, Goldsmith, Sterne, Carlyle, and Emerson, in connection with the study of the works of those writers. Three students took a course in Anglo-Saxon under Professor Greenough.

Professor Sheldon had a class of nine in elementary German, using Sheldon's Grammar and Joynes-Otto's Reader, and reading stories from Zschokke, Mügge, and Heyse. Five took a course with Professor Bartlett in the literature of the sixteenth century, with exercises in writing German, studying selections from Echtermeyer's collection, Schiller (Der Neffe als Onkel), Grimmshausen, Das Witt-haus zu Crausac, and Wilhelm Tell.

UNPRAISED GRACES: A BLAMELESS BODY.

"I PRAY God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless," is Paul's prayer for his friends. A blameless body is rarely labored for, and still less rarely prayed for: it is an unpraised grace.

But the body is the habitation of man; and we have a right to judge a man by his habitation. If the fences are drunken, the paths unkempt, the flower-beds fertile in weeds, the windows broken and repaired with old hats, the porch in decay, the doors pendent on broken hinges, the roof ragged, we are sure that the inhabitants are thriftless, shiftless, idle, vagabondish, perhaps intemperate. So we have a right to judge of the soul by the house in which it lives. A clear eye, a clean skin, a firm step, a sweet smile, a ringing laugh, a blushing cheek, all speak of a pure, good, true soul within. And equally significant are the bodily signs of a soul diseased. But the body is more than the habitation of man: it is his organ, the instrument by which he must do all his work in this life. A good soul is useless if it has not a good body to interpret it in word and action. Eloquent thoughts slumber like seeds in the ground if there is no tongue to utter them. Brave thoughts die like idle dreams if there is no strong body to enact them. A heroic soul wins no victories if it has not a heroic body to carry it to the battlefield. But the body is more than either a habitation and an instrument of man: it is the temple of God. It is his dwelling-place. He whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain dwells in his children. Shame on us if we invite him to a house which he has wonderfully equipped, but which our wilfulness, our ignorance, or our neglect, has suffered to fall into decay! Into what poor, unkempt, uncared-for temples we sometimes invite him!

It is not enough that we keep our bodies from open, palpable violation of God's laws of health; from drunkenness and rioting. They have been given us to care for, to develop. All sickness is sin, — original or actual; inherited or individual. Health is holiness; health is duty. A good digestion is as truly obligatory as a good conscience; pure blood is as truly a part of manhood as a pure faith; a vigorous brain is as necessary to useful living as a vigorous will, which it often helps to make vigorous; and a well-ordered skin is the first condition of that cleanliness which is next to godliness. Therefore, good food, and plenty of it, which makes good digestion; good air, and plenty of oxygen in it, which makes good blood; rest, recreation, and, above all, sleep, which are the brain restorers; and bathing regularly and frequently, which keeps the skin healthy, — are as truly sacred duties as Bible-reading, praying, and church-going. These are not comforting words to the invalid, but they are needful words to those who are guilty of needless invalid-

ism, and to those who are going carelessly in that direction. If you are sick, your first duty to yourself, your fellows, and your God, is to get well. All other duties are, except in extraordinary cases, subordinate to that. If you have a reluctant body that must be spurred to all its duties like an over-jaded horse, your first duty is to feed it, rest it, clean it, put it in repair. There are many of our readers whose first prayer, night and morning, should be, "Give me a blameless body;" and whose first endeavor in life should be to use those "means of grace" which will give them an answer to that petition.

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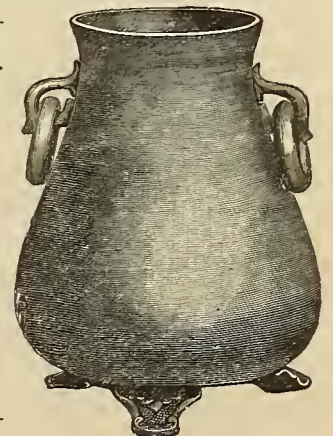
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EDITORIAL.

We are back again! We have passed through the trials of getting something that thou wilt like, have done our duty by the Christmas goose, have received and given thanks for the presents sparingly bestowed upon us (for the late campaign has caused "hard times"), have made — and broken — countless New-Year resolutions, and have endeavored as best we might to crowd countless fun and hilarity into seventeen short days. Yes, we are back again, with the tears we shed at our departure from home scarcely dry upon our cheeks.

During our absence, as did Minerva from the cranium of her papa Jupiter, has sprung up our new gymnasium; but not entirely armed, as was Minerva at her debut, for the outside is lamenta-

bly bare of paint, and the inside is still free from the network of ropes, pulleys, trapezes, and other machinations, by means of which we are shortly expected to perform in some slight imitation of the manner of the "Harvard men."

The entrance to this building, we see, is to be from the chapel; and, during all hours of the day, the recitations in that room will be disturbed by those passing through. This, although a serious inconvenience, will be but a *passing* grievance. However, we will not be obliged to meander throughout the whole length of the halls, attired in gowns of the Lady Habberton description, in constant danger of coming in contact with visiting strangers; for, lo! in close vicinity to the gymnasium proper, have been added dressing-rooms, in which we can store our "gym. suits" until the time comes to join the innumerable caravan, and don said articles.

But, alas! a goodly portion of the ground now occupied by the gymnasium belonged to one of our best tennis-courts; and for this, each member of the Tennis Club, "*crines effusa*," is weeping and gnashing her teeth.

We are glad to see that so many of the girls are to take lessons in practice cooking this year. The number of those about to commence is unusually large, and we trust that all will be much interested. The class meets at half-past two, once a week; and a menu is prepared by the teacher, each pupil endeavoring to cook one dish. At five o'clock the members of the class draw nigh the festive board, and prepare to devour the products of their labor. This, it is needless to say, forms the most enjoyable part of the work.

But we notice that each desires to cook the cake or pastry, and very seldom does the first chooser select the meat or vegetables for her task. This, we think, should be avoided, or else the reputation of the Lasell girls in the cooking department will be great merely as "fancy cooks." To be sure, the prize awarded for the best loaf of bread obviates the difficulty in that direction; for, with the chance of obtaining that little gold loaf of bread, who would not toil and strive with yeast and dough? Let us suggest, however, that the amateur cooks of this year pay a little more attention to the proper preparation of plain food.

Those who attend school or college at a distance from a large city have no idea of the musical advantages they lose. Lasell being situated so near Boston, not only are the musical departments headed by the ablest instructors from that city, but we gain great pleasure and profit from the different concerts given there.

We have attended this winter the series of Symphony Concerts given in Music Hall every Saturday evening. These are conducted by Mr. William Gericke; and at them one can hear the best symphonies, rendered in the finest manner, for a merely nominal admission-fee.

The performances are much simplified, and our enjoyment of them enhanced, by the lessons given by Mr. B. J. Lang, on alternate Thursday afternoons, in Chickering Hall. He takes the programme for the following Saturday evening, and, in his own inimitable manner, describes the theme of each composition, usually beginning with introductory remarks as to the age in which the composer lived. These lessons are very largely attended by the young would-be musicians of Boston.

Then, too, there are often stray concerts and recitals, also oratorios, in which the best soloists appear. Among these must be mentioned the series of recitals usually given each winter by the professor of instrumental music at Lasell, Mr. Joseph A. Hills, in which, assisted by the best talent of the city, he interprets the works of the old masters in a manner that gives not only great satisfaction to us, but, what is more to be desired, to the imperious musical critics of Boston.

Although the theatre and opera are denied us, yet lately, it being vacation, we had the pleasure of hearing the divine Patti, and her colleagues in divinity, Nevada and Scalchi. We listened entranced throughout the whole performance, but one night our enjoyment was somewhat disturbed. The opera was "Semiramide," and Patti was rapidly descending a chromatic scale in "Bel Raggio," while the audience held its breath for fear of losing a note, when somebody back of us (a *man* of course), unable to stand the strain any longer, broke forth with, "My, but ain't her top notes elegant!" Afterwards, we wondered at the Boston "culchaw" of the speaker, but concluded he must be some travelling Westerner.

Last winter we attended several of the Wagner Festival concerts in the large Mechanics' Build-

ing arranged for the purpose. We heard the "Overture to Tannhäuser" performed by the large orchestra under the leadership of Theodore Thomas, and listened delightedly to the grand March from "Lohengrin," as sung by the chorus of six hundred voices. We heard Scaria, Winkelmann, Materna; and then on that last night of all, forming a most admirable contrast to the stout German prima donna, appeared our old friend Christine Nilsson. How we did enjoy them all!

Should Dr. Damrosch come to Boston with his German opera, we trust his visit will be during our Easter vacation, that we may then hear Wagner opera, and listen to the great German singers when they are "unhampered by the conventionalities of a concert-room."

THE coming term will be fraught with great anxiety for our Senior class. Although for some years it has been the custom to omit the reading of essays at Commencement, yet the essays are written, tied with the customary blue ribbon, and laid upon the table in the library on that day, for the casual reader to glance over.

This is the time of the year for the dreaded productions to be brought forth, and already we can see the look of despair upon the Senior's brow. No longer are sounds of mirth heard in the vicinity of Senior Hall! The class jokes are things of the past! But at the end of the term, when the ordeal has been passed through in safety, we hope to see their countenances, although of course greatly emaciated, adorned with triumphant smiles.

THERE seems to be eternal warfare upon some subjects here at Lasell, and the attack has been lately renewed upon one of them. For the benefit of those unacquainted with the laws of Lasell, we will state, that, conspicuously displayed upon the door of each room, can be seen a white placard bearing the significant title "Suggestions." But woe to the damsel who does not heed the advice so kindly suggested!

Article III. of this placard reads, "Do not stick pins, tacks, or nails into the walls." We are quite willing to be "careful of ink and shoe-polish;" we have no desire to "set any thing hot upon table or dresser;" and we can accustom ourselves to the fact that "furniture is easily broken, footboards easily split;" but not to be allowed to tack our choicest possessions upon the wall! Well, from sad experience we have learned that

"It is a sin to steal a pin,
But it is a greater to pin the paper."

SINCE our proofs were sent to the printer, we have formally taken possession of our new gymnasium. It is needless to say that our appreciation of it is great.

THE RHINE-STONE AGE.

NEARLY all girls pass through a period which has been called the "ribbon" age, — when the happiness of life seems to depend on the possession of "pretty things;" when every thing that shows color or glitter has an attraction for them; and when their desire for cheap trinkets, if they cannot obtain valuable ones, brings a sense of mortification and pain to many sensible and conscientious mothers, who have forgotten their own youth and the pleasure they derived from the black velvet wristlet, with its steel or gilt buckle, which preceded the "bangle" era. There was this to be said for the black velvet wristlets and necklets, however, that they were simple, the reverse of showy, inexpensive, and durable. Rhinestone rubbish is the reverse of all these: but the bits of glass, especially the colored "rainbow" glass, have a certain charm, and, set in silver, — as single bar or crescent pins, as clover-leaf or tiny buckle for neck velvet, as horseshoe hair-pins, combs, bracelets, or dress ornaments — have many admirers.

Costly jewelry or hand-wrought ornaments are quite thrown away upon girls at this age; and it is almost wickedness to expend what has cost much labor, time, or money upon articles for their use which do not suit the freshness of their youth, and which they do not appreciate. It is one of the problems which eternally presents itself, whether the desire, which is so universal, should be gratified or repressed: and, within certain limits, it seems as if it were better it should be gratified. A natural desire repressed usually breaks out worse in some other and more harmful direction. It is indeed a pity that it cannot be gratified in better ways, and by genuine things, — by flowers that grow, and by work done with their own hands; but, in an age of shams, it is unreasonable to suppose that could remain untouched by them. Every little while we hear that the bangle has been killed beyond hope of recovery. Whence, then, the small regiments of them that have marshalled their forces in every show-case, and have been sold in battalions at prices ranging from sixty-five cents to five dollars? In sterling silver, the coiled serpent, with ruby eyes and bangles, composed of silver rings, plain and twisted, and held together by a silver link, are the favorite styles, and a set for each arm are not too many; but the cheap and common representatives of these are many of them atrocious, vulgar, with no more value than whitened tin, and having attached to them, as pendants, a jumble of pigs, dogs, men, and some sort of implements. Such things as these, even the poorest girls, if they were well taught at home or at the public schools, would refuse to buy or to wear. They would have too much self-respect to deck themselves out with things that would disgrace the Hottentots, and that no na-

tive peasant girl who works in the fields of Normandy or Brittany would condescend to touch. There is dignity in the silver ornaments that are handed down from generation to generation in these peasant houses; but in these corrupted strips of metaline, with their infantile attachments, there is neither the dignity of good design, nor the suggestion of a finer taste. They are simply brutal, and can hardly be called cheap, for they are not worth even the small sum asked for them. JENNIE JUNE.

THE PROCESS OF ELONGATING SACCHARINE SUBSTANCE.

A HAPPIER set you never met,
Than the girls at the Senior table;
And all the good times, if told in rhymes,
Would fill a book of fable.

Stories are told, and we talents unfold,
That astound by their depth and power;
And our excitement often reaches the height
To deserve a scowl and glower.

In all our fun their seems to run
An under-current of sadness;
For some of our mates, alas! are in love,
Which, you know, is a species of madness.

But allowing them this, which they say is bliss, —
And we'll not discuss the matter, —
We'll tell you a yarn of a Saturday night,
And endeavor not to flatter.

The clubs were excused, and we none refused
To don the apron snowy;
It was a fine night for a candy pull,
It was so cold and blowy.

With steps of speed, for we had need,
We hastened to the kitchen;
And there we found the kettles ready,
And all were told to pitch in.

We all had to stir (not without some demur),
Including the one we've adopted;
And, speaking of ladles, a tired one would say
To another, "I've dropped it."

At length it had boiled; and, with fingers all soiled
By attempts at preparing the pans,
We all stood around to see it poured out,
For William took it into his hands.

Then we frolicked around, and tried to drown
Our impatience while it was cooling;
And great was our joy when some one announced,
"The candy is ready for pulling."

We each took our share, and none was to spare, —
We made that a point in dividing;
And we all went to work with such earnest endeavor,
'T would have kept e'en the worst from back-sliding.

It was finished in time, ere the bells rung nine,
Which was signal for our dispersing;
So with very good grace we shouldered our loads,
And went on our way conversing.

We do solemnly vow, and you will allow,
Now you have heard the truth of the matter,
That the candy was fine; for here's evidence, —
There was nothing left but platter.

SWEET AUBURN.

"*SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where*" —

"Oh, hush!" came a husky voice from the other side of the room. "We're not swains, but swainesses."

"Besides," chimed in a rather high treble, "that verse won't do at all: there is something wrong with the whole thing. 'Health and plenty' is all right, for we're healthy enough, goodness knows! and, well, yes, we have plenty."

"Plenty of hash," interrupted the husky voice.

The high treble sublimely ignored her husky companion, and continued, —

"As I was saying, it is not the health and plenty that displeases me in that verse, but the word 'cheered.' Somehow or other, I think that word misplaced: then the adjective 'laboring,' for I don't think we're laboring swainesses."

"Yes, we are," again interrupted the husky voice. "We are laboring, or we were laboring, under some mental aberration, when we decided to come here to school."

"Oh, be quiet, girls!" laughed the merry voice of the girl, who, a few moments before, had been soaring aloft in Goldsmith's immortal verse. "I tell you what's lots more interesting: let's talk of the coming holidays."

"Well," began the irrepressible husky voice, —

"Two more weeks, and then salvation;
We shall part at Auburn station:
No more Latin; no more Greek;
No more" —

"Give us something new and original," said her companions, highly disgusted.

But, before going further, let me introduce you to these three girls. The first was a blonde, a true blonde, with blue eyes, golden hair; and she was beautiful, beautiful in the extreme.

Our friend with the husky voice was very dark, with raven black hair, and large, dark eyes. Still, she was not beautiful, not even pretty, but was very majestic in appearance. She was a great favorite with all, and had a certain charm which few could resist. Our third friend was small, with brown hair and steel-gray eyes, rather large mouth, and a pug nose which gave her the appearance of being very saucy.

"Well, girls," said Margaret Raymond, the blonde, "you can't imagine how I have been counting the days, hours, and minutes before vacation."

"Can't I, though?" said Jeanette Gordon, who usually went by the name of Jean. "I suppose you have been calling your mathematical bump into operation, for your brilliancy in that direction is not a bright and shining light; and, if it is, you keep it pretty well hid under a bushel."

"Oh, dear!" sighed little Mabelle Young, who was Margaret's stanch defender. "Now,

maybe, Jean, you think you're saying something bright; but the brilliancy of your remark need not be hid under a bushel, as no one could see it anyhow."

Jean laughed, and, turning to Margaret, asked her her plans for the coming vacation.

"It is not my plans for the vacation that I am thinking of," said Margaret; "but to think that that abominable Commencement has to be gone through, and that I am valedictorian, and have only a white muslin dress to wear. Oh! if I were only rich, I should be perfectly happy. I'm going to lay in wait for some rich old codger, with one foot in the grave; and then he'll die, and leave me his fortune."

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said,"

quoted Mabelle, throwing her arms admiringly around Margaret's neck. "And if one is to judge by the quantity of beauty displayed, then yours is an ample fortune."

It was twilight, and so neither could see the terribly white and pained expression in Jean's face. Meg's thoughtless words were the cause of it, although she knew that they were meaningless, and were only uttered by Meg for the sake of something to say. Then, too, it brought up recollections of a past full of misery, — misery of which few girls know any thing. The girls in school had divined that there was some great mystery, some great sorrow, connected with Jean's life; but what this indefinable something was, none knew but Jean — and one other.

"Jean," called Meg. Her face instantly changed. She was a girl of a good deal of self-control, and she did not wish the girls to see the almost wild look in her face.

"Yes," she answered, with a laugh. "Why, where is Mabelle?"

Mabelle was standing at the window, watching the great drops of rain splash against the pane, and slowly run down the glass.

"Mabelle, little Mabelle, with her face against the pane, Are you watching the beacon-light a-trembling in the rain?"

asked Jean.

"Well, not exactly," laughed Mabelle. "Well, yes, perhaps. I was looking at that one great star shining so brightly, when it is raining so hard; and then I wished on it, because it is the first one I have seen this evening. Come see, Jean, and you can wish, too, — something that you want most, you know, for it will be sure to come true."

Jean slowly came to where the little girl stood, and rested her hand on the child's head. A wish, the great wish of her life, welled up in her heart; and with it the tears slowly fell, one by one.

"Oh that he would come back!" she murmured to herself.

"Why, Jean, what is the matter?" said Mabelle, as she felt one of the tears fall on her hand.

"I was thinking of my father, May," she said.

May sighed, for she thought of her own dear father, and then remembered that Jean had no father or mother. Further than this, she knew nothing of her. She supposed Jean to be about eighteen or nineteen years of age; but she had heard it whispered among the girls, that "Jean Gordon was no spring chicken."

Jean here interrupted her reverie by saying, "Why, where is Meg?" A loud snore from the other end of the room announced that Meg was still there.

"Well, I am insulted!" exclaimed Jean. "This is a nice way to treat a visitor. I come to see you two girls, and, lo and behold! one of you goes to sleep. I think it's just about time for me to take up my bed, and walk." Whereupon she took up the pillow she had brought with her, and, bidding the girls good-night, went to her room. It was a pretty, cosey room, and a very comfortable one. She sat down by the table; and, turning the light in her student's lamp brighter, she put her hand in her dress, and pulled out a small gold locket, opened it, and gazed at it for a long time.

"Five long years," she muttered, "and I am twenty-two. Oh, how long it seems! Will he never come?"

She was not thinking of her father.

(To be continued.)

GERMAN "BULLS."

IRISH bulls are much more famous than German blunders of the same sort, but some of the latter are very amusing. A German newspaper has collected a few of them: —

"After the door was closed, a soft female foot slipped into the room, and with her own hand extinguished the taper."

"The chariot of revolution is rolling onward, and gnashing its teeth as it rolls," is what a Berlin revolutionist told the students, in 1848, in a speech.

"The Ladies' Benefit Association has distributed twenty pairs of shoes among the poor, which will dry up many a tear."

"I was sitting at the table, enjoying a cup of coffee, when a gentle voice tapped me on the shoulder. I looked around, and saw my old friend once more."

TO THE OLD GIRLS.

FOUND. — Two pair of skates, which the owners may have by sending a description of them, and also the directions for forwarding, to the editor of THE LEAVES.

DIED. — At Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., Mrs. Abby Carpenter, aged 79 years.

WE were all very much shocked and grieved to learn of the death of dear Grandma Carpenter.

When we left for our vacation on the Friday before, we knew that she was still suffering from the attack of illness which she experienced about Thanksgiving time, but were not prepared to hear that the sweet woman, who had for so long a time filled the place of grandmother to every girl who has entered the school, would no longer give us her kindly greeting as we paused a moment at her door, would no longer sit at table with us, or be with us at prayers.

Mrs. Carpenter came with her daughter, Miss Caroline Carpenter, to this school from her home in Saratoga, N.Y., in 1873, and has lived here ever since. Then about sixty-eight years of age, she was no longer a young, or even middle-aged, woman; and it was always a marvel to her friends, that she could still retain her perfect sympathy with youth and its restless activity. Never a homesick girl, alone for the first time in a boarding-school where every face was a stranger's, sought sympathy from Grandma Carpenter who did not go away comforted, feeling that she had one friend, at least, among all the strangers. Her sweet influence over us is one to be felt rather than described. We felt that she had a personal interest in each of us; that she, sitting in her low chair in the cheerful room on the second floor, watched the restless tide of girl life which passed and repassed her open door, looking down from the peaceful height of her beautiful old age upon impetuous youth, not chidingly, but in sympathy with their joyousness and in indulgent pity for the chafing young hearts who fretted under restraint, and could not see their good fortune in being protected and cared for.

The funeral services took place in the Seminary parlors Friday morning, Dec. 26, at ten o'clock. Many of the old pupils came, including those who had long since left the school, and a number of teachers and pupils who were spending their vacation in or near Boston. Flowers, for which she had so great a love, and which it had been such a pleasure to her girl friends to gratify, covered the casket. They were supplied by friends in the house and two of her young friends in Boston; with a wreath of beautiful English ivy, sent by Mrs. and the Misses Atkinson. The services, brief but touching, were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Watson, assisted by Rev. Calvin Cutler. She was buried at Mount Auburn, in a part of the lot, where, but a few months before, our good friend Dr. Latimer was laid.

To say that we miss her is to express it but

feebly; and we have a sincere regret that the girls who are to enter the school in the future will not find, as we found, a grandmother here, and will never know her, as we knew her, a kind true friend and Christian.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

ON one of the hills of Vermont is the small village of Moretown. In accordance with the old custom, a district school is kept during the fall, winter, and spring. It was the good fortune of Mr. John Atkinson, a young college student, to be summoned as teacher for this school some time since. It was his first call, and he went into his field of work with some trepidation. He found kind and social people, and bright and studious scholars. His pupils were all ages, from six to eighteen years, bright, dull, and indifferent. Some were fond of study, and some were fond of something else. There was one little fellow who especially attracted the notice of the teacher. He had black, snapping eyes, red cheeks, and a roguish look. Throwing spit-balls, making pictures, etc., were his favorite amusements. From noon till night his "noddle-box" was busied about every thing except his lessons. Now, Mr. Atkinson, having taken all the prizes in oratory and rhetoric at his college, naturally desired to educate his pupils in those arts. Accordingly, he labored faithfully to eradicate the "pump-handle gesture," and to stir the youthful mind to an appreciation of fine diction. Finally, he had taken great pains to get up an entertainment, to which the parents and friends were cordially invited. Especially had he drilled the above-mentioned boy on an original production, entitled "The Importance of Early Rising," and had introduced, by repeated effort, a number of passable gestures, which he well knew would amaze the country-folk. Imagine his consternation, when, the long-expected day arriving, and the little fellow's name being called, the latter marched to the platform, and held forth as follows: —

"Hens is curious animals. [Broad gesture with both hands.] They don't have no nose, no teeth, nor no ears. [Forcible gesture with right hand.] They swallow their vittles whole, and chew it up in their crops inside of 'em. [An upward gesture with both hands.] The outside of hens is usually put inter pillars and inter feather dusters. The inside of a hen is generally filled up with marbles and shirt-buttons and such. [Here both hands went into his pockets.] Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum-pudding. Skinny Bates eat so much plum-pudding once that it set him into the collery. [A giggle by the young orator.] Hens have got wings, and can fly when they're scart. I cut

my uncle William's hen's neck off with a hatchet, and it scared her to death. Hens make sometimes very nice spring chickens." — *Ex.*

TOO CONSIDERATE.

I ROWED her out on the river bright,
Till the land was lost from out our sight.

The heavens were trying the waves to outshine,
With never a cloud in the far blue line.

On the shore the ripples in kisses broke, —
But, oh! I was dying for one small smoke.

She spoke of the birds and the leaves so green;
But what is nature to nicotine?

She spoke of the tides and the Trinton myth;
Said Miss Jones was to visit her room-mate, Miss Smith.

She said she enjoyed these her boarding-school days,
At the club-meetings, and in various ways.

For her eyes were blue, and her face was pale,
And she was a girl from Auburndale.

And I was a Freshman from Harvard College,
Where I strove to gain a little knowledge.

And I rowed and I thought, but I never said,
"Does Havana tobacco trouble your head?"

She talked of the flowers, she talked of the sand;
And I thought, "Tobacco you cannot stand."

She talked of our little row-boat's speed,
While I yearned for a whiff of the wicked weed.

At last I spoke, between fright and fret,
"Would you mind if I smoked a cigarette?"

She dropped her eyes on the Charles so blue,
And said, "Would you mind if I smoked too?"

AT THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

WITHIN the city wall of Rome, "at once the wilderness, the grave, the city, and the paradise," under the shadow of the pyramid of Cestius, lies the quiet little cemetery of the Protestants; and in the midst of its desolate beauty is a grave whose headstone bears the inscription, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." As we stand beside this grave, we cannot but feel how forcibly the old truth, "Whom the gods love die young," is illustrated by the young and gifted poet, John Keats, who lies buried here.

The first image which crosses our mental vision as we stand at this grave is that of the affectionate little child, who, when his mother was very ill, and the doctor said she must not be disturbed, for many weary hours guarded her door with an old sword. Next, we see the pale, delicate schoolboy, who, though bright and intelligent, paid little attention to his lessons, and indulged in the yearnings and fancies of his own imagination. But at last a prize was offered in the school: then was aroused his ambition

and his love of glory. He devoted himself to his studies with all the ardor of his nature, and finally won the prize.

Again, when little more than a boy, we see him, in turn, mourning the loss of both his parents; serving an apprenticeship under a surgeon named Hammond; studying his profession in London, and passing successful examinations; and at last pursuing his studies amid the beauties of the Isle of Wight, where he had gone on account of his health. There begins the saddest part of this sad life, for we see now the young poet striving to give to the world the fruits of his rare genius; and we see the world, through the medium of the great "Quarterly," returning to him only harshness and cruelty. Now, standing at his untimely grave, arises once more the question, Whether the bitter criticism of William Gifford hastened the death of Keats? The partial answer we have in an extract from one of his own letters: "Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what "Blackwood" or "Quarterly" could possibly inflict; and also, when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary perception and ratification of what is fine." But whether or not this severe treatment in any indirect way caused the death of the young poet, his health, always delicate, began to fail from this time. We see him next mourning the death of a beloved brother, then exerting all his feeble strength to attain a position in life which would warrant his marrying the woman he loved.

At last we behold him at Rome, where he had come as the last means of restoring his health. We see the delicately beautiful face grow paler and sadder day by day; we can almost see the sorrowful expression of the large blue eyes, and almost hear the pathetic tone of his voice as he says, "I can feel the daisies growing over me." We can but observe the indications of a disappointed ambition, as he dictates the mournful inscription we read upon his gravestone.

Still we gaze upon that quiet grave. Over it shines the bright Italian sun; around it sing the happy birds; from afar we catch the sound of the busy world, which still goes on its unchanging course, heaping upon others, perhaps, as many of its sorrows as it heaped upon Keats. It is true, "Man is unjust, God is just, and finally justice triumphs;" for the beautiful lines of "Endymion," and "The Eve of St. Agnes," will live forever in the hearts of all true lovers of poetry; and upon the proud records of literary fame, among the names written in letters of highest glory, is that of John Keats. To-day all the world admits the truth of the lines written by his faithful friend who lies buried beside him:—

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water!
But, ere the breath that could erase it blew,
Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,
Death, the immortalizing winter, flew
Athwart that stream: time's printless torrent new,
A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name of Adonais."
Ex.

ART NOTES.

"To be great, a work of art must satisfy two requisites,—it must be outwardly attractive, thus showing that it has in it the purely æsthetic elements; and it must have the intellectual quality, an inner significance which illumines the form from within, and feeds the mind, even after the senses have been sated." These words, by one of the few just and competent critics in America, deserve perpetuation; for they define, in a vigorous and simple sentence, one of the most important and fundamental truths of art.—Ex.

It is reported, that, in a talk to the Gotham art-students recently, Walter Shirlaw said that no study is too trifling to be useful, and that it is far better to paint an old pair of boots than not to paint at all. Every thing is useful if studied intelligently; not because you can make direct use of it, but because it increases the fund of material from which you can draw if necessary. One studies Latin not so much because he expects to read or write it in his daily life, but because from the study of it he derives strength and purity to characterize his English, which he does write and speak. "There is a Latin study in art as well as in literature."

ALL who study art cannot become artists; but all who learn what it is are better able to enjoy the beautiful both in art and nature. Real love of art may be instinctive and inbred, but satisfactory appreciation of it must be cultivated.

It is said that, in painting, a careless worker is oftentimes a careless painter. Munkaczy often painted on his great pictures in a dress-suit. Some say his pictures were the better for it, although it is rather a strange conclusion to draw.

IN drawing from life, Professor Wilmarth of the National Academy advocates the French system, which represents objects as they appear, rather than as they are. A distant object is not seen in detail, but in masses of light and shade. It should be painted, then, as you see it; for as it appears to you, so will it appear to others, and they will compare it with nature around them. All the detail of nature cannot be put on a canvas, but you can simplify and mass the detail so that the same impression may be made on others as was made on you.

A SUCCESSFUL experiment has been made in reproducing the "round and solid" in iron castings by the Magee Art Casting Company. They

are the first to produce a solid figure without joints, and perfect in modelling and finish. This addition to our arts will be of great value, since it will allow our markets to compete with the imported *bric-à-brac* and *broge* wares.—Ex.

A LARGE picture has recently been discovered in Vienna, representing the interior of the British House of Commons in 1793. It comprises about one hundred portraits, including William Pitt addressing the House, Speaker Addington in the chair, and Fox, Sheridan, and Erskine in the Opposition benches. From a full description of the painting, by Mr. Scharf, it appears that it was the work of Antony Hickel, a native of Bohemia, who resided in Paris, and was much in favor with Queen Marie Antoinette and the French nobility. In consequence of the French Revolution, he removed to London, where his picture occupied him two years. Its existence was scarcely known, until inquiries were instituted regarding it, in consequence of a mention made of it in a German dictionary of artists.—Ex.

MUSICAL NOTES.

EMERSON'S talent is much appreciated at the fair at New Orleans.

CURRIER'S band from Cincinnati is at the Exposition, and discourses sweet music.

JOSEFFY will soon visit Boston.

THE original Boston Guitar and Banjo Quartette have re-organized under the leadership of Mr. Cad Robinson.

THE season of Italian opera, in Boston, proves a great success. Mlle. Nevada became at once a favorite, and it is believed will be second only to Patti. Patti, Scalchi, Mlle. Dotti, Mme. Fursch Madi, and the others were duly appreciated.

MR. JOSEPH CLAUS, the young Boston baritone, is abroad, where he contemplates remaining for an indefinite period.

A FINE Christmas concert was given at the Methodist-Episcopal Church, Auburndale, Sunday evening, Dec. 28.

ALL turn your attention to comic opera, for Miss Lizzie McCaull is to return here.

DE WOŁOWSKI recently committed suicide at Washington.

PROFESSOR HILLS'S work at Lasell has so increased, that an assistant is required.

THE generosity of Joseffy will no doubt be appreciated. During a trip to the North-west, he discovered a young Indian boy with great musical talent, and immediately sent him to Europe for a musical education.

LISZT will give a piano recital in Paris this winter ; for a charitable object, 'tis said.

THE Milwaukee Musical Society offers a prize of a thousand dollars for the best composition written for it. Suppose some of the Lasell students compete for it.

TWO hundred and fifty tenors are registered by a certain bureau in London, and still there is room for more.

WHILE in San Francisco, Patti was highly spoken of by the press, and was called the greatest *diva* in the world. Very soon a professional sent her a challenge to swim any distance she would name, with a silver cup as reward.

FRANZ SCHUBERT was present at the funeral of Beethoven, and was the next famous composer whom death claimed.

RECENTLY a leading Boston paper reproved the classical style of the Symphony Concerts, intimating that concerts were simply to amuse.

MR. GERICKE, the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is somewhat disapproved of, because at times he absents himself from the rehearsals, and sends a substitute.

"JUST FOR FUN" is the funniest song now being sung.

It is said that William Belden, Jay Gould's partner, frequently engages musicians to sing and play for him when at home alone.

Nov. 28 a reception was tendered Marie Goldine in San Francisco.

IN Vienna, Johann Strauss recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his debut.

POLITICAL NOTES.

MR. CLEVELAND'S hand-shakes are estimated at three thousand a week.

MR. HENDRICKS is senior warden of his church.

MR. TILDEN will be at the coming inauguration. He has already secured his rooms in Washington.

MR. BLAINE'S absolute refusal to pine away and die is extremely annoying to the Democratic newspapers. That he persists in being cheerful, is to them a most irritating circumstance.

THE fear of being again made slaves, as a result of Cleveland's election, is shown by the fact that Mrs. Henrietta Page, aged 50, a colored woman doing a lucrative restaurant business at Newport, R.I., has sold out, drawn her money from the bank, and, with her son, removed to Montreal for safety, their fears getting the better of their common-sense.

IN a village of New England, one of the attractions of a Democratic procession was a man who was to ring a bell, and at the same time

raise his own voice to its highest pitch, and shout for Cleveland. He had imbibed a little too freely during the day, and at night his friends were horrified to hear "Hurrah for Blaine! vote for Blaine!" The man himself did not discover his mistake until the procession had gone over half its route. He was then heard to say, "Och! but I have been yelling for the wrong person." He was so disheartened that he resigned his position.

DAKOTA, now seeking admission to the Union, claims a greater population than Delaware, Rhode Island, and Nevada combined. She also has the smallest per cent of illiterate people of any community in the world.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

PROFESSOR BELL, the inventor of the telephone, is experimenting successfully in teaching deaf children to talk.

INVALIDS are now fed on baked milk. The milk is put in a glass jar, covered with paper on top, and baked ten hours in the oven.

M. DUBOIS of Paris finds that chloroform acts with extraordinary rapidity on criminals after the introduction of alcohol into the system, and terminates in death with startling abruptness. This discovery may form a clew to the fatality of chloroform in some cases.

AN engine said to be the smallest in the world has been made by a watchmaker now connected with a watch manufacturing company. As described, the engine is of the upright pattern, and is made of steel and gold. It rests on a twenty-five-cent gold piece, and can be worked either by steam or compressed air. The cylinder is a little less than a sixteenth of an inch in diameter, with a little less than three thirty-seconds of an inch stroke. The balance wheel is a third of an inch in diameter, and makes something like a thousand revolutions a minute. The wristpin is a sapphire cut for the purpose.

AN aëronaut says that no balloon has ever gone over a second sunset. The moment the sun goes down, the gas condenses, and you get through the night better than the day; but the next day, in the presence of the sun, the gas expands, and you mount to great elevations. But every mount the balloon makes cripples its power; and it is only a question of hours, if not minutes, how long you can keep up. If an aëronaut could have forty-eight hours of night, he could travel a great distance. The highest rate of speed he had ever attained, with a strong wind blowing, was eighty miles an hour.

THE spider, by a careful estimate made by means of actually weighing it, and then confining in a cage, ate four times its weight for break-

fast, nearly nine times its weight for dinner, thirteen times its weight for supper, finishing up with an ounce; and at eight P.M., when he was released, ran off in search of food.

THE twenty-four o'clock system, which went into use in Greenwich Observatory, and among sailors and most railroads throughout the world, on Jan. 1, is not an entirely new thing. It has been used in Southern Italy for several years; and an Italian physician, writing in the year 1652, mentions having had a friend call on him at twenty-two o'clock, "an hour when both I and he should be in bed."

EVERY committee-room of the Senate has been supplied with an electric bell, which is rung by a touch upon a button in the Senate-chamber. The sound of the bell at any time during the sessions of the Senate will be a summons to senators in the committee-rooms to appear in the Senate-chamber.

THE Washington Monument, over five hundred feet high, is to be protected from lightning in a novel manner. The apex of the monument is to consist of a conical block of aluminum of considerable size; to its bottom part will be attached a heavy copper bolt or cord, which will at once be divided into four parts, one of these being carried to either of the four heavy columns supporting the elevator. These, in turn, will be connected with the well near the base of the monument, thus making a complete and ample connection between the summit and the earth. A similar connection between the temporary top of the column and earth was maintained, thus protecting the workmen, as well as the structure itself, from the effects of any electrical disturbances.

LOCALS.

THE reading-room is indebted to R. H. Stearns & Co., for a very charming little book on "Card and Wedding Etiquette."

LOST in the wash, — one ho.

First Girl. — I live in Williamsport.

Second ditto. — Oh, yes! that is near Pennsylvania, is it not?

(After nine o'clock at night.) O Nell, listen! I think I hear the fire-alarm. Oh, dear, oh, dear, I hope it isn't very near here! Let's see, anyway. [She clutches her meek room-mate excitedly by the arm, and draws her to the window.] No; I see no signs of a conflagration. I wonder where it can be!

Room-mate. — Oh, I know! It's the girls doing their breathers in the next room.

THE other day some girls were standing on the south veranda, watching the progress of erection of the new gymnasium opposite. Just then a workman appeared on the roof, and excited

among the girls much fear lest he should tumble off. One of them wanted to know of the others what he would be if he should fall; and, as none of them could answer, looked wise and said, "An *eaves-dropper*, of course!"

KING DAVID, according to Scriptures, played on the harp and sang. Now, was not King David a Jew? and was not his harp a Jew's-harp? But how could he play on a Jew's-harp and sing at the same time?

HAVE you had a good time?

How we *do* wish vacation would last always!

THE other day in a Latin class, the teacher asked what was the bird sacred to Juno? A bright scholar answered quickly, "The serpent."

THE private cooking-classes have at last begun.

THE first of Mr. Heminway's course of six law lectures was given at Lasell, Wednesday evening, Jan. 7. They promise to be as interesting as last year, and are not at all a repetition, as he gives entirely different illustrations of his points.

Teacher.—I want you to read "Enoch Arden," and "Mosses from an Old Manse."

The student writes in her note-book, "In a garden. Moses from an old mantz."

A Junior French Scholar to her Friend.—Oh, you can't think what a lovely book we are going to read in French class! The name of it is, "Une mer de Glace." I think it means "a mother of ice-cream."

WEDNESDAY evening, Dec. 17, Professor Raymond gave his last reading, in this part of the country, at Lasell, before leaving for New-York City, where he intends to make his home. He chose for his programme selections from various authors, and so delighted his audience that he prolonged the entertainment—yielding to *encore* after *encore*—sometime after the usual hour for closing. He then gave us a little address in parting. He showed us how thoroughly he has been in sympathy with his girl-audiences for the past five years, and how much a friend he is to all the young. It was with sincere regret that we took his hand as we left the room, feeling that Lasell will have lost one of its brightest features next year,—the ever enjoyable readings.

THE rehearsal given at the Seminary, Dec. 17, 1884, was in every way an evening pleasantly and profitably spent. The programme, though short, was choice, including selections from Mendelssohn, Rheinberger, Kullak, Bach, and Schumann. It is a matter of congratulation that we have so much talent among the new girls, which will in some measure compensate for the loss of the old. The Orphean Club gave three

selections, which reflected credit upon Professor Davis's careful instruction.

After the rehearsal, we were kindly invited to spend the remaining quarter of an hour in the parlors, where the girls joined in a hearty sing, accompanied by the banjo. Owing to the storm, but few outsiders were present; but those who came manifested a hearty appreciation of the effort on the part of the pupils to afford them an evening's entertainment. The following is a programme of the evening:—

PUPILS' MUSICAL REHEARSAL AT LASELL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN, AUBURNDALE, MASS., WEDNESDAY EVENING, DEC. 17, 1884.

PROGRAMME.

CHORUS. *a.* "Peasants' Wedding March." *Soderman.*
b. "The Moorland Ride." . . . *Hering.*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANOFORTE. "Andantino." . . . *Delacour.*
MISS G. LOWE.

SONG. "Swallows." . . . *Boott.*
MISS PRICE.

PIANOFORTE. "Prelude in E-minor." . *Mendelssohn.*
MISS ADAMS.

SONG. "Down on the Sands." . . . *Ilsley.*
MISS M. ROUTT.

PIANOFORTE. "Ballade in G-minor." . *Rheinberger.*
MISS ALLING.

SONG. "Message from the King." . . . *Pinsuti.*
MISS PRICKETT.

SONG. "Kitty of Coleraine." . . . *Rea.*
MISS J. JACKSON.

PIANOFORTE. "Etude in E-flat." (Octaves.) *Kullak.*
MISS DUFFEE.

SONG. "Gavotte." (From "Mignon.") . *Thomas.*
MISS WHIPPLE.

PIANOFORTE. *a.* "Gavotte in B-minor." . . *Bach.*
b. "Traumeswirren." . . *Schumann.*
MISS NINDE.

SONG. "Nazareth." . . . *Gounod.*
MISS PENFIELD.

CHORUS. "The Early Morning." (Op. 64. 1.) *Rheinberger.*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PERSONALS.

ABBIE HILL, one of our old girls, is spending the winter at a small boarding-school in Soleure, Switzerland. She intends to spend another year in Paris before returning home.

WE learn from the representatives of the Williams family now at Lasell, that Mary is enjoying her winter at home immensely. She has joined a German club by way of improving her mind, and is also becoming quite domesticated, after her two years of boarding-school life, which she attributes to the cooking-class and lectures.

CLARA PRENTISS is now in the handsome new house recently built by her father on Northampton Street, Holyoke. It is delightfully situated on high ground above the city, with pleasant

views of the hills about, and the Connecticut River winding between. She is engaged to Mr. Will Subley, of Brooklyn, N.Y., is very well, and finds life pleasant in these days.

THE engagement is announced of Annie Burney to Mr. Eaton of Fitchburg.

MISS LE HURAY and Fannie Hanscome spent part of the vacation with Louie Best Cumnock, at her pleasant house in Chicopee. Her husband is the agent of the Dwight Mills there. She is well and happy, and looks just as bright and fresh as in her schoolgirl days at Lasell, despite her matronly cares. Truly, as a good friend of hers said the other day, "Her lines have fallen in pleasant places."

HELEN HOKE occasionally writes to friends at Lasell. She is at home in Hanover, Penn., and seems to be enjoying herself *unusually* well. She is looking forward to a visit to old Lasell at Commencement, however, which shows she is still one of us, notwithstanding the great attractions in Pennsylvania.

ALICE FOX, who left school before the close of this last term on account of delicate health, will soon leave her pleasant home in Detroit for the wilds of California. On her way West, she will spend a short time at the World's Fair at New Orleans. We hope her trip may prove beneficial to her health, so that she may resume her studies at Lasell next year.

WE are sorry that Susie Griggs is not coming back to spend the rest of the year with her numerous friends here.

MISS KEITH enjoyed a visit from her father last Monday.

WE are glad to see Maggie Corcoran with us again.

SEVERAL new girls have come in since Christmas, and the school now is more crowded than ever.

By some vacation mischance, we are late in announcing the marriage of Etta B. Kendrick to Walter S. Glover. Her home is Harrison Street, Harrison Square, Boston.

MR. AND MRS. H. P. GARLAND (Edith M. Pew) are "At Home: Nott and North Streets, Saco, Me.," since Dec. 17.

MARRIED, at Rochester, N. H., Dec. 25, Carrie H. Wallace and Charles E. Hussey.

Mr. Hussey is principal of the grammar school at Newton Upper Falls. Ah, Carrie! is it "the irony of Fate," that sweet home and love should make all things beautiful in this "horrid Newton"?

JENNIE HAYES and Charles R. Stearns were married in Williamsport, Penn., Jan. 1, 1885. Miss Ransom only was present of the Principal's

family, who were hoped for in vacation ; but afar we all wished her a happy New Year. Mr. and Mrs. Stearns are now in New Orleans, but will make their home in Williamsport.

EDITH M. FLINT and Edward Barker were married at her home, 88 Rock Street, Fall River, Jan. 14. Three hundred guests, among them several Lasell schoolmates, gathered in her beautiful home to witness the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Barker left the same afternoon for Florida, where they will visit Cora in her new home in Staunton.

MRS. GEORGIE HATCH JONES visited us this week, in company with her school friend Irene Sanford. The five years since Georgie left us have been years of great improvement in Lasell, which were duly enjoyed, although "the old times had been so happy." Mrs. Jones's home is at Gunnison, Colorado.

MISS NELLIE C. PRENTICE, whose face cheered these walls some nine years ago, was married Dec. 27 to Mr. E. T. Merrill, tutor in Latin in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, the Rev. Professor George Prentice of Wesleyan University, at the family residence in Middletown. On account of the very low state of health of the bride, only one or two near friends were present. We extend our best wishes to the newly married couple, and trust that Mrs. Merrill's health and strength may soon return.

ANNA LOVERING, of the class of '81, made us a little call Jan. 13.

MRS. H. K. JAMES'S (Maggie Hamilton) baby boy was one month old Jan. 4.

LIZZIE LUTHER remains at Attleborough studying music. She never fails to do her duty to the LEAVES.

BERTHA HARRIS thinks she is busy ; is now in Lawrence, expects to go South soon for the spring months. She has enjoyed her work in the Art Museum in Boston very much.

MR. BRAGDON, till he is able to render personal thanks, wants to mention his pleasure at the kind remembrance of Blanche Blackstone, who is still "school-marm" in Illinois, but expects to come East again for art study ; Ella Stedman Frank, who is not so absorbed in her new home in Corning, Io., as to forget her "childhood's friends ;" Sophie White, who is still making as light as possible the dark corner of Pennsylvania ; Alice Linscott Hall and Nellie Chamberlayne, of whom more is below ; Stella Smith, whose beautiful forget-me-nots win a hearty "never" from our lips as we think of the pleasant days of '77 and of '82 ; Carrie Good, who in her happy vacation did not forget those left behind ; Mary Stebbins, whose quaint gift hangs

just back of where all the girls sit when they "come to the office a moment ;" Mary Witherbee, whom we have hoped to see before this date ; "Annah" Beach, who still laughs ; Lulu Wells, who sends her greeting across the Atlantic ; Florence Shiff, who ought to be here yet ; Mamie Marshall, who is blessed with a mother near ; and Nellie Hugus, whose picture of mosses, flowers, and shells is odd as it is beautiful, and suggests her own handiwork. Among his Christmas greetings, none are more welcome than those from the old girls, whose faces are as fresh as if it were but yesterday he looked into them, up from his office, or down from his chapel chair, and whose places none ever take.

MR. BRAGDON has been much interested in a book on "Early Life in Colorado," sent by Mrs. Good, who kindly remembered her daughter's teacher with a Christmas greeting which was very welcome.

MRS. ALONZO FLINT of Providence, aunt of Cora and Edith, sent for Christmas a superb volume and a quaintly characteristic note. The book is a reproduction of the famous Boydell Shakspeare gallery, and is a permanent treasure, the more gratefully received that it is so undeserved. Mr. B. will not soon forget her tribulations in the "sky-parlor" in Glasgow.

NELLIE CHAMBERLAYNE is visiting Alice Linscott Hall at Drury College, Springfield, Mo., and she hasn't words to tell her (Alice's) pleasure ; and when Nellie hasn't words, words are scarce ! They expect to visit Lasell in June, and bring the family ; the family consisting of one small boy belonging especially to Alice, about whom they have the usual eccentricities of mother and aunt.

BERNICE LANGWORTHY MCFADDEN reports good health, and a pleasant holiday visit with Lou Bailey's people in Washington. She expects a visit soon from Emma Sibley Guilbert.

DR. CHARLES LOOMIS, "the young doctor," wants to know who wrote about the trip to Europe in December number, and sends his greetings to the "Europeans" of '82 and '84.

ABBY TURNER writes a welcome letter from Lansing, Mich. Thinks the LEAVES improved. There are signs of improvement in Abby. She thinks she would appreciate Lasell better if she were here again. She liked her eighteen-month stay in Germany very much. She reports Jennie Smith Rankin delightfully placed in a pleasant home, with the "best of husbands." Our greeting to Abby.

REV. MILTON S. VAIL, who was for a time instructor in Greek and Latin here, now missionary to Japan, whose little talk on Japan last spring pleased us so, was married Jan. 1 to

Emma C. Witbeck of Greenbush, N. Y. Our congratulations.

WE welcome us as new pupils this term Misses Golden of San Francisco ; Simpson of Dallas, Tex. ; J. Johnson of Holyoke, a former friend of Miss Prescott's ; and Mary Ebersole, sister of Carrie Ebersole of the Senior class.

THE third annual meeting of the Asylum-hill Sub-circle was held at 139 Collins Street, Middletown, Conn., Dec. 30, 1884. The order of exercises consisted of bread-making illustrated essays, music, and readings. The experiments in chemistry, illustrating December readings in "The Chautauquan," were given by Professor J. C. Burke of Lasell Seminary.

EXCHANGES.

WE don't have time to look inside the college papers very often ; but, having a few leisure moments one day, we started for the reading-room, and gazed at the covers, wondering which was the best. Of course that beautiful owl on the covers of the "College Argus" struck our vision immediately. We thought, "Well, there we will certainly find something interesting." But, alas ! the inside was not as wise as the outside, and we went up-stairs, sadly saying, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity."

WE think the Yale-ites are guilty of great irreverence when they address the immortal Shakspeare as "Billy."

THE "Colby Echo" seems to be an unusually well-written paper ; some of the others might, with much propriety, follow its illustrious example.

WE took up the "Phillipian ;" and, being folded back to, we actually took it for a theatre programme, and at first could not think how it came here. On looking for the names of the actors, we soon found our mistake. How sorry we were !

WHAT beautiful illustrations the "Tech." has ! In fact, it is the main attraction. Nothing like high art.

THE "Princetonian" is not remarkable for good looks ; but it's not so bad when you come to the inside, after all.

WE like the "Bates Student." It is not too deep for our tender brains to understand, and we can appreciate the funny things in it.

THE "Polytechnics" is nice, and we think it first-rate reading. From the character of the illustrations, we judge that zoölogy is a favorite study.

It does not take long to read the "Exonian," though what there is of it is very good ; but we think the idea of the editor, while getting up the paper, must be, "Brevity is the soul of wit."

OUR NEIGHBORS.

COLUMBIA has graduated 85,000 students since its foundation.

THE richest university in the world is that of Leyden, in Holland. Its real estate alone is worth four million dollars.

It is reported, that, out of 596 graduates of Vassar, only 188 are married. Will such be our fate also?

THE School of Theology connected with the Boston University has met with a sad loss in the death of Dr. Latimer, its Dean.

THE oldest college in the United States (with the exception of Harvard) — viz., William and Mary College, Virginia — has been compelled to close its doors, having but one student at the beginning of the present school year.

A THOUSAND-DOLLAR scholarship has been left to Dartmouth College, upon the condition that no student using liquors or tobacco shall receive the benefit of it.

THE professors of English at Harvard now excuse editors of the college papers from essay-writing. This cannot fail to have a good effect on Harvard journalism. The editors will have more time for their journalistic work, and competition for editorial boards will be stronger.

ONE hundred and ninety college papers are published in the United States.

THE Faculty at Dartmouth have suspended two of the editors of the college paper, for too free expression of their sentiments.

THE largest observatory dome in the world is being made in Cleveland for the Michigan University. It weighs ten tons, and has a diameter of forty-five feet, four inches, at the base.

OF eight of the principal colleges of the United States, the only one advocating a protective tariff is the University of Pennsylvania. At Williams the free-trade theory is taught; likewise at Yale, Harvard, and Amherst. Princeton is in an undecided state as to which side to uphold. At Columbia, in the School of Political Science, all instruction has a leaning to free trade. — *Ex.*

CORNELL has 407 students, about 50 of whom are young ladies.

EVERY member of the Faculty of Amherst is a graduate of that institution.

OUT of the eighteen graduates of Harvard since 1881, who now hold prominent positions on various newspapers, thirteen were formerly on the staff of some of the college publications.

THE average salary of the American college professor is \$1,500.

A CHINESE girl is studying English branches at the Ohio Wesleyan University. She intends to become a physician, for the sake of the women of her native country.

THE Juniors have been reading "The Faerie Queene." The professor had been explaining that Duessa represented the Catholic religion. Miss — read the following: —

"The lady, when she saw her champion fall
Like the old ruins of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre."

Prof. — Is this the usual custom?

Miss. — Oh, no, sir; they give them a wake.

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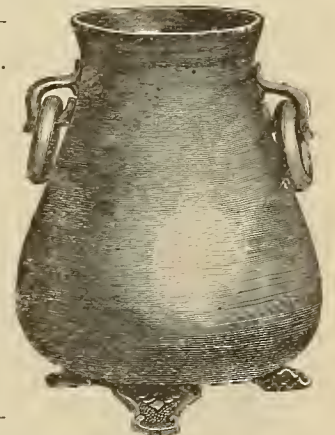
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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EDITORIAL.

At a recent meeting of the Lasell Publishing Association, a new resolution was made. In accordance with this, each member of the Association, who does not otherwise furnish material for the LEAVES, is obliged to give either a personal or local item for every issue.

Many letters have been received from the "old girls," complaining of the scanty news of others of their number, that they obtain through the medium of the LEAVES. Yet they do not seem to realize the difficulty that the present editors (whose knowledge of the Lasell girls extends only five years back at the uttermost) experience in obtaining the much-desired news.

This new rule, which we hope will be strictly enforced, will partially obviate the difficulty; but

we beg and beseech of the past members of Lasell's large family of children, that they aid us by sending to the editors those little items concerning themselves and their former school-mates, which are of so much interest to all.

For the benefit and enlightenment of a few of our readers who have never watched the changes in a girl during her stay at Lasell, we shall endeavor in a few words to describe the grand transformations necessary to her in passing from the Freshman to the Senior year.

The typical maiden arrives at the doors of Lasell some bright September afternoon, and for the first few days is barely distinguishable from any ordinary mortal, excepting for the look of lamb-like innocence that is depicted on every feature of her countenance, and which is visible even through the traces the coursing tears have left upon her cheeks. She started from home with the idea of proudly enrolling her name with the Freshman class, and had gloried in the thought during all her journey. But, upon perceiving the looks of horror cast upon her when she announces her intention, she discovers that every thing is in the name; and so, although doing regular Freshman work, she informs all inquiring friends that she is a "special." She reads her Suggestions, and is highly enlightened thereby. She soon learns that to talk slang, stick pins in the wall, or wear high-heeled shoes will cause her to be rejected as a candidate for the self-governed list. She adopts a thick bang and dude collar; endeavoring, meanwhile, to curry favor with one of the older girls by performing menial services, calling this older girl her "mash," and worshipping her at a distance. 'Tis at this time she joins a club, during the meetings of which she sits on the back seat, occasionally arising to second a motion. Her chest commences to develop by means of the "breathers," and her sleeves become too tight to accommodate the enlarged muscle caused by daily practice in the gymnasium.

Meanwhile, she progresses with her studies, and at the end of the year gazes with wonderment and awe at the Seniors as they grasp their hard-won diplomas.

Vacation passes! She returns, kisses in welcome everybody she meets, and calls each and

every one by her first name minus the handle, trying, as she does so, to awe the new girls with her vast knowledge of Lasell life. To her old and tried friends she recounts, in glowing colors, the pleasures of her vacation, and (our face is suffused with blushes as we tell it) gives long and animated accounts of the impressions she has made on the sterner sex.

She takes up the burden of her manifold duties once more, never forgetting for a moment that she is now a Sophomore, and must conduct herself accordingly. She figures more prominently in the club-meetings, sometimes going so far as to put forward the motion for adjournment. She also occasionally writes a short notice for the LEAVES; purchasing, as she does so, a dozen copies, which she marks, and spreads broadcast among her admiring relatives. She even aspires to the dignity of being Roll of Honor, and of now and then receiving a call from "one of my friends at Harvard." She tries to confine her flowing tresses on the top of her head, in the vain effort to add to her height and consequential air. She pays more attention to her studies, becoming at last imbued with "the spirit of the school."

The moment the last bouquet is pressed into the willing hand of the Senior at Commencement, our friend whispers to herself, "I'm a Junior!"

The vacation again having passed, she again presents herself at Lasell, with her hair brushed straight back from her brow, and a general air of self-importance visible in her every feature. This time she does not deign to notice her former playmates the Preps., and passes the Freshies and Sophs in the halls with never a glance in their direction. Her visions of bliss are disturbed, however, with thoughts of her Junior essay, and soon she is hard at work. Her class is organized; perhaps she is appointed president, and for the sake of the class honor calls innumerable class-meetings, to the amazement of the Sophs and the amusement of the Seniors. Maybe her class gives an exhibition, maybe not. If it does, she invites all her friends, and astounds them with the depth and power of her wisdom. She sees her name "in print" among the editors of the LEAVES, and is delighted thereby. She is one of the chief authorities in her club, and has risen far above the office of usher or guard.

During the Commencement exercises, she fig-

ures prominently, and performs the duties of a lackey with much *éclat*.

"Time rolls its ceaseless course." She has now attained the acme of her former ideas of happiness: at last she is a Senior! She smiles benignly on those around her, as she enters the Logic class, or is seen emerging from some recitation in History of Art. She studies in her room, or else is found poring over mighty tomes in the library, deep in the mysteries of some abstruse science. She is looked up to by all the under-graduates, and often furnishes them advice of much use to them in their literary efforts.

It is also her privilege to help "receive" the invited guests at the one social oasis in her desert of scholastic duties.

And so, having undergone for four years the mental and moral training of Lasell, she is ready to graduate, and go forth to reform and reclaim the world.

A DREAM-FACE.

As I wandered alone through the city,
My thoughts with my steps keeping pace,
There gleamed, and was gone in a moment,
Before me, a beautiful face.

The eyes shone like stars in the twilight;
The hair made a halo complete;
And the lasting impression it gave me
Was purity, simple and sweet.

No stain of worldliness marred it,
No trace of passion or pain:
Only that holier wisdom
That a true child of Nature can gain.

Long years have passed since that vision
Flashed on my sight, and was gone;
But it chained my soul with its glory
In a thrall that is gentle and strong.

For it came when my heart was despairing,
When I doubted if any were true;
When it seemed as if greed and self-seeking
Were masters the whole world through.

But from that I took heart, and sought ever
For those who were free from earth's stain,
For those who were pure and unselfish:
I found them again and again.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW AT CHURCH.

IN Gov. Winthrop's "Conclusions for New England" occurs this sentence, "The Church hath no place to fly into except the wilderness;" the principal design of the Puritans being, at first, to find a place of refuge beyond the seas for the victims of tyranny in Church and State at home. But did those Puritans act more justly to people of other beliefs in this country? Several Baptists were once compelled to attend meeting against their will; and, as they did not behave according to the Puritanic notion, they were sentenced to pay a heavy fine or be whipped. Quakers were treated in the same manner. Several suffered death on the gallows

for returning to their homes after banishment. But the Puritans regarded themselves in no wise as "persecutors," but maintained that they were rightfully defending their own religious principles from reproach and contempt by strangers.

The faith of the Puritans was cast in the sternest mould; yet, to do justice to them, one is not required to indorse all their doctrines, for they lived in an age of general intolerance and intense excitement. There are no churches now where it is necessary for the minister and all the men to be armed, while sentinels are placed at the door, and others watch outside, to protect themselves against the savages.

When we listen to the chime of the church-bells every Sunday morning, do we remember, that, for many years, our forefathers gathered at the sound of a horn or the beat of a drum? The elders rode, carrying their wives on the pillions. The younger members of the family walked, often many miles. In the middle of the eighteenth century, the owner of the first chaise in Norwich was fined for riding in it to church.

The characteristic quality of the old-time church, within and without, was perfect plainness,—the walls of the houses of God being as devoid of ornament as the services were of pomp or ceremony. At first, there was no need of artificial light, as there were no evening services. Later, tallow-candles were used. These were placed in tin candlesticks against the walls. If there were no means of heating now except to open the doors to the sun, we would often find an excuse to stay at home. The first church in New England, in which there was any fire, divided on that account. But any one absent from church for more than one Sunday was sought out by the tithing-man, and, unless he offered sufficient defence, was fined, set in the stocks or in a wooden cage, or whipped.

The elders and deacons sat in front, below the pulpit; in the body of the church were ranged the congregation, the men on one side, the women on the other, according to age, rank, and social condition. In the back seats and in the gallery were placed the children and negroes. How much more pleasant it is to see all of one family sitting together! It seems if there is one place more than another where the family should be united, it is in church. What would our ancestors think could they be present at an annual auction of pews? Behind all were the tithing-men with long staves tipped with brass, with which they rapped unmercifully the heads of slumbering or disorderly men or boys. The faces of the girls were brushed with a hare's foot appended to the rod. There was no laughing or playing then during services; and, once, a girl was threatened with banishment as a vagabond, for smiling in church. In this age, the whole

congregation is frequently seen smiling, and even clapping of hands is sometimes heard.

Imagine being seated on hard benches, exposed to the cold, listening to the exhortations of the minister, whose sermons alone often occupied two hours, with the prayers proportionately long. We consider it a trial of endurance if our services are much more than an hour long; but about two centuries ago, every want and need of the people was expressed in their extemporaneous prayers, which were made while all the congregation stood. For a long time the hymns of the Bay Psalm-book were the only ones used. These were given out a line at a time, and sung by the whole congregation, who knew about five tunes; but that might compare favorably with some of our modern choirs, where each individual sings a separate tune. It was a long time before musical instruments were used in church, and then caused a good deal of strife. After the regular services, all the members took communion, and then filed up the aisle; each contributing his share to the support of the church, and the salary of the clergy.

In the country, for many years, the Sunday services were the only occasion for social intercourse. Families from a distance came for the whole day, bringing their dinner with them, but leaving one child at home to watch the house and prepare supper. Between services was the great occasion of the week, for then one heard all the news and gossip. No one was allowed to observe Christmas as a sacred day, and every one went about his usual work. Now Christmas is celebrated all over the Christian world, and more pleasure is taken in the festivities of the holiday season than any other during the year. The beautiful floral decorations of Christmas and Easter awaken tender feelings within us.

In the New England Colonies, the minister was the great man of every village. He taught the youth, and all were accustomed to go to him for advice. Then the ministers were about the only persons that could lay any claim to an education. Do we now have implicit faith in all of our ministers?

Were a church-goer of the seventeenth century to enter one of our modern churches, would he know for what purpose the building was used? Take, for example, the People's Church of Boston, with its stained windows, handsome chandeliers, carpeted floors, comfortable opera-chairs, the large organ behind the pulpit, and the gallery extending in a semi-circle around the church. He would be filled with astonishment could he see a colored minister occupying the pulpit.

Some people are always pining for the "good old times" and primitive customs; but, if they had endured the discomforts of the old-time church-goers, they would doubtless appreciate modern improvements,

SWEET AUBURN.

(Continued from January number.)

COMMENCEMENT DAY, Meg's great terror, at last arrived, and with it all the bustle and flurry attendant on such occasions. Meg's simple white muslin dress was very becoming, and in pleasing contrast with the elaborate toilets of many of her classmates. The opening prayer said, the customary essays read, and then came her turn. She veritably looked like an angel of light as she stood there, the sun shining on her slightly disarranged golden curls, and her eyes bright with excitement. She opened her simple good-by with

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
And heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

There was but one thing to mar the brightness of this perfect June day, and that was the ever sad "good-by." And then there were Jean and May: how could she say good-by to them, and perhaps never see them again? But soon

"Her night of sorrow now is turned to day,"

for, when she at last saw Jean before leaving, Jean told her that May and she must consent to spend a good portion of the summer at Jean's beautiful home on the Hudson. Meg gladly accepted the invitation, and soon departed for her any thing but luxurious home.

Two months have passed, and it is the latter part of August. Jean Gordon is lazily lounging in a hammock in the park surrounding her home, anxiously awaiting the arrival of Meg. The carriage at last slowly comes up the driveway; and Jean highly shocks her old-maid aunt (who is looking out of a window), by opening the carriage-door, and throwing herself in the arms of—a tall, dark young gentleman. He draws his breath quickly, and a strange look comes in his eyes; but Jean, covered with confusion, and making many apologies, notes it not. He very stiffly mounts the steps, and Jean hears him ask if Mr. Gordon is at home. Half an hour afterwards she sees him leave, and, hurrying to her brother's library, relates her amusing but embarrassing encounter with the stranger, and inquires who he is.

"Only a Mr. Smith from the West," replies her brother.

"What an uncommon and romantic name!" laughs Jean; "and, pray, what does he want here?"

"Simply a matter of business. Any thing else you would like to know?" impatiently asks her brother.

"Yes, lots. He is an uncommonly nice-looking man. I'd like to have a chance of seeing him again, and telling him how rude he was not to notice my apologies."

With this she left the library, and rushed outside, and,

"Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart therein,"

although she was entirely unconscious of it; for, standing not ten feet from her, on the other side of some shrubbery, was the strange young man with the "romantic" name. Hurrying down the pathway, and singing in a low tone to herself, she reached the gateway just as the carriage was again entering. She cautiously looked in before making any advances; and, yes, there was the beautiful, bright, sunny face of Meg. She stopped the carriage, and got in. When they reached the house, Jean said,—

"Meg dear, how tired you must be! Let us go up-stairs immediately; and, while you are taking off your things, I will tell you the funniest thing that just happened."

Jean led the way up the broad staircase, and entered a cosy little apartment that she herself had prepared for Meg; for she knew that Meg was not used to much grandeur, and wanted to make her feel as much at home as possible.

"Well, now tell me the 'funniest thing,'" said Meg, taking out her hat-pin.

"Well, would you believe it, just before you came the carriage drove to the door; and, thinking you had arrived, I opened the carriage-door, and threw my arms around what I supposed was your neck, but it was the neck of a gentleman,—a gentleman, mind you, with a great big frizzly black beard, too. Ugh! I hate beards!"

"Ditto, me too, I also, the same," laughed Meg. "Oh, how awfully cheap you must have felt!"

"I did; but, after I made some very touching apologies, he did not even see fit to acknowledge them. But, if he is to be found in this part of the country, I'll be even with him yet."

"Oh, by the way!" resumed Jean, a moment after, "yesterday I received invitations to an immense garden-party given by the Channings of 'The Highlands,' a place about two miles from here. They never do things by halves, so I guess it'll be fine. You'll create quite a sensation, Meg, for you are by far handsomer than any girl around here."

"But, Jean," said Meg, a look of consternation coming over her face; "I have not a dress nice enough to wear to such an affair."

"Your graduating-dress will be quite the thing, I assure you, dear. Muslin is the only thing suitable for a young girl to wear to a garden-party. The dress I'm going to wear is almost exactly like yours."

Meg was comforted; for she did not know that, in saying this, Jean renounced all thoughts of the soft surah and Egyptian-lace dress which she had intended wearing on this occasion.

The afternoon passed pleasantly, and after

supper the girls went to Jean's music-room. This was Jean's own private property, for she was marvellously talented in a musical direction; and everywhere was strewn sheet-music and musical instruments. Jean was not very fond of the piano, but loved the organ passionately.

"Sing me something real lovely and sad, Jeanie; I like it in the twilight. It makes me feel sort of heavenly."

"'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,'" mischievously quoted Jean as she seated herself at the organ.

The delicate locust-trees cast their long evening shadows through the half-opened stained-glass windows and across the organ, as if they, too, wished in some way to participate in the music. Then, soft and clear, rose the first strains of "The Lost Chord," and soon Jean's rich contralto voice filled the room with its melody. Jean seemed to forget that any one was present, and poured out her very soul in the closing words, "It may be that only in heaven, I shall hear that grand amen."

The song ceased; but Jean's fingers mechanically struck weird, wailing minor chords, as if she were bent on finding "the lost chord."

One low sob escaped her lips; and then she felt Meg's soft hand resting on her shoulder, and heard Meg's voice say,—

"Jean, please tell me all about it. I know there is something weighing on your mind: please let me share it with you. Oh, if I could only help you bear it!"

"Dear little Meg," said Jean, turning suddenly, "you are right: I am miserable, so miserable! My life has not been worth living for the last five years. I have wished again and again that I might die. I know it was wicked, and sometimes I thought God would be treating me justly if he would strike me dead. But I have never told any one, Meg, and perhaps I had better still bear my sorrow in secret."

"Please tell me, Jean: it would be easier for you to bear; and I might comfort you, even if it were ever so little."

"Well, I will. Perhaps, perhaps I can bear it better if I have some one to share it with me. Five years ago (I was only seventeen) I met my brother's college-chum. He was princely in appearance, but his most striking feature was his eyes,—such wonderful, big, black eyes, that seemed to look through one. I was but a child, and had no special attraction but my voice and a decided taste for sketching in water-colors. Of course I fell deeply in love with this ideal of mine, this impersonation of all manly and chivalrous qualities. I mentally called him 'my knight,' and used to love to sit and watch him. By degrees, he took more notice of me. We would ride together, sketch together; but I was happiest when, on beautiful moonlight nights, he

would row me out on the lake, and we would sing together. By degrees we found out that we had so much in common that soon we were together nearly all the time; and when one evening, just such as this, in this very room, he put his arms around me, and drawing me close, close to him, he pressed kiss after kiss on my lips, and called me his life, his all, I felt I was so happy I wanted to die just then in his arms, for my joy seemed greater than I could bear. We plighted our troth, with the big, silent moon and the stars alone to witness it. We promised to be true forever, that not even death could part us. But he was poor, and I was so rich. He was proud, and said he would not marry me till he was as rich as I. One late September evening he came to say good-by to me. He said, laughingly, that he was going West to make his fortune, and grow up with the country. We staid alone together all that evening. Those precious flying minutes! I played and he sang his good-by to me, 'Whate'er betide, I will return, my own true love, to thee.' He kissed me passionately, and was gone. My brother did not wish me to marry him, as he wanted me to make a grand match; but I loved my Hugh. Heaven only knows how I loved him! And I would keep my vow to him forever. I have never heard from him since. How I waited and longed for some word from him! O Meg, you have never loved! You do not know what it is to long 'for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still;' to love, adore, worship, one who is dearer than life itself,—and then never to hear a word from him. You can never fully understand what 'hope, long deferred,' really is. Two years ago they told me he was dead; had been killed by the caving in of some mine. But I am still waiting. *He* said he would return—and it is five long years. O God! will he never come?"

Just then, the shadows of the locust-trees were broken by another, a moving shadow.

(To be continued.)

WHAT HAS BECOME OF OUR GIRLHOOD?

AMERICAN business-men are accused of being in a constant hurry to become rich; of vieing with each other in the endeavor to amass the greatest amount of wealth in the shortest space of time. American girls are also in a hurry,—eager to become women, and to gain their necessary education in as few years as possible. True, genuine girlhood is fast becoming a scarce article. Where is the live, earnest schoolgirl, enthusiastic over her studies, doing her work heartily, gaining her education slowly, it may be, yet thoroughly?

Look for a moment at the average pupil. As soon as she enters the high-school, she imagines herself to have attained the dignity of young

ladyhood, and would be highly incensed if told that she is yet a simple schoolgirl. She dips into society-life as much as possible, and attends dances and parties, frequently losing half a night's rest. Thus her mind is diverted from school-work; one result of late hours being half-learned lessons for the next day. Other results more serious are apt to follow, for loss of sleep is a great enemy to good health. Her emotions too, if developed later, would be better and nobler, more worthy of a true woman. In this way she hastens through a most important period of her life, and graduates from school at an early age, poorly prepared to do her best as a woman, because she neglected to be a girl first.

And, after all, what is the need of this hurry? We shall find ourselves grown up soon enough, without abridging that happy girlhood which never comes but once. It has been aptly said, "A woman may hope to become an angel sometime, but she never can be a girl again."

A woman of the nineteenth century has no unimportant position to fill. How necessary, then, that a young girl should make wise use of her school-days, in order to be more fully prepared for the responsibilities to come in after-years! If she lives like an ideal schoolgirl, she will dress simply and sensibly during school-hours; she will follow the old proverb, "Early to bed and early to rise," thus insuring good health for the future.

A girl is not expected to fill many responsible positions. Her principal duty is to provide herself with all possible means for doing her share later on. She must acquaint herself with all those things essential for a woman to know, and by close observation store up plenty of miscellaneous knowledge for future use. She must do all this while a girl, else it will remain undone. Therefore, to make a noble woman, intelligent and self-reliant, how important it is that the time of preparation be not diminished, but fully and wisely employed!

We should be loath to grow up too rapidly, from the thought of the many joys of youth, if for no other reason. The business-man, absorbed in the cares of his profession, gives a sigh for the happy days of his childhood, when, after lessons were over, he might refresh mind and body by a run in the open air, or a game of base-ball, prevented by none of the vexing cares which are so sure to come in mature years.

The white-haired grandmother seated in the cosiest corner, dependent on the love and tenderness of others, thinks over the different portions of her life, as she sits there day after day.

She speaks oftenest, and with most pleasure, of her girlhood, and chides the young people around her for growing up so soon, and thus leaving out of their lives so important and enjoyable a part.

Should we not profit by her counsel, and linger as long as possible, "with reluctant feet, where the brook and river meet"? A woman is worth more to herself and others by thus giving time for each power to develop.

The fruit, hot-house grown, may be pleasing in appearance and agreeable in taste, but the highest perfection of richness and beauty is only reached by the strawberry which grows in the field, watered by frequent rains, and developed by the sun shining upon it day after day.

Then let us hasten slowly through our girlhood; and, equipped with a sound body and cultured intellect, we may confidently assume a woman's responsibilities, sure of success, since we are capable of obtaining it.

A. B. C.

THE 7th of February had at last come; and, at half-past seven, I, together with two other girls who had been in suspense for some time, were at last relieved by a tap at the door, announcing that the A. B. C. goat was in readiness for us. At this announcement, I sat down on the *bed* (so great was my excitement), and began to reason with myself. Was I glad I was living, or not? Yes, I was; but I wasn't ready to die. Just then the consoling words of one of the members, who had always been one of my most kind and sympathetic friends, occurred to me. That afternoon she had whispered very confidentially to me, that she didn't wish to disclose any of the secrets of the initiation, but that any one who belonged to a boating-club *must* get used to the water; and that I need have no fears if I only would wear a gossamer. Then the thought, too, that I (one hundred and fifty-six pounds) wasn't easily dissolved, or washed away, consoled me considerably: so, seizing my gossamer, I tore down the hall, to the place appointed, as heedlessly as if I had been a nineteenth-century Undine, who would but laugh at a whole Niagara of water. But, when I reached the place, I was told by the mistress of ceremonies, to "shed that gossamer," and prepare to be sacked. Imagine my feelings! It was enough to realize what a fool I had been, without having to think what a big one I would look to be tied up in one of those horrible white bags; but such is life: and, hoping never to get into a tighter place, I quietly submitted to being rolled down the hall to a place which from the odor I concluded to be at least the ante-room to the infernal regions, and the I-am-thy-father's-ghost voice which interrupted the silence only confirmed my belief.

The horrors which followed must never be told. However, I passed through them all, and came out alive, glorying in the fact that I am now a member of the A. B. C.

ART NOTES.

A SUBSCRIPTION bust of Poe, by Mr. R. H. Park, has been placed in the New York Metropolitan Museum.

A CRUIKSHANK memorial has been placed at Kensal Green by the artist's widow.

PICTURE-HANGING is a decorative art. Every person of refinement is supposed to know something about it ; for whether the picture is a sketch in black and white, a water-color, or an oil, its beauties may be enhanced, or destroyed entirely, according to whether it is or is not rightly placed. Hanging is about as important as framing. There should be plenty of light for monochromes, while the background is of less importance ; but, in hanging a picture in color, the background should be arranged to bring out its good points. Of course, the arrangement of a room is governed by the quantity of light. A dark parlor needs something to counteract the weakness of its light, while a bright room needs toning down. For large picture-galleries they use olive-green and maroon a great deal in the wall-coloring. Gray is a bad tint ; in fact, no light color should be used which can conflict with the pictures.

THE best cleaning preparation for oil pictures is soft soap and warm water ; but no picture should be washed till it is at least two years old.

No line of art is unworthy of study. If you have the talent for historical painting, and have to paint fans, paint them. The time will come when you will be able to paint the pictures you wish ; and, meanwhile, your fans will be much better than those of the man who has no talent beyond the painting of fans. — *Ex.*

AN oil picture ought not to be varnished for full three months after it is finished, if at all ; for, if varnished too soon, the paint will crack in time.

THE study of drapery is so useful and so easily prosecuted, that no one is to be excused for neglecting it. Your curtains and portières, a dress thrown over a chair, the cover dragging from your table, afford excellent opportunities. Drapery, like still-life, is always before you ; and, while the latter is especially useful in promoting proficiency in arrangement, the former affords precious lessons in line and light and shade. For the study of textures and color, there are few better exercises than painting drapery. — *Ex.*

Of the many forms of artistry in glass, that known as "cameo-glass" is perhaps the least familiar. This art has for some years been a specialty of the manufactory of Messrs. Webb & Sons, at Stourbridge ; several specimens of their work having been shown at the last Paris exhibition, and one fine plaque being at Kensington. All these examples, however, are surpassed in

size and elaboration by two large vases on view at Mr. Good's in South Audley Street. They differ in effect, though they are alike in the true cameo character, in the depth and relief of the cutting, the excessive elaboration of design, and the process of manufacture. The process may be briefly described as the successive overlaying of three vases of blown glass of distinct colors, fused together, ordinary glass usually forming the vase. The difficulties of expansion, and the liability to brittleness, are overcome by annealing. The upper layer is scraped away, leaving only just sufficient tint to enable the artist to give the light and pale tint required for the more prominent portion of the design. The second layer is that to which the graver's work is chiefly applied ; the design being produced by deep cutting and clearing away of this second white layer until the darker lower layer is revealed as a ground to the white and tender tint of the upper couches. Of the two vases at Mr. Good's, one is of a dark olive and almost opaque, with a conventional design in white, touched with pale yellow in the lightest parts ; the other is much more transparent, of a sea-green hue, white roses and foliage forming the design, the petal of the flowers being tinged with the pink of what is permitted to remain of the uppermost layer. The process is necessarily most laborious, and the product costly. The least satisfactory points are the designs, which are of no particular artistic merit, and are much too intricate and elaborate to give full effect to the fundamental tone. There is no reason why antique designs should not be copied : such, for instance, as the famous Sardonyx, the "Apotheosis of Augustus," in the imperial collection at Vienna. — *Ex.*

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified during the mourning for the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George III. A tailor had a number of black suits which were to be finished in a very short space of time. Among his workmen was a man who was always singing "Rule Britannia," and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus. The tailor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work. In consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler ; and, placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly the lively tune of "Nancy Dawson." The design had the desired effect : the tailors' elbows moved obedient to the melody ; and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.

THE first composer who tried his hand at setting an opera to music was Francesco Biamarino, an Italian artist ; and the piece to which he lent the charm of a melodious accompani-

ment was "The Conversion of St. Paul," which was brought out at Rome in 1460.

WHEN Gerster wants to be particularly disagreeable to Patti, she hums, "Hush, my Babe ; lie still, and slumber."

MISS LOUISE PYX, the Swedish soprano, has arrived in this country. She has been singing, with great success, in her native land, and, for the last two years, also in England.

WHEN the Polish violinist Wienawski was playing before the Czar Alexander II., in the private apartments of his Majesty, a Newfoundland dog erected himself against the performer, and stood there inspecting the violin. The Czar, who was quietly enjoying the artist's embarrassment, finally said, "Does the dog interfere with you?" The frightened violinist answered, "No, your Majesty : I am afraid I interfere with the dog."

THE directors of the New-York College of Music have decided to make the lectures in musical exegesis, given by Dr. S. Austen Pearce, free of charge to the students and their friends.

REMENJI is in Australia, where he will remain for some time.

THAT dashing composer Lecocq is shortly to bring out in Paris his new operetta, "The Lame Devil," which will doubtless "go trippingly," despite its title.

COL. MAPLESON is elated at getting Mlle. Emma Turolla, for whom he has paid a forfeit of twenty thousand francs at Buda-Pesth.

IN the matter of a keen appreciation of the "eternal fitness of things," commend us to the Rochester leader, who, after the third act of "Romeo and Juliet," which closes by Tybalt being slain by Romeo, caused his orchestra to play, "I'll meet you when the Sun goes down," and "We never speak as we pass by."

IT is not generally known that Mendelssohn writes operas. "Die Beiden Pedagen" was composed by him in 1821.

JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT is one of the faculty of the College of Music at Albert Hall, London ; and is said by the directors of the institution to be a most devoted teacher, and the idol of her pupils.

MR. MAPLESON'S season of Her Majesty's Opera will begin at Drury Lane, London, in June. The list of sopranos will include the names of Mesdames Adelina Patti, Christine Nilsson, and Marie Rose, and the three *débutantes* ; viz., Miss Emma Nevada, Mlle. Maria Carvelli, and Mlle. Ada Riccetti.

A MARSEILLES physician spent a few days in Paris. His first visit was to the Imperial Acad-

emy of Music. In the middle of the first act the Southerner whispered in his neighbor's ear, "Who is the singer?" The other told his name. "Ah!" exclaimed the doctor, "the finest specimen of a cold in the head I ever heard."

A CAPITAL epigram in an address on church-music was, "The church wishes for *worship in music*, but not for the *worship of music*." Very good!

POLITICAL NOTES.

WHEN a man has a suit in the United States Supreme Court, he looks to Waite for justice. This accounts for the law's delay.

THE United States Government ought to meet Canada at least half way in any earnest effort it may make to facilitate the extradition of criminals between the two countries. Such a step would be in the direction of furthering not only justice, but honesty. There might be fewer rich swindlers if they knew easy escape was impossible, and punishment certain. At any rate, it is due the inhabitants of both countries, that, when their own criminals are forced to hide their offenses, foreign rascals should not be allowed to flaunt their villany in the faces of honest people.

THERE will be a great rush of Democrats to Washington, for the 4th of March. This is natural. A Democratic inauguration is like one of those celebrated comets we read about, only to be seen once in a great many years. Men are middle-aged to-day who saw the last in their teens; and, after Cleveland's, the babies of 1885 will have passed through six of Shakspeare's "Seven Ages" before they see another.

THE ancient brethren who compose the civil-service commission are trying hard to convince themselves and their friends that Mr. Cleveland proposes to keep the entire Republican party in office.

It affords the Republican organs a good deal of satisfaction, apparently, to speak of the "conflicting elements" in the Democratic party, and the trouble Mr. Cleveland is going to have with them. Their interest in the matter arises probably from the contrast which Democratic conflict presents to Republican harmony, as shown in the late campaign.

THERE is a mountain in New Hampshire which is named after Cleveland, Blaine, John Kelly, Boss Tweed, Susan B. Anthony, and O'Donovan Rossa. It comes real handy to have a spare mountain around.

THE oldest Democrat in the country lives in Hamilton County, O., and his name is Samuel Ropelee. He was within a year of being old enough to vote for Thomas Jefferson for his first term, in 1800, and was nine years old when George Washington was elected first President

of the United States. He has lived under the administration of every President from the first, and lacks but four years of being as old as the government of the United States. He voted the first time for Jefferson in 1804, then for Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan, Douglass, McClennan, Seymour, Tilden, Hancock, and Cleveland. On the last election day, a Republican called upon the old gentleman, and offered him money to vote for Jim Blaine, but the offer was indignantly refused; the veteran saying he was in his hundred and fourth year, and had always voted the Democratic ticket, and saw no reason why he should change now, and had too much respect for his honor to be bought up.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

AN expert base-ball player has been unable to hold a ball thrown from the top of the Washington Monument. The force at the ground was estimated at forty pounds.

THERE is a considerable difference between the movement of a storm and a hurricane. The former moves thirty-six miles per hour, and the latter eighty miles in the same space of time.

THE British army has now a field kitchen; the fire of which will go like that of a steam fire-engine, and do its work while on the march.

THE telephone has recently been put to a new use, that of measuring the difference of temperature between stations at some distance from each other.

THE iconometer (view measure) is a name given by M. Rossignol to an instrument he has devised for enabling photographers to quickly ascertain the suitability of a view for photographing.

ELECTRICITY has been so applied to fireman's hose, that the engineer, though squares distant, can be directed when to stop, and when to go on.

A RECENT design for a pin, which has been devised by a Parisian jeweller, is that of a fly, which continually moves its feet in a most life-like manner.

THE latest surgical luxury is an instrument by which incisions may be made without giving pain. It consists of a knife which is regulated by a watch attachment, so that it advances at the rate of only one inch in six hours. A slight sensation of uneasiness is produced, which does not, however, prevent the patient from going to sleep.

At a recent electrical exhibition in Philadelphia, Dr. St. Clair of Brooklyn, N.Y., exhibited an electrical lamp, which is intended for the use of dentists and surgeons in lighting up the mouth or other cavities of the body. The lamp

is very minute, and it will doubtless prove of much use.

ONE of the oddest anniversaries on record occurred recently in the city of Amsterdam in Holland. It was to celebrate the two-hundredth birthday of the man who invented thimbles. His name was Nicholas van Benschoten; and he made the useful little "finger-hat" in order to protect the fingers of his lady-love, never dreaming that the article would ever come into general use. Thimbles were made, at first, of iron only; but afterwards gold and silver were found adapted to their manufacture, and now other materials are used. In China the thimble is made in the shape of a lotus-blossom.

THE LASELLIA CLUB SLEIGH-RIDE.

ON the evening of Jan. 24 the front hall of the Seminary was filled with young women, whose bright eyes and expectant faces showed that something unusual was being anticipated; namely, a sleigh-ride, celebrating the fourth anniversary of the Lasellia Club. The young women were all bundled up, and the number of pretty hoods that appeared on this occasion was something wonderful. Privately, we think, had the hoods not been so becoming, that many would never have known that it was so cold a night.

Fortune seemed to smile on the club; for during the day Nature took upon herself a new coat of ermine, which rendered the sleighing all that could be desired. At the appointed time Mr. Tinkham's large sleigh, drawn by six horses, drew up to the door, and soon was full to overflowing; six of the participants being compelled to take refuge in a hack. Dashing down the road, Auburndale was soon left in the distance; and the woods resounded with college-songs and merry laughter. The sleigh-bells, and two tin horns that the driver thoughtfully provided, served as accompaniments. Ere we were aware of it, we found ourselves drawing up to the hotel at South Natick, where we were to have supper. Alighting, we entered the spacious parlors that had been prepared for us. During the interval before supper, we were entertained with songs and recitations from the members of the club; after which we adjourned to the dining-rooms, where a tempting repast was served, to which we all did justice. About half-past nine, realizing that it was Saturday evening, and that a good time cannot last always, we once more donned our wraps, and started home mid songs, conundrums, and wise sayings.

The ride passed so rapidly, that, before we were aware of it, we found ourselves once more at Lasell. Before separating (for the night), we all agreed that we had had a delightful evening; and, wishing each other good-night, we folded our things like the Arabs, and as silently stole away.

LOCALS.

SEVEN more weeks until the Easter vacation !

WANTED. — A lost music-box, which was dearly beloved by its owner, since "it had been in the family for years."

THE other night we heard "music in the air." We wonder within ourselves if it was the lost music-box.

SATURDAY night, Jan. 24, the "S. D.'s" took their annual sleigh-ride to Boston. A loyal "S. D." describes it as follows : —

"There has not been a better night this winter for a sleigh-ride. As we started, the full moon arose, and added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. There were a number of sleighing parties out, who flew past us with a shout of 'sympathy' for our good time. When we arrived in the city, we drove to the Adams House for supper. When our feast was over, our chaperon surprised us in an unusual gallant fashion by presenting each girl with a beautiful rose-bud. We reached home tired, and with our noses and ears tinged with the cold, but happy, nevertheless. In our dreams that night, sleigh-bells and oyster-stews played a prominent part."

JAN. 18 (Sunday) was made memorable by the absence of baked beans for breakfast.

IN zoölogy class.

First Fresh. — Isn't a perch a bird?

Second ditto. — No, dear, it is only what a bird roosts on !

NELLIE BORDEN, one of the European party of '84, who is spending the winter in Florida, recently made her cousin Virginia Johnson very happy by forwarding a box of delicious Florida oranges.

RUMOR says that the inmates of No. 31, with a little (?) help from their friends, have consumed about nineteen dozen of these oranges in two weeks. We begin to doubt the statement of the happy pair in 31, that their constant increase in avoirdupois is wholly due to daily exercise in the new gymnasium.

THE "S. D.'s" have elected the following officers for the ensuing term : —

Miss Mabel Cogswell, *President*.

" Minnie Peck, *Vice-President*.

" Lou Fribley, *Secretary*.

" Daisy Lloyd, *Treasurer*.

" May Colburn, *Critic*.

" May Bigelow, *Usher*.

THE new gymnasium was dedicated Jan. 27. We were delighted by a concert given by the heads of the musical departments of the institution : Professor J. A. Hills, piano ; Mrs. L. P. Morrill, vocal ; Miss Etta Sherman, violin ; Professor J. W. Davis, leader of the chorus classes. Professor Bragdon, with his ready tact, made a

few appropriate remarks, which were followed by refreshments and an enjoyable social time.

IN behalf of the patrons of our reading-room, it gives us pleasure to return our thanks to A. S. Barnes & Co., for the magazines of American History, recently received.

IN the United States history class, one girl informed the teacher that the Canary Islands were in Spain. Another bright girl said that Nova Scotia was in Florida. As we possess a Christian spirit, we will forgive them, as they are "Preps."

ONE of the "witty" girls was writing near us in class the other day. She made us believe that, "no matter how fast her pen moved, the paper was stationary !" It made us feel badly.

THE following officers were elected in the Lasellia Club on the eve of Jan. 17 : —

Miss G. Lowe, *President*.

" M. Marshall, *Vice-President*.

" Price, *Secretary*.

" Hanscome, *Treasurer*.

" E. Jackson, *Critic*.

" Morton, *Guard*.

" Hilton, *Assistant Guard*.

CONUNDRUM. — Why are girls who always want to be excused from walk, like saloons? *Ans.* Because they are full of *sham pains* and *ails*.

PERSONALS.

KOKIE GREGG is at her home in Pittsfield. She is tutoring in order to enter Wellesley next year.

THE following was sent to the "Personal" editor : Mrs. Ed. Van Husen (*née* Kitty Morrill), Florence, few weeks old.

MINNIE NICKERSON is taking private lessons in literature and French in Boston.

BLANCHE FORD spent last Sunday with her parents in Boston.

CARRIE KENDIG, who made the Seminary a visit lately, announces the fact that her sister Anna will be married in April.

MRS. HENRY M. KNOWLES (*née* Helen Dykes) called on the "old" girls and teachers a few days ago.

NELLIE HUGUS is still in Pasadena, Cal. She has lately joined a boating-club, and writes of a great deal of success therein.

THE class of '83 deserve special praise for the way in which they are carrying on the work started at Lasell. We cannot make a full report, but the following items suggest themselves : Lillie Packard is studying a second year at Boston University, taking a special course in the higher mathematics. Sephie Mason has been studying Latin and Italian, in addition to constant work in music. Alice House is president of a Chautauqua literary and scientific local circle

in Cincinnati. Sadie Corey is assistant teacher of Latin at Lasell, and is also a faithful worker in a Chautauqua circle at her home in Brighton. Cora Cogswell has been taking German and painting lessons, and teaching a younger brother and sister. What have other Lasell graduates been doing? We want you to report to the LEAVES.

LIZZIE CANTERBURY is at home in East Weymouth, busying herself principally in trying to make happy the lives of those around her.

LIZZIE HOAG and her twin-sister Laura have been visiting Tib Hosford at her home in Clinton, Io. Tib graduated at Ogontz last spring, and is now free from the petty cares of school-life.

MARTHA PRENTICE busies herself with painting at home in Le Roy, New York. Nellie Parker is now with her, they both having just returned from a visit to the Seiberlings in Akron, O.

ANNA and JENNIE BAKER spend their time very profitably at home, taking vocal lessons. Jennie was recently East on a visit to her old room-mate Lizzie Whipple, in Boston, and spent a few days at the Seminary. We longed to hear her recite as was her wont, but did not get an opportunity.

A SHORT time ago we heard that Dora Walston was to visit the East, and possibly might come to Lasell in the midst of her journeyings ; but we learn that, in common with all women, she has changed her mind, and intends to go to the Exposition at New Orleans instead.

JESSIE HILL has been visiting in Chicago, and intends to stop off at Richmond, Ind., to view Marguerite Boston, on her return to New York.

SADIE PERKINS is at home in Hyde Park. She is taking music of Otto Bendix in Boston, and is struggling with harmony also.

DORA MAYO was at the Seminary the other day.

BESSIE MERRIAM came to Professor Cumnock's reading. She is pursuing her art studies in Boston.

MRS. JENNIE HAYES STEARNS writes of the Exposition as disappointing, which seems the universal opinion of visitors at New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. Stearns have now returned to Williamsport.

BELLE BRAGDON and Mame Congdon were surprised to meet each other at a wharf in Jersey City, whither each had gone to see a friend off for Germany, — a mutual friend as it appeared. Miss Bragdon has been for some weeks visiting friends in New York.

ANNIE TUBB is spending the winter in Brooklyn, N.Y., taking lessons in drawing from life, with Professor Whittaker.

FROM Badbergen, Germany, Annie Marbold Wernsing writes, "This is a quaint little town, the birthplace of my father; and the house in which I live was built more than two hundred years, and has been given from father to son for that time."

ELLA ELLIS writes from East Sandwich, "How strange Lasell must seem without 'Grandma Carpenter's' lovely, peaceful face and gentle voice! What a quiet spot she made of her room in the noisy school! — next to home it seemed."

ANNIE LOVERING called at Lasell last week. Her home is still Claremont, N.H. Another pleasant visitor was Miss Carrie Kendig, Boston Highlands.

CORA COGSWELL writes that Ida Cogswell Bailey, Junior, aged three weeks, is a candidate for Lasell's Freshman class of A.D. 2000. Cora takes a lesson in German now and then, but some one is evidently (she *didn't* write this) coaxing her that sewing and housework are good things to get posted in soon.

THE "Class of '84" held its first reunion a short time ago at Lasell. The girls were handsomely entertained by Professor and Mrs. Bragdon, who made the few hours spent with them as enjoyable as possible. Professor does not realize how much his "naughty class" appreciated the beautiful flowers, and the sumptuous repast prepared for it by his thoughtful kindness.

THE classes in French are making rapid progress in pronunciation and conversation, under the able instruction of Mlle. Marchal of Boston.

It was only last month that we spoke of the marriage of Nellie Prentice-Merrill. Now comes the sad news of her death on Feb. 2. Her sweet ways and pure character made many friends for her; indeed, she was beloved by all who knew her. She has entered into her rest, where there is neither pain nor sighing, amid the eternal joys of heaven.

A FEW evenings since, a party of Lasell friends called on Mrs. Carrie Wallace Hussey, in her new home at Newton Upper Falls, and found her the same "Carrie" that left Lasell in the June of '82, notwithstanding her added dignity. She is surely near enough to her Alma Mater to show her interest in it by frequent calls.

THE social event of yesterday was the marriage of Miss Edith, third daughter of John D. Flint, Esq., to Edward Barker, formerly of this city, but now engaged in the house-furnishing business at Worcester. The bride is one of the handsomest and most popular young ladies of the city, and has a large circle of friends. At the appointed hour, yesterday afternoon, several hundred of the friends assembled in the elegant and spacious parlors of her father's mansion to witness the

ceremony. The service was performed in the south parlor, under a beautiful floral decoration of white carnations and rose-buds, representing an open umbrella suspended from the ceiling, while a profusion of potted plants added their beauty to the decorations. Six ushers stood with the contracting parties during the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. D. A. Jordan of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. The ushers were Messrs. Oliver E. Hawes, William B. Hawes, and Charles H. Carr, of this city; Mr. Abram Barker, a brother of the groom; and Mr. A. Flint of Providence, and Mr. John Flint of Salem.

The bride wore an elegant dress of heavy white silk, richly trimmed with duchesse point-lace, and carried a large bouquet of lilies of the valley. There were also very many exceptionally fine toilets worn by the guests, and the party was a most beautiful and attractive one. A very pleasant feature was the presence of a large number of school-friends from Lasell Academy, at which institution Miss Flint completed her studies in June last.

A reception followed the ceremony, when congratulations were extended. Tillinghast of Providence served a fine collation, and Reeves's orchestra provided music. The presents were numerous, beautiful, and of considerable value. Mr. and Mrs. Barker took the boat for New York, and will make quite an extended wedding-trip to Florida. That evening, a very pleasant reception was given in honor of the young ladies from Lasell, which was greatly enjoyed. (*From a Fall River paper.*)

IN a letter to Miss Cushman, Miss Lucy Tappan writes from Dresden, that, in company with a congenial friend, she intends taking a two months trip through Vienna, Trieste, Alexandria, Cairo, Jerusalem, and Sicily, probably proceeding after that to Southern Italy and the Riviera. We are sorry to learn that her health compels her to seek a warmer clime, but trust that the breezes of the Mediterranean will bring her strength again.

SINCE our last issue, Dr. L. C. Loomis — under whose supervision our principal has given so many Lasellians a summer vacation abroad — has made a brief visit here. He is not now proposing to take a party this coming summer; but, if any Lasell girls are planning for it, the Principal is prepared to suggest an arrangement which he thinks satisfactory.

MR. BRAGDON purposes, as some of you already know, a little trip around the world. He will leave Boston early in October, spend two weeks in Colorado, Utah, and California; sail from San Francisco last of October; visit Japan, China, Ceylon, Southern and Northern India, Egypt, Palestine, Damascus, Ephesus, Troas, Constanti-

nople, Greece, Sicily; landing at Naples the last of May. Hence, those who wish may visit Europe; while those who prefer may return at once with Mr. Bragdon, who will be at Lasell for Commencement. The company will consist of Mrs. Bragdon, Mr. Bragdon, and not over twelve girls. The expenses from New York to New York again (not including any stay in Europe) will be from \$2,500 to \$3,000 each, for the eight months.

Mr. Bragdon is to have the help of resident personal friends in Japan, China, and India.

As you see, girls, the thing is only outlined vaguely as above. The question now is, Shall we go next fall, October, '85, or a year from next fall? I don't know as it will make any difference to me; and I would like to hear soon from those who think they may go with me (nothing binding in this), as to their convenience.

C. C. B.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

THE "Crescent" is one of the most interesting of our exchanges. Some of the things in it are quite good, especially the "Clippings," which are very amusing.

WE feel it our duty to reply to the question asked by "W. S. C." in the closing line of his poem (which we quote below) in the January number of the "Yale Courant," by advising him to do less smoking and a *little* less swearing.

PERPLEXITY.

A YOUNGSTER sits in his college-room,
Spinning webs from fancy's loom;
Weaving and planning in revery,
Trying to find whatever he
Can reach in this dismal world to do.

"Minister? No:

Quite too slow

For a man whose love is a cheerful brew."

Imagination strikes this and that;
He roams from castle to city flat,
From bachelorhood to the married state,
And groans to think of the latter fate;
He plods the professions through and through.

"Doctor? No:

Too much 'go';

Eternally flustered, and in a stew."

Visions of poverty, lank and grim,
Darken the dreams that come to him, —
Frayed "*Prince Albert*," and last year's tile;
Clothes that "once on a time" had style;
Crying babies and scolding shrew.

"Journalist? No:

Nought but blow;

That's a profession I'd never woo."

Fire dies down, and his pipe goes out;
Ditto hope, and he's still in doubt.
Where are his castles bright and bold?
Vanished in smoke. The room grows cold.
Isn't there *something, anything* new?

"Lawyer? No:

Misery, woe!

What in the devil *can* I do?"

THE short poems in the "Bowdoin Orient" have a general tendency towards sentimentality, which is rather tiresome, to say the least.

THE editors of the "Brunonian" must be very energetic, to publish so large and pleasing paper bi-weekly.

THE "Dickinsonian" confines itself almost wholly to locals, which we like very well, but think it would be very preferable if it had something else also.

THE "St. Mary's Sentinel" is one of the few rather uninteresting papers. It seems as if it could hardly interest any but the students of the college itself.

THE "Tech" seems to get out quite peculiar and thrilling stories, which cause us much amazement and a good deal of alarm, until we come to the end, when we are rather disappointed at the mild close.

WE find one or two readable things in the "North-western," but they are few and far between.

WE congratulate the editors of the "Beacon," who, while they are zealous followers of Blackstone, can afford to descend from their elevated position, and give us such amusing pages as are contained in their interesting monthly.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

THE value of chewing-gum as a factor in education has been settled at last. A Macon (Ga.) schoolmarm had six bright scholars come to school provided with gum, and six without. She then threw twenty-nine problems at them, with astonishing results. The chewers of gum correctly answered twenty-one, while the gumless six had mastered only eight. Thus is another vital educational question solved.

SMITH is the only college for women founded by a woman. Wellesley was founded by Mr. Durant, and Vassar by Matthew Vassar.

PRINCETON allows students twenty-five unexcused absences in each term.

THE editorial staff of most of the college papers number from seven to twelve.

PIE-MAKING is one of the electives at Vassar.

NINE American colleges have adopted the Oxford caps.

THE new elevator at Vassar is not much used, as the girls prefer to slide down the banisters.

THERE are one hundred and ninety college papers in the United States, the oldest of which is the "Brunonian," founded in 1829.

THE Faculty of Wellesley will not allow the students to publish a paper.

THE plan initiated by Williams College, of having the protection as well as the free-trade view of the tariff question presented to its students, has also been adopted by Harvard.

It is a significant fact that the Eastern colleges which favor scientific education, instead of classical, have received the greatest gain in the number of pupils. The Institute of Technology and Cornell University are particular illustrations of this tendency, — the former reporting one hundred more students than last year; and the entering class of the latter being larger than that at Yale, and, according to reports, equal to that at Harvard.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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EDITORIAL.

ANOTHER term is nearly over, and we are looking forward with pleasurable anticipations to the coming vacation. Our brains need renovating, as also do our clothes; for during the last three months both have received the wear and tear of constant service. The one week allotted to us in which to recruit ourselves is the momentous week in which the shop-windows put forth the signs of spring, — costumes. 'Tis then that each feminine heart (except the one carefully nurtured at Lasell) is full of longings for a new gown and bonnet. Beautiful spring will then be here in truth. Lasell also will follow the general fashion, and send forth its LEAVES fresh with a new staff of spring editors.

The next term will pass quickly; and before

long we will soon be domiciled, and walking upon our native heath once more.

But the past term!

It was with regret that we recounted the pleasures of our Christmas holidays upon our return soon after the opening of the new year. It is true that our labors at that time stretched before us like the Dismal Swamp; but, arrayed in our goloshes, we have waded through in safety. For the Freshman and Sophomore, life always seems a burden; but additional cares have been added to the lot of the Junior, in shape of the so-called "review of United-States history," and the arguments upon Protection *versus* Free Trade, which she is obliged to prepare for the political economy class. But the way of the Senior is verily beset with thorns; to wit, her endeavors to acquire new ideas for the prospective Senior essay. Yes, the Senior might have been seen at any time, within the last few weeks, with note-book in hand, and "pencil in mouth," waiting patiently for an idea to come, that she might carefully treasure it for the much-talked-of and more-feared essay.

But although the list of our studies has been long, correspondingly large has been the array of our pleasures.

We have had two courses of lectures: one upon "The Principles of the Common Law," by Mr. Alfred Hemenway of Boston; and the other upon "Architecture," by the Rev. Arthur May Knapp of Watertown. Both lecturers have rendered themselves and their topics very interesting to us. We have had readings by Professors Raymond and Cumnock, and have enjoyed them thoroughly. The clubs have been unusually prosperous; for not only have the members feasted their minds in the course of their literary exercises, but opportunity was given them of more substantial refreshment during their recent sleigh-rides.

We have each and every one of us experienced the delight of taking a "header down below" — the hill, in our efforts to guide the course of the festive toboggan, and steer clear of all obstructing trees and stone walls. We have skated somewhat, the usual fate of broken limbs and dislocated ankles being spared us this winter. One item has been added to our customary conversational topics; namely, the doings in the gymnasium. Instead of conversing fluently upon

the weather and other kindred themes, as was our wont in former days, we discuss with zeal as to the growth of our muscle, and the ease with which we can lift ourselves the prescribed three times. Our desires to be famed for our muscular development have almost surpassed our efforts last fall to wield the tennis-racket, and give a good "cut."

Feb. 22 has come and gone, and our rooms are at present decorated with the tiny flags presented to us on that occasion. Forever in our memories will the patriotic thoughts of the now defunct gentleman, whose birthday it was, be linked with fond recollections of the chocolate-cake we had that night for tea, and the theatricals with which we celebrated afterwards.

But one of our former pleasures will be denied us! It is rumored that the Juniors will not give the customary Junior exhibition this year. We are truly sorry to learn of this; for the Junior exhibition has hitherto been to us all a most enjoyable occasion, besides giving to the Junior the opportunity of appearing before the public in the guise of an essayist.

But soon the term will be finished, and the long anticipated vacation will be a reality. Let us hope that it will prove to be as pleasurable as our expectations, and that we will return free from all fatigue, and ready to take up once more the burden of our cares.

It is with extreme regret that we learn of the ill-health and consequent departure of Professor Burke from Lasell. We knew that his health this winter had not been as good as formerly, but had no idea that it would necessitate his leaving us and the work he loves so well. As the Professor of Science, he has accomplished much during his three years' professorship here. Not only has he interested his pupils in their studies, but by his personal efforts the Lasell collection has been greatly increased, and the general standard of the scientific department raised to a great degree.

We hope that his absence will be merely temporary, and that his rest will bring to him again that fountain of happiness. — good health.

ON account of lack of space, the third chapter of "Sweet Auburn" is necessarily postponed to the next number.

THE DEBT OF LITERATURE TO MISFORTUNE.

THE desire for expression is one of the strongest instincts of human nature. Passion cools its throbbing pulses in a burst of tears. Thoughts are hardly thoughts until they express themselves in language. Their solitary reverberation in the soul is painful to us. We long to pour them out. The most natural means is that which lies closest at hand, — to speak them in a friendly ear. Nay, in the circle of congenial souls, new thoughts are quickened into life under the influence of another's thought, and, clothing themselves in fitting words, come forth from our lips almost to our own wonder. It is not strange that we like to talk. Next to talk, letter-writing has become a natural means of expression to us. There are those to whom the personal presence of, even the dearest friend is a restraint in the utterance of their best thoughts. We sit alone, and by imagination transport ourselves to the presence of our friend, unclogged by the weight of these gross bodies. No critical eye will see the words we write. No one will complain of us for not saying something else, that was not at all our purpose to say. The personality of our friend stimulates without embarrassing us. Through the space that separates us, however wide it may be, all that is warm and smiling and friendly in him comes to us to awaken and brighten our thoughts; while all that is foreign to us in his nature, that is cold and critical, stays far away where the bodily presence is.

To a healthy nature, happily situated in life, these two modes of expression will prove amply sufficient. The appreciative smile on a dear face gives back a more quick return to our fitly-spoken word than the faint applause of a far-off world. The letter full of our best thoughts has brought us one of like kind, though different; yet all the more pleasing by every point in which it differs from ours. Some people would affirm that literature is a collection of the best thoughts of the world. But how do we know what fine thoughts have never been given to the world? Go through all the volumes of "Table-Talk" which you can find: have you not heard as charming talk at many an informal little gathering? Praise, if you will, the self-conscious, painted and powdered letters of a Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: every day there are passing through the mails better letters than these, — fresh, charming letters, all glittering with fancy's silver frost-work, and fragrant with white lilies of pure sentiment. But the world knows not of them. Some heart responds; and a little packet, carefully tied up, grows yellow in somebody's private drawer. The noble thoughts poured forth in talk lodge in some hearts that hear, and help to make finer men and women in the world. The Shakespeares that have never written plays have had just as much real influence on the

lives with which they came in contact as our Shakspeare had in his private life. The John Miltons who were not blind, and lived epic poems instead of writing them, have added just so much of fine thought and noble action to the world's life. Depend upon it, the good things which we have in literature are to the good things that have been and still are in life, as a handful of silver coins to the glittering treasures yet hidden in the deep places of the earth.

But, still, let us be thankful to the hands that have dug out a little of the shining stuff, and to the force that has shaped and smoothed it for the world's handling. If Skakspeare's father's business had prospered, and young Will hadn't found himself, at an early age, with a growing family dependent on him, we might never have shuddered at Macbeth's "daggar of the mind," or gone a-wooing with Romeo. If Spenser had got a fine office in London, and never been exiled to the dreary wilds of Ireland, the face of the Faerie Queene might never have "made a sunshine in a shady place." If there had been plenty of money to defray the expenses of Johnson's mother's funeral, Prince Rasselas might never have left the Happy Valley. If money hadn't been eternally slipping through poor Goldy's fingers, the gentle Vicar of Wakefield might never have told us his woes. If Nature had given to the poor little dwarf of Twickenham a tall figure and a strong constitution, Belinda's lock would never have been immortalized; and the world would have missed a thousand wise thoughts imprisoned in the amber of a neat couplet. If it had not been for the graveyard, the lonely moor, the stern, cold father, the nipping breath of poverty, the pressure of sorrow upon sorrow, and the pent-up passion of a fiery, heroic young soul, Charlotte Brontë would have been a name unknown to our heart's love.

But why go on heaping up names? Is not the wine of literature almost all made out of crushed grapes? The healthy nature, happily placed, delights in the objective, and finds in real life its full nourishment; but the invalid, weary of gazing on the four walls that shut him in, turns for relief to his own mind, and forgets his languor in translating into pen-language the pictures of memory and imagination painted there. The healthy child romps and plays with its fellows; when it has a thought, it shrinks from the labor of putting it into writing: but the lonely child, in uncongenial surroundings, grows introspective, and delights to find in the pen a means of pouring out its too busy fancies and longings. The deformed finds society painful; but, in the quiet of his own room, he can write down his thoughts that burn in words that glow: and the world, in reading, will forget the poor crippled body, and reverence the great mind. In this field he may speak commanding words with no galling sense

of inferiority. In the kingdom of mind he rules by his inborn kingliness. This plain, sad-eyed, woman, whose life is spent in doing homely tasks among humdrum people, has hidden in her heart a little world of sweet visions and graceful fancies, — a capacity for great and heroic passion which can never come into her life, because timidity prevents her from showing out her true self in the presence of the few people who would appreciate it. But these thoughts and feelings grow in her till she is possessed by a great hunger to give them utterance, and at last they flow out at the pen-point; and, among those who read, there are kindred spirits who recognize her, and receive her as one of themselves.

Or it may be that the wolf puts in his head at the door, and an ease-loving nature is roused to ask what it may do to be saved from those sharp teeth. Now, writing of the finest artistic kind is not generally that which keeps the pot boiling most briskly; but, nevertheless, it is true that much good work would never have been done if it had not been for some outside pressure. Men are naturally indolent, and prefer a little present pleasure to a greater good afar off.

And so come these angels in disguise, — sorrow, deformity, privation, — and with their pruning-hooks cut away the exuberance of leaves, that fruit may grow for others' good. It seems as if lives are darkened on purpose that they may give to the world a language of sorrow; that hearts are suffered to wildly throb, and be broken, — sometimes by a quick, sharp blow, and sometimes by a slow, wringing process, — that passion may glow with a deathless fire in the pages of yonder book.

Yet happy they who have suffered, and been found worthy to take their place in this goodly company, to speak to one generation after another, and find out true lovers in every age and country. They stand out from among the shifting crowds of humanity as representatives of its life, its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, triumphs and failures. They belong to the world: they are its best-beloved teachers. Their bodily weaknesses are remembered only with loving pity; their privations have earned for them multitudes of friends; their sorrows have been washed away by tears from a thousand eyes.

OLD CATALOGUES.

By the kindness of Mrs. Jennie Whitin Lasell, I have received many old copies of the catalogue; so that I now have a complete file *from 1853-54 to date*, excepting only 1854-55, 1863-64, and 1865-66. Any one having either of these, and willing to part with it for the library bound volume, will do the old school a great favor by forwarding. — C. C. B.

THE CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

ONE of the principal objections urged by lesser critics against the tragedy of Julius Cæsar is that Shakspeare has passed lightly over the character of the great Julius himself, and has put boastful and vapouring language into the mouth of that mighty conqueror, who in his Commentaries has shown himself and his great achievements in such dignified simplicity.

But was it the habit of Shakspeare to pass lightly over any of his historical characters? Did he give no careful and thoughtful study to the characters of Brutus and Cassius?

It must be remembered that Shakspeare took the facts of this play from Plutarch, and this historian says that Cæsar altered much for the worse before his death. He had "reached the highest point of all his greatness," and was spoiled by power, and the flattery of the courtiers who surrounded him. He was ambitious to obtain the name and dignity of king, as he already had the power; yet he feared to risk all his *present* greatness to obtain that one coveted and forbidden rank, and above all he feared lest he should show fear. He admits to Anthony that he fears Cassius; yet, when Anthony tries to re-assure him, he hastens to say, —

"I rather tell thee what is to be feared,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar."

He has acquired the policy of greatness, — to seem what it is not. He attempts to hide his fear under the most boastful language, but he over-shoots the mark. The very inflation of his language shows fear.

Plutarch states as a mere fact this deplorable change in Cæsar; but Shakspeare, having that rare gift of putting himself in another's place, enters into the mind of Cæsar, and shows us the inward workings of his covetous desire to become king.

If one change in the once noble Cæsar lay in his ambition and haughtiness, another certainly lay in his superstition.

In his suspicion and hesitation before crossing this his second Rubicon, which separated a lawful rule from tyranny and usurpation, he is seized, contrary to his usual nature, with superstitious fears and misgivings. He becomes vacillating. His pride and his defiance of danger struggle with his forebodings, and restore him to his former confidence, which proves his ruin.

When the signs of the elements, the dreams of Calphurnia, and the message of the priests who have offered a sacrifice, and found no heart, are all ominous, he determines to *appear* brave, if he cannot *be* so. He puts his own interpretations upon the portentous omens, and finally yields with apparent reluctance to the entreaties of his wife, and agrees not to go forth on the fatal Ides of March.

He shows both his vacillation and his ambi-

tion in afterward yielding to the wily speech of Decius, who tells him that to-day the senators are going to offer a crown to the great conqueror, and may change their minds if he is not at the senate house.

Later, in the scene at the Capitol, he seems to have regained his former confidence in himself and his own power. In his refusal of the suit for repealing the banishment of Publius Cimber, the assurance and arrogance of a long continuance in power crop out. He must have become absolutely certain of his position, or he would not have used such haughty language in refusing the suit of such influential men as Brutus, Cassius, and the other conspirators.

It has been urged by some critics, that Shakspeare treats the character of Julius Cæsar unfairly, and presents only his worst side to our view. It is true that if Shakspeare had wished to enlist our sympathy *for* usurpation and tyranny as represented by Cæsar, and *against* republicanism and freedom as represented by Brutus and Cassius, he must have presented Cæsar in a far different light.

But although Shakspeare, from the standpoint of this play, could not give us an ideal Cæsar, yet by many passages in his other plays, and by the way in which, in this play, he allows his memory to be respected as soon as he is dead, the great dramatist shows how truly he admires all that is noble in the great conqueror.

Altogether, Shakspeare's representation of the character of Julius Cæsar is a most natural conception of what it must have been at the time of his downfall.

FORGETTING OUR HEROES.

It is asserted that the youth of the present generation are in danger of growing up with little knowledge of some of the prominent characters who figured in connection with the Civil War. We give our attention, it is said, to earlier history; and in the text-books used in our schools some prominent events of the Rebellion are dismissed in a paragraph or two, and make little impression on the student.

A party of schoolgirls, gaily singing "John Brown's Body lies a-mouldering," were surprised to learn that the John Brown referred to was any other than a mythical character. The teacher of those pupils, in an impromptu examination, put the question, "Who was John Brown of Ossawatimie?" One-third of the hundred and more pupils present declined to attempt any answer. From the remainder some odd replies were elicited, only a very few being correct, and all in writing. Many thought him a Southerner; most that he fought in the Civil War, was a leader, perhaps a general; several asserting that he fought on the Southern side, though against slavery. Others were sure that he was a traitor

and an abolitionist, which, it is to be feared, were synonymous terms in some minds. He was hanged at various times before the war, from two to eight years, in 1858, or in the latter part of the war. Two, who wished to be more definite, described him as hung to an "apple-tree," in fact, "a sour-apple tree." This was doubtless written in good faith; and similarly the unfortunate man was called a "rabid *secessionist* [*sic*]," a "copper-head," who was hanged by the Unionists. It is hard to say whether this was worse than to declare that he was "hung for making *speeches* [*sic*] to rouse the people in the Rebellion against slavery!"

It was doubtless a slight confusion of memory that made him famous for a raid through Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee, and a still wider aberration placed him in the war of the Revolution; this original statement being made yet more amazing by the assertion that he compelled his several sons, who disapproved of their father's course, to engage in fighting with him!

The spectator, who regrets to know that the blood of the martyr was in any sense spilt in vain, has pondered long over this mass of error, and, turning to the brief mention made of John Brown and his raid in our ordinary text-books of United States History, wonders whether these books should bear the whole weight of blame.

TO ALL "OLD GIRLS."

WILL you *please make a point* of sending me any change in post-office address? I often want to send you some news of the school; and, sent to an old address, the circular is lost, and you lose the news. Let every one do this, without fail, who cares to keep up connection with Lasell.

And write me, even if only a postal, whenever any thing worth note, any thing which would be interesting to your old mates, happens to you or any of our common friends. You can help to make the LEAVES interesting by a very little trouble on your part.

Once more: it seems to me that *each one* of you ought to leave your photograph here. You know I try to keep you all in albums; and it would be a great pleasure to me to have a picture of *every* girl who has been at Lasell under my care.

I think more of such things than a good many do. And even if your conscience tells you you were not very good girls, and even if you didn't like me much, or *at all*, I'd like to have your picture all the same, and will furnish it a respectable home, and assure it good treatment and much attention. Now, please send on your photos, all who left none with me, and much oblige,

Yours as ever,

C. C. BRAGDON.

HOW EDITH FLINT DOES IT.

WELL, OLD GIRL, — Very likely you remember our housekeeping at Lasell, and what good times we had. Now I am housekeeping in the loveliest spot in the "Heart of the Commonwealth," and the good times are increasing. Yes, I am keeping house, and it's splendid. I never want to do any thing else, and my husband thinks it is fine. My house is just the right size, and will be so pretty in the summer, with its piazza and vines. My rooms look small, but, fitted with all my pretty things, are very cosy. But my kitchen: you should see it to appreciate. Some of the dishes there concocted are fearfully and wonderfully made. My husband says I am a model housekeeper, and we enjoy our home very much. Of course I am busy, but I like that. Still, I have time for reading, calls, etc. My washing and ironing are done out of the house: it is so much less trouble. Then, I have a woman come in to do the sweeping; she scrubs and cleans, and is quite a help. You used to tell me at school, I never could get up in time to get a breakfast. I could; but, somehow, it is always ready when I come down. You know there is a self-raising flour, and we have griddle-cakes. We have eggs and lots of nice things. My husband makes elegant coffee, so I let him. He cooks the steak, too: he likes it, and I don't mind. I haven't made any bread yet. I know how; but there is a bake-shop near, where we can buy nice fresh loaves whenever we like. They have nice cream-cakes, doughnuts, pies, and rolls; and it's just as well to buy them, for then you can get small quantities. The boys were out to spend Sunday, and they wanted to cook all the time. I made some meringue; it made them sick, but it was because they ate so much, and it was rich. I cooked some beans one day, and they were very good. I must go out and get some oranges for tea: we eat a great deal of fruit. Yesterday I went in town, and bought a lovely dog and a dinner-set. What shall I name him? He is so lovely, you should see him. I never realized at Lasell how lovely it was to keep house. I am so happy all the time. Come to see me when you can, and write to me; I will answer when I get time.

Lovingly,

EDITH.

To do God's will: that's all
That need concern us; not to carp or ask
The meaning of it, but to ply our task
Whatever may befall,
Accepting good or ill as he shall send,
And wait until the end.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

WOE to poor man; each outward thing annoys him;
He heaps in inward grief, that most destroys him.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

ETIQUETTE.

DIFFERENT persons have entirely different opinions in regard to taste and etiquette. Some are sticklers for certain manifestations of good breeding, while others lay stress upon other and quite dissimilar rules of behavior. For instance, —

There are men who would be ashamed to eat with their knives, even in private, but who will talk at the top of their voices in the public reading-room.

And men who, though they would scorn to remain seated in a horse-car while a pretty girl is standing, will throw a banana-skin on the sidewalk, regardless of the inevitable consequence.

And women who are scrupulously neat as to their hands and fingers, but who will, nevertheless, persist in wearing the biggest hat at the theatre that they can get hold of.

And women who sing like seraphs, and yet will they keep the car-window wide open, though they know that it means pneumonia to one-half of their fellow-passengers, and catarrh and sore-throat to the other half.

And women whose conversation is a liberal education and perennial delight to the listener, and yet their hair presents first-class presumptive evidence that it has had no acquaintance with comb and brush for a month, at least.

And men who never forget to lift their hats to a lady, but who cannot be trusted with impunity for a dollar.

And men who would die rather than eat their soup from the end of their spoon, but who will lie like Ananias upon the slightest provocation.

And men who are scrupulously careful to give a lady the inside of the walk, and yet think nothing of calling upon you at your busiest hour, and boring you until you wish they were dead.

And women who would never presume to help themselves at table until everybody else is supplied, who will, nevertheless, say the spitefulest things imaginable about their dear friend behind her back.

And boys who never forget to say "Yes, sir," and "Yes'm," but who are taken with sudden sickness the moment they are asked to do an errand for their mothers.

And girls who do not have to be coaxed to play upon the piano before company, but who will turn around and giggle when a strange man makes remarks about them in the street.

And men who would not clean their nails in public, but who will shove a pewter quarter on to a blind man.

And men who always say "Beg pardon," before telling you you lie, and who, nevertheless, will inevitably fail to remember to pay their butcher bills.

And men who would never interrupt another while he is speaking, but who will advise their best friend to invest in a worthless stock, simply

because they have some of that stock which they wish to dispose of.

And men who are too polite to look over your shoulder when you are writing, who think nothing of registering false oaths at the custom-house almost daily.

Many more instances might be adduced, but the above will suffice to show that we do not all think alike upon these little matters of etiquette.

ART NOTES.

THE Boston Art Club's winter exhibition has just closed, and has been pronounced only moderately successful. The universal complaint was that the New-York artists had crowded out the home talent, but the New Yorkers contributed little of special note. Since the death of Hunt and Fuller, Boston has seen little originality and inspiration there; that is, outside of landscape-painting. But there are many well-trained students still working, so we have much to expect of the future.

THE Paint and Clay Club's exhibition opened a week ago. Their receptions and exhibitions are always the gayest of the season; and this one is said to be unusually interesting.

THE difference between a study and a sketch is, that one is intended as a guide to what one has seen, and the other as a reminder of it. Both have their uses, and they are equally valuable to one who knows how to apply them. — *Ex.*

STUDIES from still-life are never wasted. A useful study for the student in oils is a composition made up of half a dozen different kinds of stuffs, arranged so as to bring the texture into contrast. Another is a group of bottles, of different tints of glass. Porcelain objects furnish, in the same way, valuable studies of surface values. No harsh contrasts must be permitted. The value of the experiment is in the success with which you analyze and reproduce the more delicate differences of color, luster, and surface texture. — *Ex.*

IN looking at any work of art, try to concentrate your whole attention on it. It is only by doing this that you will be able to understand it. You cannot read two books at a time. No more can you look simultaneously at two pictures. — *Ex.*

THE modern taste in art ignores, to a great extent, the old creative, æsthetic tendencies, and favors naturalism; still-life being the one particular form. Even Renaissance decorative art, which was so imaginative both in detail and effects, has died out. The present art has fallen into a narrow mental rut, despising creations, and using

nature as its master. It takes nature as its guide, and deems the highest position is to be a faithful imitator. Of course, modern art has done great good. It has opened men's eyes to the beauties of nature, and has taught them to love it more. A few "master-hands" show nature in a broad way, as the reflection of divine power; while others have enlarged the scope of human sympathies by portraying the poorer class, and comparing them with their more favored brethren.

Art that depicts the lowly of humanity, aiding the recognition of the eternal brotherhood, is a high art.

Still, modern art, although it shows great possibilities, has less faith than old art. It is rather too content to dwell on materialistic things, and show clever paintings of costumes and accessories that make up a striking tableau. It is somewhat vulgar, and loves to linger on the satin and velvet in a picture, proud of its dainty touch.

MUSICAL NOTES.

JOHN HOWARD, of the "Howard Muscular Method," has been in Cincinnati the past winter. At first his method received a great deal of criticism, but now the best musicians are well pleased with his instruction. He is about to return to Chicago, where, for nearly two years, he has been extremely successful.

THE "Popular Science Monthly" has an interesting paragraph on "Musical Geese." It seems that an air on a violin will sometimes get a whole flock of geese wild with delight. On one occasion, at a country wedding, there was a curious performance. After dinner, a lady entertained the guests assembled on the lawn with music from an accordion. A flock of geese were feeding in the road just below the house, and with outstretched necks poured forth loud notes of satisfaction. Soon a white gander began dancing a lively jig, keeping good time to the music. For several minutes he kept on, to the delight of the company. The experiment was tried several times afterward, and each time the gander began his lively dance. The "Monthly" also tells of a bobolink placed in the cage with some canaries. He didn't sing himself, but, with a peculiar cluck, could always set the canaries singing. After a time, he began to learn their song, note by note, and in the course of a few weeks mastered it entirely.

MR. LEOPOLD LICHTENBERG is to be a member of the Thomas Orchestra next season.

BOSTON is very much pleased with the McGibeny family.

EMMA ABBOTT's engagement in San Francisco has not proved so successful, financially, as that of last season.

MAPLESON lost heavily in New Orleans, ditto in St. Louis. Poor Patti! Mapleson will try Chicago in the early part of April.

NEW ORLEANS was delighted with Fursch Madi.

JENNY LIND's health is failing.

ROSE STEWART goes abroad in September, and studies under Mme. Marchesi, who will probably send to us another prima donna.

MME. MARCHESI wrote in Emma Abbott's autograph-album, "Je suis fière de ton talent, et je t'aime de tout mon cœur. Ta maman musicale."

A PROMINENT authoress says that the want of expression in singers is occasioned by a "lack of vital contact from the cerebrum to the grand ganglion of solar plexus."

We have always had an idea that it was something of the kind, but, somehow, could never express ourselves understandingly.

A BLUE-EYED girl went into the music-store and said, "Have you any easy Boston Providence pieces for beginners?"

"What are Boston Providence pieces?" asked the astonished clerk.

"Pieces without any runs in them," exclaimed the blue-eyed girl, very sweetly.

The clerk gasped, and then handed down a piece in nine sharps, the score of which included two bases, and was full of stops.

He said he thought that would catch, as it was pitched very low.

POLITICAL NOTES.

SITTING BULL announces that he would like to be made a citizen, and allowed to vote.

MR. CLEVELAND's address was dignified, simple, and forcible. He said what he had to say in plain language, unembellished by rhetorical flourishes, but terse and trenchant, leaving no doubt as to its meaning, and impressing the reader with the conviction that it came from the heart. This first message of the President will go far to make him renowned throughout the world.

THE first woman's-rights convention was held in 1848. In that year the first stones were laid for the foundation of the Washington Monument, which to-day stands complete.

THE Chinese labor question promises to become as sharp an irritant in Canadian politics as it proved to be not long ago in this country. The report of the Chinese commission to the Dominion Parliament recommended a tax of ten dollars per head upon every Chinese man, woman, and child coming into British Columbia; that all the Chinese in the province be placed under the supervision of inspectors, to be ap-

pointed by the government; and that the provincial legislature be authorized to pass a special act to regulate the domestic affairs of the Chinese. The trades-unions of Toronto have petitioned parliament to prohibit the immigration of Chinese altogether; and it is not unlikely, that, before long, the importation of "Chinese cheap labor" will be forbidden in the Dominion by a statute as rigorous as the one now in force in the United States.

MR. ARTHUR returns to private life with the general regard of the country; and even party malice and hostility "speak him fair." His conduct, during the long illness of President Garfield, was most commendable, and, since his succession to the presidency, he has grown steadily in the good opinion of the country. Coming into his great office suddenly, and under the most difficult and painful circumstances, he retires from it with dignity, with honor, and with the respect of his fellow-citizens.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

It has lately been discovered that codfish skin makes elegant leather, when tanned, being very tough, and of a pearl-gray color.

THE removal of the electric-lighting apparatus in the Capitol, Washington, shows the skeletons of millions of insects, that were attracted by the brilliant light, piled up in heaps all over the recesses of the roof.

DR. C. C. ABBOTT avers that crows have twenty-seven distinct cries, calls, or utterances, each readily distinguishable from the others, and each having an unmistakable connection with a certain class of actions.

A PROCESS has been invented by Professor Eder of the State Industrial School at Vienna, which he calls ortho-chromatic photography, and which enables the photographer to reproduce colors in exactly the same tones as they appear to the eye.

LARGE quantities of small electric lamps are now used. The first small lamp seen in this country came from England two years ago; but now they are turned out by the hundred, and sold at retail for \$1.50. The smallest are half a candle power, about the size of a pea, and used by surgeons, or as toy scarf-pins, etc.

PAPER has been put to a number of new uses. Among these is that of paper towels. They are used by surgeons for cleansing wounds, and cost only from twenty-five to thirty cents per thousand. Paper bottles are now made on a large scale in Germany and Austria. The bottles consist of two pieces, which are joined afterward.

Paper doors, although costing about the same as wooden ones, are much better, because they neither warp, swell, nor shrink. Few can detect their composition.

A landlord in Berlin has introduced paper plates. He likes them because they are so cheap he can afford to throw them away after using; the waiter, because he is not responsible for breakages; and the guests carry them home.

A yet greater novelty is paper shirts. The bosom of the garment has seven layers, one of which can be torn off each day, disclosing a clean, white surface.

An enterprising inventor is trying to perfect a plan for printing chapters of a sensational novel on the back of each layer; thinking the wearer will be in so great a hurry to finish the tale, that he will peel off the layers more often than necessary.

THE latest thing in clocks comes from Russia. It is a little timepiece about eight inches high, on a base five inches in diameter, and covered with a glass globe. All the works are plainly exposed. The pendulum is a solid brass wheel, supported at the centre, or hub, by a slender wire. It does not swing, but revolves from left to right, and right to left. Being a four-hundred-day clock, the winding of it is a small item. It will not vary five minutes in four hundred days. No temperature affects it.

THE telegraph-lines in Norway are believed to frighten the wolves away. It is said, that, however hungry a wolf may be, he will never go into a spot that is enclosed by ropes stretched on poles. Since the first telegraphic line was established, twenty years ago, no wolves have been seen.

A GERMAN inventor proposes to wrap a steel tube with silk until a diameter is attained corresponding with the ballastic power which is required for the cannon. For any given diameter, silk possesses a tenacity as great as that of the best-tempered steel, and has the advantage of a superior elasticity. After the tube has been made, it is centred upon a lathe, which turns with a great angular velocity. Above, and parallel with, the tube are arranged a number of spools of silk, which cover the surface in the form of a helix, by means of guides, without leaving any space between the threads. When the desired thickness has been obtained, the silk is coated with gutta-percha or hardened caoutchouc, in order to preserve it from air and dampness. The silk being a bad conductor of heat, the gun can be fired very often without getting hot; and it is stated that it can be more easily managed, since its weight is only one-third as great as if it only were of steel.

LOCALS.

TRAGIC love-scenes in Senior hall, lately. For particulars, apply at Nos. 27 and 33.

MIGHT not the corridor leading from the chapel to the gymnasium be appropriately named the "Bridge of Sighs?"

THE recent bonfires in the side-yard remind us of the days of our youth, when we liked to stand around a smoking pile of autumn leaves.

ONE girl has received a hundred and fifty letters since the beginning of this term.

NOR long ago, a couple of unknown youths entered the Seminary, without the least ceremony, and wished to engage an oyster supper for a sleighing-party. Upon being told that we did not entertain sleighing-parties, they went away, remarking that this wasn't a very "swell" hotel.

THE parlors were crowded with guests upon the afternoon of the 23d.

WE heard a little "Prep" talking about getting a splinter in her finger. She said she had left it in so long that it had *frustrated*.

QUESTION. — Which tastes the better, crackers and butter, or crackers without butter?

A GIRL asked us what was the reason some of the girls were crazy. We couldn't tell, so she said it was because they had no reason.

AFTER the extensive practice in throwing hand-grenades, it is hoped that, in case of fire, the girls will extinguish the flames with much skill and presence of mind.

THE following list of officers has been elected in the Lasellia Club: —

Miss Ford, *President*.

" Jennie Brown, *Vice-President*.

" Penfield, *Secretary*.

" Blanche Lowe, *Treasurer*.

" Hayden, *Critic*.

" Foster, *Guard*.

" Swan, *Assistant-Guard*.

THE following is the list of officers elected in the Publishing Association for the ensuing term: —

Professor Bragdon, *President*.

Miss Penfield, *Vice-President*.

" Colburn, *Secretary*.

" Westheimer, *Subscription Agent*.

" Peck, *Editor-in-chief*.

" Hammond, *Local Editor*.

" Price, *Musical Editor*.

" Hayden, *Scientific Editor*.

" Routt, *Art Editor*.

" Moffett, *Political Editor*.

" Conklin, *Exchange and Literary Editor*.

SINCE the Senior entertainment, quotations from Shakspeare spice the conversation of the "grave and reverend" ten.

A GIRL wrote home: *Dear Father*, — Please send me five dollars. More next time. Your affectionate daughter, LU.

THE class of '66 is the banner class, it having been the first to respond to the appeal to the Alumnæ for help to defray the debt. This it did in the person of Mrs. McKinstry of Winnebago City, Minn. Who follows?

PRINCIPAL BRAGDON begs again for friendly and careful search, by the Alumnæ, among relics for the old catalogues of Lasell. He has none before '56-'57, and lacks those for '60-'61, '63-'64, '65-'66. Does it not seem too bad, that, for want of so few, he should fail to make a complete file? Does any one know what catalogues were published before '56-'57?

The New England Historical Society would be glad of any years before '68-'69. If any are sent to me, I will see that the society gets them.

I have copies of '72-'73, '73-'74, '75-'76, '76-'77, '77-'78, '80-'81 to spare, if any would like to have them.

...

A YEAR ALREADY.

As the new year rolls on, bringing us around to March again, we are forcibly reminded of what was taking place in our midst a year ago. Few of the "old girls" could pass the anniversary of March 2d without some moment of reflection, if not sadness. Our thoughts, involuntarily, recurred to her who had been one among us; and who, though never obtrusive, yet, in her own quiet way, caused her presence to be felt while among us; and her memory to be kept green since she left us, while her influence still lives in our midst.

Just at the opening season of the year, and as her young life was opening into womanhood, she was transplanted to her heavenly home.

It was such a pleasant time to go. It was Sunday (Communion Sunday); and though Julia had been denied the privilege of joining with the rest of us at the table of the Lord's Supper, yet on the same night was she admitted to communion with the saints. We think of Julia as living, not dead. In the heavenly kingdom she is called to do the will of her Father, while we have been left to work a little longer here: that is the only difference. And for Julia herself we cannot grieve; but our own loss comes to us afresh at this anniversary time, and we think of the parents at home to whom this must be a sad, sad day. They have our prayers and our heart-felt sympathy; and by the kindly messages to the girls, read now and again from their letters, we know the girls at Lasell are not far from the hearts of Julia's parents.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND,

Washington's birthday, was agreeably celebrated this year. As it came on Monday, there were many callers here during the afternoon. Owing to the kindness of Mr. Shepherd, we found a pleasant surprise for us upon going down to supper. The tables were beautifully decorated with ferns and flags and chocolate-cake.

In the evening, the Seniors gave their usual entertainment. This time it was a play, entitled, "The Shakspeare Water-cure." The following was the programme:—

THE SHAKSPEARE WATER-CURE.

"We your humble patience pray, gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play."

PROGRAMME.

Patients under treatment at this celebrated hydropathy.

PORTIA G. P. DURFEE.
"Who of legal knowledge has obtained such a grip, is by

SHYLOCK G. V. R. PRICKETT.
taken into partnership."

LADY MACBETH J. C. WILLIAMS.
"Here's employment for thee."

MACBETH L. WALSTON.
"What is to do? The deed without a name."

JULIET M. S. COGSWELL.
"Romeo, be but sworn my love, and I'll no longer be a Capulet."

ROMEO L. G. FULLER.
"I take thee at thy word." And he did.

OPHELIA C. EBERSOLE.
"A little more than kin, and

HAMLET L. STARR.
less than kind."

OTHELLO L. M. WHIPPLE.
Hereafter haunted by Desdy's mother.

"Tis true, that a good play needs no epilogues."

The parts were very well chosen, and the acting was almost worthy of professionals. Macbeth and his lady looked tall and stately, and my lord flourished his sword like a true Scotchman and veteran. Romeo and Juliet quarrelled in quite a lively fashion, and almost made us believe they were real lovers. Hamlet looked very dismal, walking about the stage with Seminary's only skull in his hand, and frowning now and then upon Ophelia, who, by way of variety, gracefully fainted several times. Shylock had the misfortune to smile, and, in consequence, his big black mustache fell off; but, after a little giggle in the audience, the incident was forgotten in the beautiful song which he sang to Portia. Othello, the colored waiter, convulsed the audience by her funny appearance and comical gestures.

The whole affair was very pleasing; and, after partaking of ice-cream, we came away, wishing that every graduating class would contain so many brilliant and charming girls.

LASELLIA ENTERTAINMENT.

THURSDAY, March 5, the Lasellia Club gave a public entertainment in the chapel, for the purpose of furnishing their club-room. The affair was one of the pleasantest we have ever attended.

Professor Hills lent his kindly aid in the musical department, in acknowledgment of which, the club presented him with a bouquet of roses.

The debates were well sustained on both sides. The judges appointed by the president were Mr. Barnard of Newhall, Lynn; Mr. Merriam of Harvard; and Mr. Warren of Boston University. They decided the debate in favor of the negative.

One of the pleasantest features of the evening was a large panel of elegant roses, presented by the "S. D." Society to the "Lasellians," tied with the latter's color.

The chapel was very well filled; and we were pleased to see "an admiring crowd of brothers and cousins and uncles" from Harvard.

PROGRAMME.

PIANOFORTE CONCERTO. Op. 94. *Rheinberger.*
Adagio patetico, Allegro emergica.

Mr. HILLS.

The orchestral accompaniment supplied on a second piano, four hands.

Misses NINDE and ALLING.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS. Miss GUSSIE LOWE.

QUARTETTE. "Legends." *Möhrring.*
Misses ALLING, ROUNT, J. BROWN, and STARR.

RECITATION. Selected. Miss LANGLEY.

SONG. a. "The Violet." *Hood.*
b. "Ho Messo Novo." *Gounod.*
c. "A Disappointment." *Hood.*
Miss WHIPPLE.

DEBATE.
Resolved, That business ability is of more worth to the world than learning.
Affirmative, Misses FORD and HANSCOME.
Negative, Misses JACKSON and PRICE.

INTERMISSION.

PIANOFORTE SOLO.
a. Solfeggietto. *Emanuel Bach.*
b. Gondoliera. *Iiszt.*

Mr. HILLS.

SONG. "Carrier Dove." *Cowen.* Miss PENFIELD.

RECITATION.
"As You Like It." (*Part*) *Scene II. Act III.*
Rosalind. Miss MARSHALL.
Celia. Miss HAMMOND.
Touchstone. Miss JENNIE BROWN.

VOCAL DUO. "Vieni Meco." *Campana.*
Misses WHIPPLE and PENFIELD.



TO THE OLD GIRLS: FOUND!

SEVERAL silver spoons, which the owners may have by sending a description to the secretary at Lasell Seminary.

PERSONALS.

NELLIE PACKARD was among the guests at the Lasellia Entertainment.

ANNA CURTIS is studying this year at Wellesley College.

CARRIE WATERS and her parents are boarding in Boston this winter, and enjoying life at "the Hub" very much.

BERTHA CHILDS is taking music-lessons in Boston.

LENA KAULL is visiting Ada Anderson at Hawkinsville, Ga.

DORA WALSTON is attending the Exhibition at New Orleans.

MARY LAURA ALGER made a brief visit here Feb. 29.

Her many school-friends will be glad to know that her address is now Millville, Mass., instead of Camden, S.C., as it gives hope of seeing her more frequently at Lasell, and hereabouts. Her mother is still an invalid; and we can well imagine this sweet, womanly daughter in care of her home, and the comfort and cheer thereof.

It is Annie Webb (not Annie Tubb as it was printed in last number), here last year from Winchester, who is spending the winter with her married sister at 320 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, taking lessons in drawing from life under Professor Whittaker. Of course that suits Annie to a "T." She has not forgotten her liking for Lasell, however, and grieves that she could not go through. Her mother was married last summer to Judge Carter of Haverhill.

MINNIE GILMORE of '75 made us a little visit a week or two ago. She always brings good cheer. Her health has much improved.

GERTIE BENYON PARKER's ('80) address is Hotel Brunswick, Kansas City, Mo. They say she rather enjoys the West.

LUCY CURTIS ('80), from her home in Rockland, keeps her eye on Lasell, and is bound it shall "go straight."

ELLA ELLIS ('81) has a nice school in East Sandwich, and seems to be enjoying her chosen profession. She says she shouldn't wonder if one of '81 surrenders soon to matrimonial wiles. This must mean herself; for we all know that Nell F. isn't old enough yet, and Anna Lovering isn't the marrying kind, and Gertie Rice — didn't she say many a time *she* "never would"?

GRACE PERKINS PATILLO has set up her Penates at 23 Church Street, Gloucester, as perhaps her old friends know. She writes very cheerfully about the photos sent to the Alumnæ.

LILLIE POTTER ('80) keeps her address at 2139 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, and just now

doubts her coming East in the spring. Her mother has been quite ill: better now.

We hope they will *both* come, and make headquarters at Lasell.

BLANCHE JONES has come to New York to see her father rightly started for Europe, and plans to spend the spring in the East awaiting his return. So we beg and expect a visit for Lasell. Her address just now is 44 Lee Avenue, Brooklyn.

ANNA MARBOLD WERNING is spending the winter at her father-in-law's, Badbergen, Germany. Will call at Lasell on her way West next spring.

LIZZIE HOAG and her sister have made Bertha Morrison a visit. Attracted by the knowledge of the presence of the rich Eastern girls, robbers entered during their visit, and stole three or four hundred dollars' worth.

WISH Mamie Congdon would send her address.

MAY MERRILL sends word that Abby Goodale enjoys her home in Duluth, Minn. (we should be glad to hear from Abby again), and that Sephie Mason is in California. May is working at her music.

MINNIE BIGELOW of Webster writes a cheerful word as she sends her subscription, and promises us a sight of her soon.

MAY BAILEY is boarding with Sallie Weeden in Newton, and doing some temporary painting with a specialist in Boston. She reports Nettie Libbey as occasionally writing, little of herself, and that Ella Morrison's mother is seriously ill. Our sympathies are with Ella.

EMMA CARDELL (Mrs. W. F. Clerke), 426 Broadway, South Boston, and Lou Barker (Mrs. C. E. Worcester), Concord, Mass., called together Feb. 26. Emma has two little girls, who are now having whooping-cough in good shape. Her mother, who was long an invalid, died last fall. Lou has passed through much sorrow since she was a girl here. She has lost all her children; and by her husband's death, on last Christmas day, she is left entirely alone again, and has gone back to her father's house. Her face has lost something of the roundness of Lasell days. These two and Hattie Joslyn keep up the intimacy of schooldays.

MISS GRACE WHITE and Mr. Albert Ladue Gould were married Wednesday, Feb. 18, at the home of the bride, 268 Hamilton Street, Albany, N. Y.

MISS EMMA ADELAIDE CUTTER was married Wednesday evening, March 11, to Mr. Horace W. Baxter, jun., at the residence of her parents, No. 1 Arlington Street, Boston.

MRS. CHARLES GOODYEAR (Eirene King) writes

from Denver that she expects soon to visit her home in Athens, Greece. Wouldn't it be queer if the LASELL ROUND-THE-WORLD PARTY were greeted in that ancient city by a Lasell graduate? Yet it is quite possible she is there when we are, if we go this year.

MRS. HENRY MCKINSTRY of Winnebago, Minn., of the class of '66, has the honor of sending the first instalment of the *Alumnæ* answer to the appeal for funds to pay the debt.

Such is the influence of the great Northwest. Our thanks to you, Mrs. McKinstry. Now, who steps up alongside of this pioneer from the West?

SADIE SMITH SCHOFIELD of '76 writes from Quincy, Ill., that she and Mr. Schofield are hugely enjoying housekeeping, and she now and then finds "Miss Parloa" helpful, and holds out a little hope that we may see them in the spring.

SORRY to hear that Jessie Boone Bonsall has lost her mother, and is herself just recovering from a severe illness. Strength to endure as well as do, dear Jessie.

MATTIE HENRY is at home (Akron, O.), and writes that she may fly through Auburndale this spring. We'll shoot her on the wing, if she does not stop.

MARY WITHERBEE writes a letter (from Laurel, Del.) full of ambition and judicious zeal. She means to perfect herself by further special study for her chosen profession,—teaching. We hope Lasell may be the place where she will do it.

MR. D. B. FLINT of Watertown, a friend of the school, and uncle of one of the pupils, has sent his fine alethoscope to remain with us a while in order that we may enjoy the new photographs by the aid of its lens. We tender many thanks to Mr. Flint for his thoughtfulness.

J. ADDIE JOHNSON has been absent from school several weeks, on account of the serious illness of her mother. We all miss her, and sympathize with her in her sorrow.

NELLIE CARSON was obliged by her ill-health to leave the Sem. We trust that the careful home nursing will soon bring her back to health again.

LEORA HALEY (Mrs. Frank A. Marvin), Grace Kitfield, Helen Johnson, Sadie Perkins, and Grace Eaton visited Lasell March 8. Leora is still "Frank," in love in a cottage, but discreetly keeps herself *en rapport* with a cooking-school. Grace Kitfield says she makes a splendid teacher, and likes it; Helen smiles as sweetly as of yore, and longs for Lasell again; Sadie grows womanly; and Grace is getting to be quite a young lady. To see the old faces did us good, like a medicine. Leora's address is 13 Essex Street, Cambridge; the rest as heretofore.

OF one of the old Lasell girls, "The Indianapolis Journal" says, "The Misses Turner of Lansing, Mich., who are the guests of Mrs. James Black, are charming musicians. Their selections at the *Matinée Musicale* concert, on Friday evening, elicited the warmest applause."

We believe it.

LEILA FRISSELL, who is almost a Lasell girl, being a member of the Lasell European party of '84, has, through sorrow, found her mission.

Her brother's wife suddenly died, leaving saddened friends, and a little child to Leila's care.

We know she will be faithful, but we are sad with her and them for the loss from the delightful home circle on earth.

LOTTIE SNELL SIMMS says her boy and girl are the "best children in the world." We seem to have heard something like that before from young mothers! But we will judge for ourselves in June. Bring them both, Lottie.

HELEN HOKE is at home in Hanover, Penn., and says, "Please don't put any thing in the LEAVES about me." (We had asked her permission to say something). So we will not. Only, she writes a good letter.

THE bright face of Mrs. Geyer (formerly Jennie Raymond) was a welcome sight to all who knew her as pupil and teacher here. She is as merry as ever, and as industrious apparently; for she is not only taking lessons in art, but is working at it professionally. She has seven orders for crayon portraits, to be filled when she goes back to Brooklyn. She has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Atwood (Miss Jennie West), in Portland.

LOU ORRELL was another welcome guest of a week or two back. She looks very much as of old, but with an improvement. She used to be Johnnie's great favorite. Alas for constancy in affection! Johnnie has quite forgotten the time when he printed letters to Miss Lou "R L."

EXCHANGE NOTES.

WE beg leave to thank the "Courant" for its very due and just appreciation of our reticently proffered advice.

OF the "Archon," of Dummer Academy, we heard it said that "it couldn't be much dumber anyhow."

WHY doesn't the "University Cynic" change its name? Its weak shafts of withering sarcasm are totally unworthy of a veritable "cynic." It must also suppress its intensely patronizing air, to be in the least popular.

THE "North-western" seems to be a good, solid paper; and the article on "The Secret-Society Question" is especially fine.

THE "Academian" very innocently remarks of its exchanges, "Through them we get the ideas

from all parts of the United States." Speaks well for the exchanges, but how about the ideas?

THE "Crescent" is becoming sadly demoralized and slangy, if we may judge of its general tone by the "Picked up Adrift."

O YALE student, what difference is thine appellation to thee! "A rose by any other name," etc., thee knows.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

THERE are sixteen fraternities represented in the University of Virginia, the largest number at any one college in the country.

AMHERST and Dartmouth are thinking of starting daily papers.

THE Faculty of Cornell have forbidden smoking on the campus.

THE first female college in the world was the Wesleyan, in Georgia, opened in 1838.

THE students of Princeton will present a Latin comedy soon.

SOME of the students of Harvard College amused themselves lately by giving the statue of John Harvard a coating of tar. As usual, when such a thing occurs, the press of the country cannot sneer enough at "higher education" in the great institutions of learning.

ICELAND, it is said, is to have a university next year.

YALE has formed a banjo club.

DR. SARGENT thinks rowing, boxing, cricket, and pedestrianism on the decline, and baseball soon to follow the procession.

TUFTS COLLEGE is to have a new gymnasium, the cost of which is estimated at fifty thousand dollars.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY is to have a military department.

GIRARD COLLEGE educates about a thousand orphans annually.

THE University of London has recently, for the first time, given the degree of doctor and master of arts to a lady.

MORE than one-fourth of the students in German universities are Americans.

THE University of Vermont has lately completed her "Billings' Library," capable of holding a hundred thousand volumes.

THE Harvard Annex has the names of fifty young ladies on its rolls. When the endowment fund reaches a hundred thousand dollars, the Annex will be incorporated with the university.

THE following has been going the rounds of

the press: "Is your chum a close student?" wrote a father to his son in college. "You bet he is, father," was the reply. "You couldn't borrow a 'V.' of him if you were in the last stages of starvation."

AT Williams they cry for light in the gymnasium in the evenings; at Harvard and Princeton, for light in the library; while from Yale we hear, that, according to the testimony of the librarian, there are some men in the Junior class who have not drawn a single book since their entrance into college.

A DANCING-CLASS is being formed at Princeton.

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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MINNIE ROUTT.

Scientific Editor.

JESSIE HAYDEN.

Literary and Exchange Editor.

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1-4 "	4.00	6.50	9.00
1-2 "	6.50	11.00	15.00
3-4 "	9.00	15.00	20.00
1 "	12.00	19.00	25.00

EDITORIAL.

SEVERAL letters have been received, inquiring about the breathing exercise. All that can be said of this exercise is that it beggars description. If any one really wishes to understand this accomplishment, we ask them to come to Lasell, and allow us to put them through the exercise two or three times. We have not the slightest doubt that a few lessons, well and powerfully illustrated, will render one an adept in the art. The fortunate person who is initiated into this exercise will leave the school realizing the fact that he has arms indeed. If he has received the proper instruction, they will hang "like great bags of sand at his sides." He has undoubtedly often been told before to educate his brain, and

allow his feet to go untaught; but now the words, "Put your mind in your feet," will ring in his ears. As he lightly springs alongs, his chest rising and falling with his quick and regular breathing, and that powerful but invisible string that comes from the sky, and is pulling him along, he may readily mis-quote the words of a well-known couplet,—

"Let those breathe now who have never breathed before,
And those who have breathed, breathe no more."

THE last vacation, before the school breaks up for its long rest, has come and gone; and we are once more in our places, relaxing and "dividelizing" as of old. The school was not nearly as deserted as usual: so the returning wanderers found plenty of arms in which to fall, and many listening ears in which to pour the accounts of the "perfectly elegant" times they have had.

Last term closed very pleasantly, the evening of March 30 being most enjoyably spent with Longfellow and Whittier. The selections, which were all most happily chosen, were read by the young ladies in a manner which did credit to both themselves and their teacher. The next evening was given the regular pupils' musical rehearsal; the programme this evening being more varied than usual, a number of different instruments being played, evidently to the satisfaction of the audience. The morning of April 1 was made memorable by the delighted looks of the girls when they gathered around the tables, and saw bananas for breakfast, and the peculiar sound of surprised displeasure when they discovered they had been the victims of a practical joke. It was not the black sheep who perpetrated this joke, but the Shepherd himself. School closed at noon, and the vacation was spent very quietly by those who remained here; undoubtedly, the girls were storing strength for the parting struggle. Upon going to breakfast Easter morning, we were all delightfully surprised to find a beautiful flower at each place. This more than made up for the cruel joke of the 1st of April. School re-opened April 8; and it was strange to notice the gleam of intelligence that passed over one girl's face, as she turned to her companion, and said, "Ten weeks from to-day, I am going home." "So say we all of us."

It is said that Vassar College has the honor

of being the place where the vender of chewing-gum becomes wealthy. Whether this accusation is true or not, we cannot say; but we can say that Vassar is not the only place where a dealer in that article would make his fortune. It has been stated that the chewing of gum goes far towards solving the most abstruse problem in mathematics, or in the comprehension of the wonders of science. It has also been stated that the chewing of gum weakens the brain. A small portion of the enterprising girls of Lasell undertook to settle this question for themselves. Each knew her average capabilities, and at a certain time, no one knows just when, commenced upon the sweet article called "tolu." But ah!

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

And one night all the gum in the building found a resting-place upon the Professor's desk; and oh! we hate to say it, our candles were laid beside them. For the sacrifice of our candles we have been repaid; as now, a table, decorated with a brass candle-stick and wax candle, occupies a prominent place in one of the halls.

To this table the girls proceed with their numerous letters, and affix the seal.

To hear a few words from Mr. G. M. Fiske of Auburndale was the privilege of the girls at Lasell, who manifested their deep interest by their close attention. He spoke in behalf of the Soldiers' Home at Chelsea, Mass. It is wished to establish a hospital in connection with the Home, in which the veterans can receive the medical aid that is necessary. Mr. Fiske fired our patriotism by speaking of many of the glorious but fearful battles that were fought in the Rebellion; and his words proved the more effective by the fact that he had taken an active part in these battles, and was relating his own terrible experience. He closed by asking the girls to contribute what they could to this noble cause.

After a few reminiscences of his own army days, from Professor Bragdon, we all joined in singing, with great enthusiasm, our national hymn.

"SWEET Auburn" is continued from February number, and will be concluded in our next.

A LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

SEPHIE is so positive in her directions not to read any "selections" from her letter, and the letter is so much too good to lose, that I see no way but to publish it entire, which I venture to do, with thanks to her, and deprecations of her futile, because so distant, wrath.

C. C. B.

MARCH 21, 1885.

DEAR PROFESSOR,—Your note reached me last night; and I was very glad to hear from you,—to receive even a lithographic copy, sent by your secretary. Yet I deserve nothing more, as I haven't written to you for a long, long time. How did you know that I was in California? One of your little birds must have told you. I wonder how much of my news will be stale; whether you know as much about our journey as I do myself. But I'll take it for granted that you know very little about it, and will tell you from the beginning. When we began making plans for the winter, mother said nothing could tempt her to spend another winter in New York or Boston. She has such dreadful times trying to walk on ice, and she suffers so much from the cold, that the advent of winter is a sorry time for her. So, quite naturally, we began to talk of coming out here to see my sister, from whom we had been separated over three years. I was fairly wild at the prospect, and anxious to hasten the time of our departure. When we finally sailed away from the New-York wharf, and some of our friends did honor to the occasion by shedding a few tears, I could hardly keep from dancing in my delight. Onions couldn't have made me weep. We sailed on the "Colon," with ninety fellow-passengers,—delightful people, too. Such lovely weather as we had! We wore summer clothes till within a few days' sail of 'Frisco, and had no rain or fog. We spent our days in loitering about on deck under the awnings, reading, doing fancy work, and having a good time generally. The moonlight nights were heavenly. As regards seasickness, father and mother have a tale to tell. Suffice it to say, that mother couldn't lift her head from the pillow for three days. But I maintained the reputation of the family,—hadn't the slightest nausea, or even headache, was present at all the meals, and did full justice thereto. We had a very disagreeable time on the Isthmus, as we expected, and were devoutly thankful when our two days' stay there was over. I never could have imagined such a filthy place as Aspinwall. We stopped at eight places on this side, but went ashore at none but Acapulco. At a school there we saw little children (native) making macramé lace, and embroidering handkerchiefs. It is needless to say that the teachers were educated in this country. At Achajutla we saw an active volcano. We could see nothing but smoke in the daytime, as we were sixty miles away; but at night it was grand. At every eruption we could see a column of fire thrown hundreds of feet in the air.

All was smooth sailing until we were within a day's sail of 'Frisco. Then we had some fun. We struck a gale blowing sixty miles an hour, or rather it struck us; and the effect was somewhat alarming. The worst accident was that which happened to an old man who had been sitting in the smoking-room. He was thrown from one wall to the other three times, and had three ribs broken. The water-cooler fell, and rolled back and forth on the dining-room floor till we thought the ship must be coming to pieces. But we reached here at last, safe and sound, and have had a lovely winter. While our friends in the East were freezing, we were enjoying May weather. You will be interested to know that the thermometer was over eighty in the shade three days

of last month. The fields are full of poppies and lilies. We are delighted with California, and are very glad to have escaped the terrible cold you have experienced. We shall stay a year at any rate, as it is a pretty long journey for father and mother to take. We have been well, unusually so, and are keeping house together now,—the six of us. I am learning how to cook: that branch of my education had been sadly neglected, you know. We found my sister and her husband apparently unchanged; but Grace is a big girl, nine years old, who sits up on the piano stool every day, and takes a music-lesson of her "aunt." Oh, I am growing old! You needn't laugh.

Well, I have been telling you this long story of our trip, and have forgotten my main object in writing; viz., to thank you for the promise of the pictures. You have the correct address,—407 Montgomery Street, San Francisco. I shall be very glad to have the pictures, as I am intensely interested in the seminary and every thing connected with it. The re-union will be rather doubtful, won't it? I wish the class could "re-unite" out here. What a good time we should have! Please give my love to the old girls and teachers; but don't, I beg of you, read any "selections" from this miserable letter, to them.

Very lovingly,

SEPHIE G. MASON.

407 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

OUR COOKING CLASS.

THERE are eight young women at Lasell, every one of whom feels confident that, should she ever have to earn her own living, she could demand a good salary as a *cuisinière*. For have we not just finished a course of cooking-lessons under Mrs. Bragdon? What other recommendation can we need?

You girls who take next year will have the advantage of the cooking apartments which are now being fitted up in our new building; but, just the same, you can't have any pleasanter memories connected with them than we now have of our little ten-by-twelve kitchen.

"Fond memory brings the light of
Other days around me,"

as I think of those delightful Thursday afternoons when we gathered around our festive board, covered with a "feast of nectar'd sweets" of our own making.

I can still see May turning that ice-cream freezer; and—you know who—chopping potatoes; and Minnie kneading her bread a good deal more than she needed.

The only thing we are waiting for now is a little ten-by-twelve kitchen of our own, where we can try all those dainties that are bred in Miss Parloa's cook-book, without Mrs. Bragdon's helping hand. When this eventful time comes, I think that we shall be thankful to Lasell and Mrs. Bragdon; as we may not be so fortunate in getting a husband, like Edith's, who can make "elegant coffee," or in having a "bake-shop" just around the corner."

THE JUNIATA BOAT-CLUB INITIATION.

THE village clock had just struck eight; our heroine had sought refuge from her gloomy thoughts in sleep, and she lay in peaceful slumber across the bed. She was startled from her slumbers by an agonizing shriek. "Had she dreamed?" No: from a room somewhere above her, she caught the sound of stifled moans, and cries for help.

The Juniata initiation was taking place; and, trembling with fear, she fell all in a heap on the carpet. Then she heard the tinkling of the bell attached to the goat; and how she pitied the poor girls who had to ride him! Then came a heavy thud. One poor victim had fallen back, vainly attempting to climb the greased pole. All was silent for a few moments. "Doubtless the poor girl's arm was broken." Yes; but she has an avenger. The wrath of Jove descends upon her cruel oppressors. And the terrible thunderings struck terror to her heart. But all was serene without; there was no sign of rain. The *ether* seemed to be disturbed only in the room above. She clasped her hands in mute thankfulness that she had not been asked, and deeply regretted her envious thoughts of the afternoon. She dreaded the next morning, with its news of broken arms and dislocated limbs. Imagine her surprise when she beheld, bright and beaming, each at her place at breakfast, the seven girls initiated the night before. But each bore a scar on her face, which "could a tale unfold." I'll warrant the day was warm and pleasant, and gave promise of good rowing soon, and the girls were thinking of those pretty white suits with "Juniata" embroidered on them.

OLD CATALOGUES.

By the kindness of Mrs. Hayden (Maria Warren, '58) of East Hartford, Conn., I have received a catalogue for 1854-55. I now lack only any (if issued?) before 1853-54, and those for 1863-64 and 1865-66, to make the set for the library complete. When I get them all, I will have a handsome volume made, and you may all see it at Commencement time.

C. C. B.

WHAT torment's equal to the grief of mind,
And pining anguish hid in gentle heart,
That only feeds itself with thought unkind,
And nourishes its own consuming smart?

SPENSER.

"JOHNNY, how many hours are there in a day?"—"Twenty-three hours," said Johnny. "What has become of the other one?"—"I don't know, but I heard the teacher say the days were one hour shorter than they used to be."

SWEET AUBURN (Continued).

THE garden-party at the Channings was certainly a splendid affair. Prominent among the young people present were Jean Gordon and Meg Raymond. While Meg is sitting near some colored hanging lights, gayly chatting with a crowd of admirers, Jean is seated in an alcove, away from the "merry throng," and is earnestly talking to a handsome dark young man, who is saying, "I am very sorry indeed, Miss Gordon, if I offended you; but surely allow me to plead 'not guilty,' at least so far as intention was concerned."

"Ah, well, Mr. Smith, so long as you constitute me both judge and jury in this case, I shall render the verdict, 'Not guilty so far as intention was concerned;' but, let me assure you, you quite snubbed me."

The young man laughed gayly.

"And it isn't any fun to be snubbed," she added in a hurt tone.

"Ah!" he said more seriously, "I can quite agree with you there. Please accept of my heartfelt sympathy; and have I fully atoned for my, what you are pleased to term, 'unpardonable rudeness' on that first unlucky meeting of ours?"

"Yes," she said laughingly, "and we are going to be very good friends." She frankly held out her hand, which he pressed lightly.

"Are you engaged for this waltz?" he asked.

She glanced over her program.

"No."

"Then will you not come out on the balcony with me? It is so warm here."

"Do you not think it would be pleasanter to promenade that walk where the Japanese lanterns are?"

"Yes, much," he said, as he offered her his arm.

As they were descending the balcony steps, she said, "Do you know, I feel as if I had known you all my life. There is something strangely familiar about you, and I can't think what it is."

He smiled.

"Is it a pleasant impression, or otherwise?"

"Oh, otherwise, I assure you!"

"Do you believe in the theory of evolution?" he asked.

"Why?"

"Oh!" he said with an amused look, "perhaps we have met in other forms. That would account for the strange impression you have received of one, who, though a complete stranger to you, still feels that he may hope to claim a little of your friendship."

"Since you are to remain here through the winter, and we are to be next-door neighbors, I have made up my mind that we shall be good friends; and please don't think I am terribly unsophisticated if I begin right here by dropping

conventional society phrases, and speaking as I think."

"Delightful!" he said, bending a little over her. "It is so refreshing to meet a young lady nowadays, who is not a complete sham."

Here they were interrupted by two figures coming hastily toward them. They drew a little aside in the shadow.

"I should think, Mr. Channing, that you know me better than to broach the subject again," said a fair young girl, in an angry tone.

"Indeed, Meg, it is all a ridiculous misunderstanding. Listen"—

Here the speakers disappeared; and Jean, looking at her companion, said, "Do you know who that young gentleman is?"

"Yes: that is Ralph Channing, nephew to our host and hostess; and he is also a friend of mine. And the young lady is your friend?"

"Yes, we were chums at 'Sweet Auburn.' But, Mr. Smith, I must return to the house, as it is time for me to leave. Come see me just when you please; and don't be conventional, for we are to be *such good friends*."

Three months have passed, and the cold breath of winter has left nought but a few leaves drearily waving to and fro on the branches of the trees.

Jean has kept her promise, and she and Mr. Smith have become firm friends. It is a delightful friendship, such as few have experienced, that of sincere interest in each other, unbroken by the sentimentality of love. In fact, all thoughts of that unsubstantial article had entered the head of neither. Just at present they are seated before the open fire in Jean's music-room.

He has told her many experiences of his past life, but has carefully avoided much mention of his numerous trials and tribulations. To-day he is in a rather melancholy frame of mind.

"I am going away soon, Jean. I am tired of doing nothing. It's a very unsatisfactory mode of life."

"Why, Harry! You don't really mean that you are going away?"

"Yes, I do."

"But where?"

"To the devil, I suppose."

"Harry, what *is* the matter? I had no idea you were unhappy. You have told me so much about yourself already, that I shall feel real hurt if you cease to confide in me."

"You're a dear girl, Jean, but I'm not going to make you feel badly by a recital of my wretchedness. A man's not a man if he can't bear his troubles for himself."

"And a man's not a man if he lets his troubles carry him to the devil."

The young man laughed bitterly.

"I'll tell *you*, Jean. Money is the 'root' of

every thing, whether it is good, bad, or indifferent. This 'root' is something that has been very scarce with me. Literally, I had to fight my way through college. Just after leaving college, I fell desperately in love with a very sweet young girl, and believed my love reciprocated. I was not in a position to marry: so I went to work, and worked hard. It was a pleasure to me, for her dear face was ever before my eyes, a beacon-light guiding me upward and onward. I wrote to her several times, but received no answer. One day I received a note from her guardian, stating that she was to be married; and, soon after, I received wedding-cards directed by her own hand. It was more than I could bear. I did not believe she could be *so* untrue. My mind gave way, and I was sick a long time with a delirious fever. When I recovered, I was seized with a peculiar ambition. I would become rich, and return to the East, and live in grand style where she could not help but see me continually. I would strive for praise and honor from my countrymen. Then I thought, if she had ever loved me, it would strike such remorse to her heart that she would be miserable all her life. I became possessor of a silver-mine, and was very successful. I was jubilant. But foes, in the disguise of friends, departed one day for Canada, carrying with them my hard-earned wealth. The mine gave out, and left me penniless."

He felt a warm tear strike his hand. He turned quickly. "Don't pity me, Jean. I deserved it. It was a just reward for my wicked wish to embitter the life of a woman. And," he added entreatingly, "please, Jean, don't quite despise me. I have thoroughly repented, and have decided to show my repentance by trying to live a noble and unselfish life."

"Then you aren't going to the devil?" she mischievously asked.

"Now, Jean, that's ungenerous. Don't cast that up to me, but help me out of my dilemma. What shall I do?"

"Harry, you once told me that you wrote a good deal while in college, and, on one occasion, received the highest prize offered for story-writing. Why not try your hand at it again?"

"What! Do you mean write a book?"

"Certainly. You once said my music-room was very inspiring. If you wish, you can write here. I promise you, you shall not be disturbed."

"You are very kind, Jean; and, if I write here, I guess it will be *we* who compose the story, not *I*. I guess we'll try it. It will be a source of great amusement anyhow, and we can't do less than fail."

"But screw your courage to the sticking place, And we'll not fail."

(To be continued.)

DIED, in Dalton, Mass., March 30, HELEN C. CARSON, aged fifteen years.

When we began another year of school together last September, we little thought that, before its close, one of our number would be taken from us; for, in the fall, Nellie seemed quite strong and well, having passed a pleasant summer, and returning to Lasell full of energy, and ready for work. Always fond of study, and having a remarkably bright, active mind, as well as a very strong, resolute disposition, she surmounted all obstacles which came in her way, and made a success of whatever she undertook. Her illness came on so gradually, and seemed at first so slight, that she felt no fears, but spoke of it as a cold which would soon pass off. But she did not seem to gain strength; and, although she was very reluctant to do so, she was obliged to leave school in February, and go home. We all hoped that the entire rest and home care would bring her back to health again, but it seemed best to "Him who doeth all things well" that she should be summoned home while she was yet a child. Although young in years, Nellie felt deeply on many subjects, and this, together with her thoroughly upright disposition, gained for her many warm friends among her older schoolmates, as well as among those of her own age. During her illness, Nellie found great comfort in the thought of the Saviour, and often repeated to herself the words "everlasting life," seeming to look forward with joy to the time when she should be at rest. The school was represented at the funeral, which took place April 2, by Professor Bragdon and Miss Coe. Nellie's many friends at Lasell, wishing to send some token of their affection, gave a wreath of beautiful white flowers. We shall always remember the bright, earnest face of our little mate, and we often think with sorrow of the home made lonely by her loss. Mr. and Mrs. Carson have our sincere sympathy in their great affliction.

AN OPEN LETTER.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., March 17, 1885.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It seems as if I did not half express my thankfulness to you girls for your kindness and munificence to us, although I tried my best that last night, in chapel. But, some of the girls being away at the concert, I did not feel satisfied, and have not felt so ever since.

This is about the first chance I have had to write on the subject; and even now, as you see, I am using a tablet, and resting in an easy-chair. Not that I have been any worse, but am trying to get all the rest I can, and not to make hard work of writing.

As I said in chapel, I had been thinking before ever you brought that little package into our room, on Thursday noon, how I could thank the girls for their thoughtfulness and kindness to Mrs. Burke, little Edith, and myself; and then, when that handsome present appeared, it seemed as if the students had outdone themselves. "Then it was a real surprise?" Of course it was! I had not dreamed of such a thing. The idea of a present had not entered my head; and, if I had not received one, I should never have thought of it.

And nothing could have been more appropriate. There was no bulky article, to require time and care in packing; but ten gold birds, in a cage so soft that they couldn't injure themselves, even if they should get uneasy, and try to get away!

I wondered a little at your leaving our room so abruptly, after giving us the package; but, when we reached the eighteenth or nineteenth paper, so nicely wrapped around the mysterious something inside, I could see that you might wish to leave us alone to enjoy finding the "nucleus." True, we had to laugh a little, when the wrappers piled up knee-high; but, after we had opened the "cage," and looked in—Well, we found the top papers wet when we gathered them up afterwards. The tender chord had been struck, and our feelings overcame us. May He who seeth in secret reward you all openly! I have enjoyed my work at Lasell, largely because I have seen the results in so many of my pupils. I have time now to look back, and see what I have not taken time to see before. I cannot believe every thing, however, that some of the newspapers are saying about me. An *over-estimate* is about as bad as an *under-estimate*, in the eyes of those who know the cold facts. I am satisfied with the *truth*.

Now, I have been interrupted in writing this, but trust that you may be able to connect its broken sentences. As I say, I have not felt quite satisfied about acknowledging the girls' present; and, to do so more fully, I have written you these lines, which you may make use of as you think best,—either passing them to some of the girls to read; or if you are willing, and can secure some out-of-the-way corner in the LEAVES this month or next, perhaps the editor would not object to an "open letter." In any event, I tender my sincere thanks to the kind and generous students of Lasell, for their unexampled conduct towards me and mine.

I remain,

Very truly your friend,

JOSEPH C. BURKE.

AN agreeable person is one who agrees with you.

AUBURN HALL.

THE Auburndale Village Improvement Society has been lately brought into greater prominence than ever before, as the lessee of the recently evacuated schoolhouse. The two rooms on the upper floor of the building have been transformed into one large room; and this, having been prettily painted and decorated, is now known as Auburn Hall. A hall suitable for entertainments, either of a musical, literary, etc.,—perhaps social nature,—has long been needed in Auburndale, where the various churches have hitherto been used for the purpose, greatly to the dissatisfaction of some of the good people. Auburn Hall was formally opened and dedicated on Tuesday evening, March 17. Much to our delight, the Orphean Club was invited to sing at the occasion; the invitation being given, no doubt, out of respect for our instructor, Professor J. A. Davis, who is held in high repute as a leader and conductor.

ART NOTES.

GEORGE W. CHILDS has presented to the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts a collection of sketches and studies in black and white. There are forty-seven in all, and twenty are attributed to the great painter's own hand.

NEARLY three hundred paintings, formerly owned by Mr. George T. Serrey, but, by reason of financial reverses, soon to be dispersed at auction in Chickering Hall, are on view at the rooms of the American Art Association, where they deservedly attract much attention.

WE understand that between eleven hundred and twelve hundred pictures have been sent to the Academy of Design, New York City, for the approaching spring exhibition; but, as the galleries contain space for only about eight hundred, the percentage of rejected works will be smaller than at the water-color exhibitions. At the last water-color exhibition the sales amounted to a little over twenty-one thousand dollars, at catalogue prices, and the actual receipts, as distinguished from receipts based upon catalogue prices, were eighteen thousand dollars.

WE read in "Scribner" that there is a difference between a painting and a pound of sugar. Glad to know it.

A CHOICE collection of rare specimens of Arab and Persian art is now being held at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in London.

AN international exhibition of blacks and whites is now in progress at the Louvre.

AN exhibition will open at Toulouse the 1st of May.

A STATUE of Claude Lorraine is to be erected in Paris.

ROME has an exposition of wood carvings, under the auspices of the Industrial Museum.

THE Society of the Friends of Parisian Monuments have restored the Porte St. Denis, which was gradually going to pieces.

It seems that even the Louvre sometimes gets misled, according to recent comments in the French journals regarding the three pictures by Franz Hals, lately bought for about twenty thousand dollars from the monastery of Beerensteyn. The largest picture, a family group, is said to be about ruined by unskilful cleaning and restoring; the portrait of a woman has been similarly damaged; and the portrait of a man is the only one of the three which is in good condition. The "Courier de l'Art" is our authority for these statements.

ROSA BONHEUR's last painting, a cattle scene in the Pyrenees, has been offered to a New York dealer for twelve thousand dollars.

THE exhibition of the works of Eugene Delacroix at the École des Beaux Arts, Paris, is pronounced a triumph, and is daily visited by thousands.

ROSA BONHEUR has just passed her sixty-second birthday.

MUSICAL NOTES.

IN spite of his advanced age, Liszt is still actively composing.

IN Patti's absence, Sembrich seems to be the vocal star of Europe.

THE Opera House at Buda Pesth is the finest in Europe, and is chiefly built of white marble.

MUSIC in the United States has met with a severe loss by the death of Dr. Leopold Damrosch, which took place at his residence in New York City, Feb. 15. Dr. Damrosch was in his fifty-third year, having been born at Posen, Prussia, Oct. 22, 1832. His early life was spent here; and, as his parents had chosen the medical profession for him, he was placed in the University of Berlin, where he graduated with high honor. After his graduation, he returned to Posen, where he practised his profession until 1854. It was then that his early love for music, which had been rapidly growing, achieved the mastery over his adopted profession; and he started out as a concert violinist. He played at Berlin in 1856, and also in Magdeburg, where his talents were universally appreciated. He was urged to go to Weimar, and did so. Here he won the friendship of Liszt. In 1856 he married Helena von Hiemburg, with whom he lived happily. Al-

though Dr. Damrosch enjoyed a European reputation, his greatest work has been done in this country. It was upon his work done in the Oratorio and Symphony Societies that his reputation as a gifted, energetic, and zealous musician was founded.

BEETHOVEN symphonies were first heard in Boston in 1841.

FURSCH-MADI has signed a contract with Theodore Thomas for a spring and summer season. It is said that she will receive \$20,000 for forty concerts.

GOUNOD's new Easter Mass was produced in Paris, a few weeks ago, under the composer's direction. It is more severe and austere than previous masses by him. Great care has been taken to avoid theatrical effects. The work made a deep impression, and will shortly be performed in England.

MME. ADELINA TOSTI has organized a concert company, including Miss Ollie Torbett.

MAPLESON has arranged for a spring season in New York, beginning late in April.

RUBINSTEIN has been concertizing in Moscow.

VON BULOW has been giving concerts in the principal cities of Russia.

JONES. — "I hear that the handsome young tenor of your choir is to marry the charming soprano. Sing-ular, is it not?"

SMITH. — "Yes: each struck a chord in the other's heart; it did not take long to register their vows, and it will be a note-able wedding. They will spend their honeymoon on the high c's."

"Very romantic aff-air, no doubt."

"Well, no, except that they met by chants."

SEVERINI, the well-known teacher of music, died recently in New York.

AMONG the ladies of the chorus at the Teatro della Pergola, Florence, there is one, still singing away, aged seventy-four.

MISS BESSIE HAMLIN has appeared in oratorio in England, with signal success. Leading critics pronounce Miss Hamlin's voice and method phenomenally fine.

TERESE LIEBE is in New York.

RUBINSTEIN will personally conduct his "Tower of Babel" at Leipzig.

SEVEN musical composers born in America were announced for representation at the last novelty concert in New York. They were John K. Paine, E. Macdowell, Dudley Buck, George E. Whiting, F. van der Stucken, E. C. Phelps, and Templeton Strong.

TAMBERLIK, before definitely retiring, will sing in two operas at Madrid.

LISZT has left Rome, and gone to Pesth, where he is to give lessons to the advanced pianoforte students of the National Musical Academy.

MUSIC or no music, it is an historical and also a zoölogical fact that the cat was the original pur-former.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

SOME statistics estimate the annual consumption of quicksilver throughout the world at 78,000 bottles; and the quantity obtained from the California mines from 1850 to 1883 is stated to have been 1,357,403 bottles. The European mines, during the same period, had an output of 1,316,973 bottles. Out of the twenty-seven mines in California, only five are now worked.

ON the evening of July 13, 1884, a French scientist, M. Desquesnes, succeeded in obtaining a photograph of a flash of lightning. It was taken in the ordinary way, with a very dry plate; and, although the picture is very imperfect in other respects, yet it gives a very accurate idea of the minute ramifications of the discharge.

A LONDON exchange notices what is probably one of the earliest references to the use of India-rubber for the removal of pencil-marks from paper, in a note to the introduction of a treatise on a perspective, by Dr. Priestly, published in 1770. The author remarks, "Since the work was printed off, I have seen a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping from paper the marks of a black-lead pencil."

"Now that electricity is becoming the great light producer and motor of the age, why not utilize the electric eel as a draught-horse?"

THE Imperial Canal of China is 100 miles long. In the year 1781 was completed the greatest undertaking of the kind in Europe, the Canal du Languedoc, or the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Its length is 148 miles; it has more than 100 locks, and about 50 aqueducts; and, in its highest part, is no less than 600 feet above the sea. It is navigable for vessels of upward of 100 tons. The Erie Canal is 350½ miles long; the Ohio Canal, Cleveland to Portsmouth, 332 miles long. The Suez Canal is 26 feet 4 inches deep, 72 feet 5 inches wide at bottom, 329 feet wide at water surface; length a little short of 100 miles. Panama Canal is to be 45½ miles in length.

IN the North Carolina "Medical Journal," Dr. J. R. Irving says that one of the best and most pleasant things that can be used to relieve the painful state of the dental nerves is chewing cinnamon bark. It destroys the sensibility of the nerves, and suspends the pain immediately if the bark is of a good quality.

LOCALS.

GIRLS, dust your racquets !

THE "S. D.'s" have a new officer in their club, called the "budget-girl."

THE Lasellia Club was presented with a handsome desk by Miss Whipple.

THE girls are home from their vacation with bright and blooming faces. They seemed to have a pretty good time, but nevertheless they were all glad to get back to charming Lasell.

BELLE said, in making a drawing of the temple, after coming from Mr. B.'s chalk talk, "This is the altar of burnt insects."

A TINY fancy show-case turned from a bit of the "old town elm" at Plymouth, and enclosing a sample of Plymouth rock, is a late addition to our "museum."

AN application for further information about Lasell, from one who bases her request on liking much the catalogue of 1884, comes addressed to Edward Lasell. Mr. Lasell died thirty-three years ago.

AT Sunday school, the superintendent gave each child a piece of unleavened bread. One brought his home, and offered his mother a bite of his "twelve bread."—"What do you mean?" said his mother. "Oh, they said it was eleven bread, but I call it twelve bread!"

ONE of the young ladies, being short of funds, wrote to her father, "Send me twenty dollars by return mail. He who gives quickly gives double." Her father replied by the next mail, enclosing ten dollars, with the remark that, as he responded promptly, the ten dollars enclosed were equivalent to the desired twenty dollars.

A SENIOR was heard to remark the other day, "Have you ever read Johnson's Life of Boswell?"

A DUDE (standing in front of the picture of the horned Moses, under which is written, "Rome. Moses. Michael Angelo").—"Oh, dear! Is that Michael Angelo? I didn't know he was such an ugly man.

REV. H. T. Knapp delivered his last lecture in the chapel April 8. We are all sorry that these instructive and entertaining lectures are finished.

ONE of the girls, displaying her muscle with pride: "Just see, it's all muscle, not a bit of flesh on my arm."

ONE of the girls was shedding tears in her soup at the table the other day, when a friend observing her said, "K——, what are you crying about?"—"Oh," said K——, "Miss C—— spoke to me so kindly."—"Don't cry, my dear girl," said the friend. "I dare say she didn't mean it."

A TYPE-WRITER is the last addition to the office furniture. Girls, you might practise on this, and so be fitter for one kind of earning.

THE Seminary has recently had the offer of an eight hundred dollar telescope for five hundred dollars. It is a first-rate glass in every way for the first price, and is a special bargain at the second. Some of Lasell's friends are giving generously to other schools. Where are the friends who will show their faith in Lasell? Here is a chance for one.

A MILD REBUKE.

AT all hours of day, and almost of night,
Wherever you go, to left or right,
But one refrain from room and hall,
From little girls, big girls, short and tall.

Hark! just listen, and you will hear
The Seniors warbling loud and clear,
"Only to see thee dar"—Then it dies away,
And the Juniors yonder take up the lay.

"Only to hear thy voice, e'en though"—
Here the chapel bell rings, and away they go.
Next the Sophs take the cue, and gently sing:
"Thy faintest whisper" is their murmuring.

Then the Freshies, lifting their childish voice,
Lisp the finis, "Would make my heart rejoice."
And all into one grand chorus burst,
Making the second verse just like the first.

And now, my dear, darling, "delightfullest" girls,
With the brightest of eyes, and the prettiest of curls,
Do you think that it pays to be wasting your strength
In voicing your longing at such a great length?

Don't you think a few weeks, or say months, ought to do?
How much do you s'pose "thee darling's" longing for you?
How many times, in the course of a week,
Do "thee's" thoughts turn to you, or of you does "thee" speak?

Don't you think you might better be learning your art,
Or reviewing your United States history chart,
Or finding the square on the hypotenuse,
Or sewing—just a hint—the buttons onto your shoes?

THE B. S. S. is a society of no great fame, nor of great age, since it was only founded on New Year's eve of '85; but it is wonderful what such young organizations can accomplish if their members are only energetic. The second meeting of this Society was held on the first evening of spring vacation. The result of the evening's endeavors would have astounded Hercules himself. There were only *nine* of them; but the caterer in Boston, who furnished something to merely start on, probably wondered if there had been an annex erected at Lasell.

DO.

THE girls who have pored over the pages of the little book called "Don't" are now invited by an exchange to accept advice in regard to things they should do.

Do be natural: a poor diamond is better than a good imitation.

Do try to be accurate, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your sex: the incapacity of the female mind for accuracy is a standard argument against the equality of the sexes.

Do be exact in money matters: every debt you incur means loss to some one, probably to some one less able than you to bear it.

Do answer your letters soon after they are received, and do try to reply to them with relation to their contents: a rambling, ill-considered letter is a satire upon your education.

Do observe: the faculty of observation, well cultivated, makes practical men and women.

Do attach as much importance to your mind as to your body.

Do recollect that your health is of more importance than your amusement: you can live without one, but you'll die early without the other.

Do try to be sensible: it is not a particular sign of superiority to talk like a fool.

Do be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people.

Do get up in time for breakfast.

Do avoid causes of irritation in your family circle; do reflect that home is the place in which to be agreeable.

Do be reticent: the world at large has no interest in your private affairs.

Do cultivate the habit of listening to others: it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry.

Do be contented; "martyrs" are detestable: a cheerful, happy spirit is infectious; you can carry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere. Do avoid whispering: it is as bad as giggling. Both are to be condemned; there is no excuse for either one of them. If you have any thing to say, say it: if you have not, do hold your tongue altogether; silence is golden.

Do be truthful; do avoid exaggeration: if you mean a mile, say a mile, and not a mile and a half; if you mean one, say one, and not a dozen.

Do, sometimes, at least, allow your mother to know better than you do: she was educated before you were born.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

WHAT need of faith if all were visibly clear?

'T is for the trial time that this was given.

Though clouds be thick, the sun is just as near;

And faith will find Him in the heart of heaven.

ANON.

THEIR FICKLE HEARTS.

THEY had always known each other, those two. When they were very, very young, they used to make the most charming mud-pies together in their back yards; and, when dinner-time came, they used to be fairly dragged away from each other by their cruel nurses, whose dear hearts were not at all touched by the tearful little faces, or the shrill, imploring voices crying for just one moment more of bliss and dirt.

They had long ago outgrown pinafores and mud-pies, but their affection for each other was not one bit less ardent. His name was Richard, but they called him "Dick" for short. She was Kit. He was not what you would call exactly handsome; but as he passed the neighbors' houses, going to and from school, they were in the habit of remarking, "What a nice-looking man Dick will make!" It really did seem as if, when he reached the age of mustaches and dude-glasses, he would be in appearance somewhat above the average youth of the country. Kit was pretty: there was no mistaking that. Every one had known that always; and no one had known it longer than the charming Kit herself. Her gray eyes had a merry twinkle in them; her mouth was sweet, and it, too, had just a suspicion of a twinkle in the corners, that seemed just made to go with the eyes. Every one loved Kit, and Dick loved her more than all the rest put together; at least, he thought he did, which is about the same thing.

He always dragged her sled up the long, slippery hill in the winter-time, because it was so dreadfully heavy for her; and, when the boys and girls coasted in the moonlight, he always sat next to her on the long "double-runner," just to keep her from falling off. They had gay times and sad times together, and shared each other's joy and tribulation. When Dick was whipped before the whole school, because he shot a paper wad into the teacher's eye, Kit cried loudly, and told the master that her papa would have him arrested, so he would! They were married when Dick had reached the age of twelve, on Kit's birthday, by Kit's kitchen-girl, who, to grace the occasion, wore a sheet for a surplice, and one of the bride's black sashes for a stole. The bride was beautiful in grandma's best brocade from the attic, and Dick sported a villanous-looking mustache which brother Jim had once worn at a masquerade. He felt very large indeed when he promised to cherish for better, for worse, the blushing little bride at his elbow; and really he meant every word he said. They loved each other better than ever after their marriage, and vowed never to separate.

Children grow surprisingly fast. Dick was sixteen before his father could realize it, and one day that good gentleman aroused himself to look around for a school suitable for the education of

his youngest son. Dick was overjoyed when he heard of the arrangement, but really he almost cried when he thought of his pretty wife left all alone. When the news reached Kit, she positively refused to be comforted, and left the table in tears every meal for the first three days after she had heard it. Nothing was left for her to do but to repair to some institution of learning also, and, by the novelty of such a thing, deaden her lively grief. Accordingly, one day in September, the sorrow-stricken pair both started off with their fond papas, — Dick with his teeth set hard, and a determined look in his face; and Kit with the salt tears steaming down her pretty cheeks.

Dick was established comfortably in a school for boys, preparatory to one of our largest colleges, and began to enjoy life in real earnest; but Kit's sweet face was ever with him, and seemed to him to frown on him in a most sorrowful manner once or twice when he didn't know his Latin lesson, and tried to skip class. He dreamed of his pretty wife every night for the first two or three weeks of his stay at school; the third week, he dreamed of her every other night. He wrote stormy epistles full of vows of eternal friendship, beginning, "My own," etc., every day for three whole weeks; the fourth week, he wrote not quite so often, and not so long; at last a letter came which had no beginning worth mentioning; and ending frigidly, "Yours truly." He said to himself that he was "plugging," and wished for goodness' sake he had more time to keep up his correspondence. Kit was at a large seminary in a little New England village. She was dreadfully homesick. The home is where the heart is, you know; and Kit cried herself to sleep every night for three weeks. The week following, she left off weeping, and contracted the habit of attending nocturnal spreads just to drown her grief. It was too bad; but she positively couldn't find time to write to her friends, she was so very busy. There was a picture on her dresser of an old young man, with his hair parted in the middle, a Vandyke beard, and a most entrancing droop in his eyes. The picture was borrowed from a friend who roomed next door. Kit thought it very charming. The young man was so nice and old. She wished Dick would have a beard: his picture looked so childish beside the other. But then, Dick was only a youth. What an absurd idea to pretend that she and Dick were really married! She had outgrown all such nonsense, she hoped. She wrote her quondam lover something to that effect. He replied, some time afterward, that he had thought it exceedingly nonsensical all along.

Long years afterwards, Kit married the old young man with the Vandyke beard; and Dick, who had been studying abroad, returned to his native village, with a foreign air about the cut of his clothes, a dude-glass in his eye, and benign smiles for every pretty girl he met.

PERSONALS.

MISS EBERSOLE has decided to stay with her sister until June.

MISSSES ALLEN, RYAN, and BUBB spent their Easter vacation with friends in New Haven.

MR. GEORGE PECK of Detroit gave us, as well as his daughter, a pleasure in coming to see her school-home, a few days since.

CARRIE WALLACE (Mrs. Charles E. Hussey) brought her sister Annie, who was visiting her, to see us, March 25.

MRS. C. A. GOODYEAR (Eirene King, '57) sends a hearty invitation to the Lasell party to call upon her at her home in Athens, whither she sailed April 11. Her address is care of Dr. Agabey, Athens.

ANNIE BRAGDON WINSLOW ('82) is a loyal daughter of Lasell, coming often to see that the school fares well. She often brings some of the old girls who have come to visit her.

THE prettiest Easter card we have seen this year came as a friendly reminder of olden times from Helen Winslow, who is at her home in East Pepperell, and whom we would be glad to see again. Come as a sort of committee, Helen, and find out how the girls are getting along, and try the new gymnasium.

GUSSIE ADAMS is at her home in Saratoga, and using her gifts and graces to good purpose, — has a class in Sunday school, ten bright little boys. May she be able to lead them all to a Christian life! She says she has been assistant cook, and "found some of the general lessons at Lasell quite a help" to her. She says Mamie's boy is growing like a little man.

BELLE MCKENZIE CRYER is as happy as the mother of a baby girl two months old ought to be.

MISS ANNIE KENDIG was married to Mr. Silas Pierce, jun., in Winthrop-street Methodist Church, Boston Highlands, Tuesday evening, April 7. A reception followed at the residence of the parents of the bride, Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Kendig, 35 Dale Street. Annie's new home address, after May 20, is 26 Cedar Street, Boston Highlands. Every thing about the wedding was perfect, so says Mr. B., who was present.

PRINCIPAL BRAGDON was elected Orator of the Alumni of the North-western University, for the year, but was obliged to decline the honor, because the Alumni meeting and our Commencement fall on the same day, June 17.

MISS NELLIE FERGUSON, of the class of '81, was at Auburndale a few days ago, and made a call at the Seminary. She has just returned from

Maryland, where she spent the larger part of the winter. While in Washington, she met Bessie Cushing, through that mystic symbol, her "S.D." pin. Nellie expressed herself, as all others do, delighted with the new gymnasium and the new pictures, and said she wished she might come back and enjoy them for a while.

It is with much regret that we learn that Miss Etta Jackson will not be with us this term. She is going to the Clifton Sanitarium, where she will be treated for her health.

SOME of the young ladies had a glimpse of Mame Harmon's blooming face at Springfield, as they passed through.

CARRIE KENDIG ('79) is State Superintendent for Massachusetts of the Flower Mission of the W. C. T. U., and issues an appeal both pathetic and stirring for the organization and carrying on the work of the Mission.

AN EVENING WITH LONGFELLOW AND WHITTIER.

ONE would think, in reviewing the many entertainments which have been given to set forth the beauties of our American poets, that nothing of Whittier's or of Longfellow's could be found to recite which had not already been worn threadbare. The entertainment, however, on Monday evening, March 30, was certainly very different from our expectations, and drew forth claims for admiration of our two well-beloved poets which we had not realized before. An autograph letter from John G. Whittier was read by Miss Penfield, as a pleasant introduction to the evening. At the end of the letter was a poem, which, though composed before, was changed in several places, and seemed to come directly from the heart of the poet as he wrote. Each part of the programme was well rendered, and deserves personal mention and commendation. That Lasell feels proud of those who honor her is felt, if it be not said.

The following is the programme:—

RECITATION. Nauhaught the Deacon . Miss MILLS
PIANOFORTE. Nocturne in G-flat major . . Brassan
Miss SWAN.

RECITATION. King Volmer and Elsie, Miss COMSTOCK
SONG. Never again Cowen
Miss PRICKETT.

RECITATION. Abraham Davenport . Miss HAYDEN
PIANOFORTE. Polonaise. C-sharp minor . Chopin
Miss NINDE.

RECITATION. Robert of Sicily Miss BEST
SONG. The Day is done Balfe
Miss PENFIELD.

RECITATION. The Bell of Atri . . Miss LANGLEY
PIANOFORTE DUO. Danse Macabre . . Saint-Saëns
Misses NINDE and ALLING.

RECITATION. The Legend Beautiful, Miss C. EBERSOLE

PUPILS' MUSICAL REHEARSAL.

THE regular term concert was given in the chapel Tuesday evening, March 31. All the performers did admirably, and reflected great credit on their instructors, as well as on themselves. We missed some of our old players and singers, but their places were quite well filled. This was the first time the cornet has been played by one of the students at a rehearsal, and Miss Fowler did finely. The guitar, banjo, and violin furnished a pleasant diversity. The following is the

PROGRAMME.

CHORUS. Spring again with Azure Band . Eitner
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANOFORTE. a. Impromptu Gurlitt
b. Album Blatt Kirchner
MISS A. BROWN.

GUITAR. Lob der Thränen Schubert
MISS C. EBERSOLE.

SONG. I've Something Sweet to tell you . Fanning
MISS J. JACKSON.

PIANOFORTE. Melodie in F. . . . Rubinstein
MISS SMITH.

BANJO AND GUITAR. a. Concert March . Stewart
b. Royal Schottische . Weston
c. Irish Reel Sharplie
MISSSES CORCORAN AND COLBURN.

SONG. Not a Sparrow falleth Gilbert
MISS PRICE.

PIANOFORTE. Le Ruisseau; Valse Étude, Wollenhaupt
MISS STAFFORD.

CHORUS. a. The Early Morning . . Rheinberger
b. Lady Bird Cowen
ORPHEAN CLUB.

CORNET. The Heart bowed down . . Balfe
MISS MAE FOWLER.

SONG. Tender and True Marston
MISS B. LOWE.

PIANOFORTE. Sonata. Op. 14. Allegro
— Andante Beethoven
MISS COGSWELL.

SONG. Springtime Becker
MISS ALLING.

VIOLIN. Fifth Air Varie Dancla
MISS SWAN.

VOCAL TRIO. Rest thee on this Mossy Pillow, Smart
MISSSES MILLS, MARSHALL, AND PENFIELD.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And, with his Father, work us a perpetual peace.
MILTON.

THERE are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more common still;
The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.
MRS. BROWNING.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE new ministers to England and Mexico are both poets.

THE last act of ex-President Arthur was to sign the Grant retirement bill, and President Cleveland's first act was to send it.

RUSSIA can hardly consider herself in a fit condition to meet England on the field of battle. It does not seem likely, however a warlike front the two assume, that war will actually be declared.

THAT a Democratic President should appoint a Republican to be the head of the most important post-office in the country, because he has superior qualifications for transacting satisfactorily to the people the public business, and can be trusted not to abuse his power, is a most conspicuous and assuring triumph of civil-service reform.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's decision to attend Rev. Byron Sunderland's Presbyterian church in Washington will occasion quite as much talk in Washington society as any act of the administration. It is said that Dr. Sunderland was the pastor of the church in Buffalo where Mrs. Cleveland attended, and that the little boy Grover was often taken to hear the man who will now preach to him as President.

THE government has used very prompt measures in ordering a naval brigade to the Isthmus to save the American flag from further insult, and to protect American interests there.

EXCHANGES.

THE "Harvard Crimson" feels that President Eliot ought to address the public, as the majority of students know him only through the newspapers.

THE University of Pennsylvania is indeed modest, as is shown by the following: "Yale once more claims the college championship in rowing. How absurd this is! Yale rows but one race, and refuses all other challenges, and then claims the championship of all the other colleges. If any college has a right to such a claim, it is the university, for we have by far the best record of any. But we make no such claim."— (?)

THE "Advocate" informs us that an examination of the books of the director of the gymnasium reveals this startling fact, that over one-half of the students are victims of the present fashionable ailment,—heart disease. Did some one say *Harvard* had an Annex?

It seems rather strange to read that at Princeton more students have elected Greek and Latin than French and German, and that English has been the least popular elective of all.

THE February number of the "Bowdoin Orient" is a memorial of Longfellow, who was a student in the college of the class of 1825. The number contains letters from several of Longfellow's classmates, including the poets Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE "College Rambler" has passed from the hands of the Seniors to those of the Sophomores. It starts off well by laying down a few facts: that the paper *must* be helped by the students if they wish it to be a success. We wish them much prosperity.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

THE petition for voluntary prayers at Harvard was not granted, although it had nine hundred signatures.

THE growth of education in this country is marvellous. Tutors at Harvard get from eight hundred to twelve hundred dollars a year, and the trainer in athletics gets two thousand. — *Ex.*

It has been estimated that Yale College brings into New Haven over a million dollars annually.

WHY is a Freshman like a telescope? Because he is easily drawn out, easily seen through, and easily shut up. — *Ex.*

THE whole number of students in the collegiate departments in the colleges of the United States are thirty-two thousand. — *Ex.*

A NUMBER of the students of Trinity College supported Booth at his appearance in Hartford.

IN inviting Mr. Henry Irving to deliver a lecture on the dramatic art, Harvard University has established a precedent as well as honored an actor. The best friends of the American stage have therefore a new reason for acknowledging the services of the distinguished Englishman. — *Ex.*

PRESIDENT SEELYE of Amherst is improving, and expects to be able to tend to some of his duties soon.

THE Harvard Shakspeare Club is planning to give a public representation of the first three acts of Julius Cæsar some time this spring.

It is said President McCosh has attended ten colleges, and graduated from six.

THE celebrated sculptor Randolph Rogers has signified his intention of leaving to the University of Michigan, at his death, the entire contents of his studio in Rome.

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME X.

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"WHAT is the matter? I really never before saw you look quite so broken up." It was the room-mate of one of the editors of the LASELL LEAVES, addressing the forlorn editor.

"Well, you see, to-morrow the manuscripts for the LEAVES must go to Rand & Avery, and not an editorial written, and not a subject to write about."

"Why don't you discuss some of the stirring topics of the day?"

"Name the topics, and I will discuss," replied the desperate editor.

"New-England weather."

"Oh, don't! If I should get started on that subject, I would not end until midnight. I defy you to name any thing more changeable than New-England weather. Why, Mark Twain counted in spring one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather in four and twenty

hours, and he has not done the subject justice. Try and suggest another topic."

"Voluntary prayers at Harvard."

"The young men of Harvard College need to pray, badly enough, whether voluntarily or involuntarily; and, if they find so many objections to doing so, it goes to show that something is wrong with themselves, and they had better turn to self-examination. We admire the way the students of Yale have come forward, and thrown their influence in favor of compulsory prayers."

"There! that is short and sweet: give me the next topic."

"The students at Yale celebrating the appointment of Edward Phelps, minister to England."

"That is a little old; but, never mind, may be our California subscribers have not yet heard of the affair."

"The young men at Yale celebrated the appointment of Edward Phelps, minister to England, by a big bonfire. Kindling-wood growing scarce, articles that had been intended for a better use were soon consumed by the blaze. A member of the executive authority appeared upon the scene, in citizen's dress. He received a warm reception, not altogether owing to the bright fire. The intruder, upon returning the greeting, cut a gash in the face of the student who had before played the part of host. The young men heard that their comrade was to be identified by the cut in his cheek, and arrested the next day; but the next morning every man appeared with a piece of court-plaster upon his face in exactly the same place. While we do not approve of using useful articles for fuel, we think it would be wise for a policeman, when he intends to do his duty, to appear in his uniform, and not try to do a thing in an underhand way."

"Finished that: next topic."

"Greek and Latin electives for entrance to Harvard."

"Before the change that occurred last June, the student at Harvard was compelled to continue his Greek and Latin during the Freshman year; but now, according to the plan which has been lately made, but which has not been announced in the college circular, he can attain the degree of A.B. without having studied Greek, or without having studied Latin, only one of the ancient languages being required. But, owing to our stupidity probably, we are unable to discover,

since if a knowledge of at least one ancient language is considered of so much importance and value to the education of the student, and cannot possibly be left out, why two are not doubly valuable. The ancient language, however, can only be omitted by offering in its place what is commonly designated as a "scientific" training: modern languages or literature cannot be substituted. In spite of the fact that the student is allowed to drop one of the classics, the study of the modern languages is not considered equal to the ancient for mental discipline, as he is compelled to offer in its place extra studies."

"It occurs to me that that is about enough about colleges: suppose for the next you give me a home subject."

"Not so easily done," murmured the room-mate languidly: "notes for an editorial that would interest the public are not plenty here. The school has gone along in its usual undeviating course; but the professor said that the tongs moved from one side of the fireplace to the other would interest us. Descend to small things. That picture hung by the chapel-door has not been mentioned in the LEAVES: suppose you try that."

"If Mr. St. John could come to Lasell, walk towards the chapel-door, and, just before reaching it, should bend his gaze upon the right-hand side of said door, he would see a sight that would cause him to shed tears. The cause of his sorrow is a diagram representing the annual expenditure for intoxicating liquors in the United States, with various other items of expenditure for the necessities of life, and worthy enterprises in which the American people are engaged. This is illustrated by black marks showing the relative size of the amount of money spent for each. The line for liquors extends the entire length of the diagram, while it is almost necessary to borrow glasses to be able to see the missionary column. As we look at the long mark that represents to us the misery and desolation that is brought into the world through the instrumentality of whiskey, we think how rapidly darkness is spreading over our land, and in what a feeble way we are fighting against this evil."

"Just one more subject, and I will never ask you for any thing more," called the editor with some signs of weariness. But no answer came to her listening ears: the much-enduring room-mate had fallen into the arms of Morpheus.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON A WELL-WORN THEME.

It is quite the thing at the present day for people, and young people in particular, to read as many novels as they can get hold of. All they talk about when they get together is of the latest novel; and, if one of their number happens not to have read it, the rest hold up their hands in holy horror, and think that she has lost part of the enjoyment of this life.

Take a little girl that is just learning to read. She wants to hurry up and learn, so that she can read a story. Then, if she goes to Sunday school, she has a fine opportunity to get novels; for many of our Sunday-school libraries are stocked with them, under the innocent title of Sunday-school books. So the love for novel-reading increases, until in a little time the taste for solid reading is entirely gone.

An increase of this habit is really dangerous. We are influenced more than we think by what we read. We get to thinking, feeling, and acting according to the ideas that we imbibe in novels. It has been truly said, that we show what we are by what we read. People that are much given to novel-reading are apt to neglect more solid reading. They become sentimental and unpractical.

If a girl has from childhood read nothing but novels, of course, from the nature of the case, she will read nothing but novels when she grows up to be a woman. When she marries, it will be most likely to some one that she imagines answers the description of her hero in her favorite novel. Then she will name her children after some favorite heroine, calling one child "Lena Rivers," and another "St. Elmo." About this time she will begin to find out that married life is not all rose-color after all, that her husband is very different from the ideal which she had of him, and that she would have done much better to have learned how to keep house, than to have wasted her time in reading novels.

But there are many things that can be said in favor of a rational reading of the best novels. Some of our most brilliant people are not those that have gone through college, but those that have read extensively. By reading the works of different authors, we are able to get ideas from them all, and hence our views are broadened. In reading, we come across people in all conditions of life; we learn how peasants live, as well as kings and princes; we visit the hut as well as the palace; we meet men and women from all parts of the globe, each with some different trait of character. Often in books we find people that are true to life, and in this way we get an insight into character. There are some people, I know, who say they can read character; but I think they are rather scarce, and for most of us the only way to learn is to begin by studying characters in books.

Good novels give us information in an attrac-

tive form. From Scott's novels we learn much of the times about which he wrote, and from Dickens's much of the condition of the poor people of England. "The Marble Faun" tells us much about Rome, and the artistic treasures there; even the name of this novel being taken from a famous work of art. From "The Last Days of Pompeii" we become acquainted with a wonderful place, which no one will be likely to forget after reading this book. "The Bread Winners" can teach us something about the relation of the capitalist and the laborer; and "A Modern Instance" may lead us to think upon one of the leading questions of the day.

Even the worst people, those that are most inclined to do wrong, will admire the good people that are pictured in books, and hate the bad. We all agree with Burns when he said, —

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!"

In, reading, we often see faults like our own; we see how odious they are, and how they ought to be avoided. On the other hand, we have noble ideals set before us. We see how much the noble are thought of, and how they always have their reward, if in no place but in their own hearts and in the world to come.

I do not mean to say that even the reading of the best novels is *always* beneficial. Much depends on the way we read. Most of our novel-readers read hastily, only for the sake of the story. It does not make any difference to them whether the book is well written or not. All they want to know is whether the beautiful Madoline marries the duke or the count.

Historical novels are of no benefit if they are not supplemented by solid reading in the same line. Take, for instance, "Rienzi;" we read it, and think we have gotten considerable information from it, but in a week's time the only thing we can remember about it is that Rienzi was killed. Whereas, if, after reading it, we had gone immediately to reading history on the same subject, we should not only find the history more interesting, but we should not be apt to forget the facts thus reiterated. There are many good moral lessons in the best novels, but people are apt to say, "Oh, that is all well enough for a book; but we do not find such people in everyday life!" But the worst of it is, that they are content with having such people only in books, and they do not try in the least to copy them.

I conclude, then, that if good standard novels were read thoughtfully, with an intent not only to gain enjoyment, but also improvement from them, they could not help being beneficial. Think of the pleasure one would have to be deprived of, if there were no novels! But I must admit that, as generally read, carelessly selected, and devoured hastily in great quantities, novels do far more harm than good.

GYM. PROMENADE.

THE "gym. promenade," etc., — or, as the orders have it, the grand military ball, Seventh Regiment, New-York City, — which was held on Saturday evening, May 2, will have a place in all the "red-letter books," I am sure; for it was quite as enjoyable to the delighted and admiring audience as to those who participated in the general fun.

The gymnasium was decorated with Chinese lanterns, and with the multitude of merry dancers, all in their gay costumes, made a picture not soon to be forgotten.

The grand march was led by Capt. Corcoran of her Majesty's ship "Pinafore," and lady. The captain seemed to retain all his oldtime charm, though a number of years have elapsed since he has appeared in public. His aids were Admiral Hayden, Col. Leicester, and Sir Launcelot Ferraers.

There were many notable personages present, among whom were Amy Robsart, Lady Teazle, Little Bo Peep, Kate Greenaway; while a pretty milking-maid attracted attention by the graceful way she handled her pail; and little Dolly Varden, who alone of all the company had come with her chaperone, aunt Mandy, could not be overlooked. Many admiring glances were cast at a lorn troubadour with his guitar strung across his back; while the immortal Grosvenor, a French marquis glittering with orders, Rev. Ralph Stanley, a charming, very-much-at-home jockey, and a dapper little dude divided the honors with the captain and his aids, and a bevy of irresistible pages and pretty tambourine girls.

A feature of the evening was the dance around the May-pole, which stood in the centre of the "gym.," and of course this was a little prettier than any other May dance that ever was. After this, Miss Daisy Lloyd as a Spanish cavalier, and Miss Ada Langley as Amy Robsart, were chosen king and queen by a committee appointed for that purpose; and they were crowned "amid general rejoicing."

The music was delightful, and the orchestra deserves much praise.

At the end of the last dance, three cheers were given for Mr. Shepherd, who arranged the May dance; and the company dispersed, all agreeing that it had been truly a "great and glorious occasion."

IN this month's LEAVES, a letter will be found from a girl who went out from Lasell a few years ago. We were delighted to receive it, and will be pleased to receive any more that may find their way here. Other school papers are made interesting by articles and letters written by the old girls, and why should not Lasell have this pleasant addition? We ask all the girls who have ever attended Lasell to contribute something to our paper.

SWEET AUBURN.

[Continued from April number.]

THE subject was the next thing to be considered.

"Shall it be fictitious?" asked Jean.

"No. For the time being, I think I shall transform myself into 'truthful James,' and write about life, as I have seen it, among the mines. I mean my characters to be real people; and the incidents, incidents that have really happened."

"Why, it will be just like novelizing one of Bret Harte's poems. I like that: it will be something new, and a *real American* novel."

He laughed.

"We talk as if it were to be one of the greatest productions of the age, — this little amusement of ours."

She laughed, too.

"But, then," she said, "it must necessarily be all your own, as you have put it out of my power to help you. I know nothing whatever of the mines."

"Yes," he answered seriously, "your encouragement and sympathy are of the greatest help to me."

The dying embers in the hearth gave a last fitful blaze, then left the room in total darkness. He rose quickly.

"It must be very late; good-night, Jean," he said.

As he left the house, the sleet beat against his face. He shivered, not only from the cold, but from a sense of his utter loneliness. Then a presentiment of coming trouble seized him. He thought of the bright flickering of the ember on the hearth, and its sudden extinction.

"Shall all my hopes, all my aspirations, be like that?" he muttered to himself. "Shall they, like Meleager's ember, die when all seems brightest?" This presentiment had so thoroughly taken hold of him that he could not throw it off. He turned to one of the windows of the music-room. His face brightened. Jean knelt before the hearth, and was fanning the embers, which had again broken into a soft blaze.

"Well, summer isn't here yet, Meg. You had better take a shawl."

"I sha'n't take cold, Jeanie, and I hate shawls."

It is the month of May, and Meg and Jean are starting out for a row on the lake. Jean has not seen her friend for nearly a year, and they are anxious for a good talk.

"When does the affair take place?" asks Jean, putting her arm around Meg's neck.

"Oh! Why! You're a little previous, Jean. I'm hardly engaged."

"And Ralph Channing, after all!"

"Yes."

"How about the rich old codger with one foot in the grave?"

Meg burst into a merry laugh.

"You see I've changed my ideas, Jean, — 'love in a cottage,' after all. But tell me something about Mr. Smith."

A slight flush came into Jean's pale cheeks.

"He's very busy writing a book," she said. "I haven't seen any thing of him for a long time."

"A long time! Has he been away?"

"No. Oh, no! Let me see, — it's a week since he was here."

"A long time!" reiterated Meg. "Why, Jean, I do believe — Is it possible? Why don't you answer me?"

"No, no! it isn't possible," Jean hastily replied, glancing uneasily around her.

"Well, now, I believe it is," said Meg. "Why, Jean, it's angelic to be in love! What are you ashamed of?"

"I'm not in love, and you must not think so." Jean raised her hands to cover her burning cheeks.

"There's Ralph!" suddenly exclaimed Meg; and, before Jean could fairly turn around, Meg has disappeared. She laughed to herself as she turned toward the house. She had scarce taken a step before a low, soft voice arrested her.

"Jean!"

She looked up.

"May I walk with you to the house? I have come to fulfil a promise."

"Is it done at last?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes," he said, smiling, "and the *finis* is a work of art, I assure you!" Thereupon he hauled out of his coat-tail pocket a closely and neatly written manuscript.

She took it, and turned over the last page. *Finis* shone in all the glory of blue, red, and gold.

"I don't believe the monks of the dark ages could have illuminated it more beautifully," she said admiringly.

"I know some one who could have done it a great deal better, who isn't a monk of the dark ages," he said. As they reached the house, he put out his hand to say good-by.

"I shall not ask you to stay," she said, "because I want your book all to myself, and I am just wild to read it."

She went hastily to her "sanctum," closed the door, locked it, and threw herself into an easy-chair. She was soon so completely lost in the story that she did not notice how quickly the time passed. Not until it was too dark to read, did she raise her head, and then only long enough to light a low hanging-lamp near her elbow. The blue, red, and gold *finis* was reached only too soon.

"He has genius!" she exclaimed. "Surely

it will be, it *must* be, a grand success! Is there any thing that could better it?" A sudden idea struck her.

"I'll do what I can," she murmured, as she fell asleep in the big arm-chair. For days after, Jean was very busy with her idea. This was no less than illustrating the finest portions of her friend's story. She was gifted with a vivid imagination and an artist's eye and hand. The pictures were twelve in number, and were gems. These she dexterously inserted in the corresponding portions of the manuscript. She wondered why her friend did not come for his story. Two weeks had passed, and she had heard nothing from him. She would like to copy some portions of the story: so one day she went to her brother's library to get some paper for this purpose. While turning over some sheets of paper in a drawer that was seldom used, an envelope attracted her attention. It was addressed to Hugh Macpherson in her own hand-writing. It had evidently been torn open, and heavy pencil-marks were around each letter of the name.

What could it mean! She heard some one say, —

"May I come in?"

All thoughts of the envelope left her mind, as she merrily asked, —

"Where have you been all this time?"

"To New York," he said.

"And you have come back for your story?"

"You are a greater attraction than my story."

His eyes said more than this. She flushed.

"I have read it several times," she said, trying to hide her confusion, "and I think it is just splendid. I *know* it will be a success, and I want you to send it to a publisher's at once."

"I have a publisher for it already," he said, half bitterly, "an uncle of mine in whose charge I was left when my parents died. He never took much interest in me, and said that, in publishing my story, he would be fulfilling the last duty he felt in regard to me."

"He sha'n't publish it," she said angrily.

"No one else will," he retorted.

"Any publisher would be delighted to have it!"

"There are too many story-writers now-a-days for that, Jeanie," he said, lightly resting one arm on her chair. He took up his manuscript, and casually turned over the pages. His eye rested on Jean's first sketch. He looked at them all, in turn. "My darling," he muttered to himself, "this book shall never see a publisher; it is sacred to me."

"A penny for your thoughts, Harry."

"I have some good news to tell you, Jean. I went to New York to find a more lucrative and beneficial occupation than writing stories for my own amusement. Just think, I have a clerkship in a bank at fifteen hundred a year!"

She did not fail to notice the irony in his voice.

"Why don't you say something?" he asked pettishly.

"But, Harry," she replied, "you can live on fifteen hundred now, and by degrees work your way up. You surely don't expect to *remain* on fifteen hundred?"

"Well, Jean, I wasn't thinking of myself. I could live on it; but I'm just on the verge of asking a young lady to be my wife. Wouldn't 'Poverty Flat' be a suitable as well as romantic name for our home?"

Her lip trembled so that she could not speak for a moment. Then she said, "If she really and truly loves you, she will not think of money. But, oh! Harry, be sure she is worthy of you."

He bent over her.

"Jean, does she truly love me? You alone can tell me that." He looked entreatingly in her eyes. Jean could hardly understand. When the full meaning of his words came to her, she started from her chair, and cried excitedly, —

"Don't, Harry; you must not speak to me of love. I'm engaged."

"Engaged! Jean, what do you mean?"

"He's dead, Harry; but I promised to marry no one but him, and I must keep my vow."

A peculiar, bright expression came over his face. He put his arms around her, drew her close to him, and whispered, —

"'Whate'er betide, I will return, my own true love, to thee.'"

She tremblingly looked into his eyes. Yes, those same big black eyes: she knew them now. She could see the old beautiful expressive mouth beneath the heavy mustache. It was almost more than she could bear. She pressed her cheek against his for a moment: then her head sank on his breast, as she sobbed one word, "Hugh."

THE END.

APRIL 9, 1885.

MY DEAR GIRLS, — This scheme of writing to you through the LEAVES is a brilliant one, — or will be if you only do your part, — and one worthy the brain of such a poor correspondent as I. For, you know, I expect a separate letter from every old friend in whose epistolary debt I am. I am sadly afraid that does include *every* old friend. Girls, you know the excuse; for it is, undoubtedly, true that many of you plead it as often as I. That gray-haired clerk of the hours, Father Time, does indeed give short measure: at least, I like to think so, for then one's conscience cannot bother about the duties every day left undone.

Do not think I am repenting of any enormous sins of omission. Indeed, my duties, one and all, are so insignificant, that you who leave

school this year with such grand ideas of courses of study you mean to pursue at home, and the good you will do in the world, will look at me with scorn, and I shall be stigmatized as an individual without a purpose.

Maybe I am. However, I'll not bore you by describing in detail what I do, could do, or ought to do.

A long time ago, when I had just returned from Europe, Professor Bragdon asked me to write and tell of something I had seen during the summer; and I did not do it for the awful reason that I could bring up nothing vividly enough before my mind to describe it. I was discouraged beyond measure that my journey had left me no richer in memories, but I have since decided it was torpor of mind after satiety such as results in the physical nature.

It is two years in September since we landed in New York harbor, and now my great difficulty is to know what of all we saw would interest you most. You think I would make most interesting to others what was most interesting to myself: a safe rule, if I knew what *was* most interesting to myself. Each new sight so different, how can one tell? Only of one point I am sure, that no place filled me with awe like Westminster Abbey; and I cannot at this date think of one whole day which gave me such unalloyed pleasure as our day in Chamouni.

My pen is not a gifted one, and I will not attempt to make the Abbey awe you: so perhaps my best plan is to tell what gave me pleasure, that you may go and do likewise.

We entered the Chamouni by carriage from Martigny just in time for *table d'hôte*; and having breakfasted at half-past six, with only a very uninviting meal at the Tete Noire Pass at noon, we felt fully equal to the occasion. Although our ride had been a grand one, we were tired, — sad fact, even *grandeur* tires! — and sought our veritable downy couches soon, for we knew the morrow's jaunt would be a long one. We woke early, and dressed ourselves in heavy winter clothing, — for they told us we would need all our wraps while crossing the glacier, — and at nine were prepared to mount our mulish if not fiery steeds. You girls who have never had the privilege of riding a mule have yet a delight to look forward to. I have mine to look back to, and on the whole consider it better placed.

However, it was truly "*bon muli*," as the driver assured me. The fact that I felt like a circus lady doing the horse act when we went up inclines bordering on the perpendicular, and that I fully expected that the saddle, rider, and all would slip over the animal's head when we went down the same, was no fault of the beast, for he was a "*bon muli*," and brought me up to the summit of Montanvert with the rest.

Having dismounted, our boy muleteers took

the mules back again through the village, and near the foot of the mountain range on the other side of Chamouni; leaving the guides to pilot us across the Mer de Glace, over the Mauvais Pas, and down the mountain-side to where they would be stationed.

Only a certain number every half-hour are allowed to cross the glacier: so we had some time to wait at Montanvert before the gun sounded which told us our turn had come. It is quite a climb down to the glacier, and the footing was so bad that our alpenstocks stood us in good stead. When we had reached the ice, what was my disappointment to see, not a white, glistening surface, but dirty and covered with stones which had broken from the mountains on each side!

I think it marred my enjoyment that it was not perilously slippery.

I had invested, before leaving the hotel, in a pair of horribly ugly, white, knitted stockings, which the peasant women sell to slip over the shoes to keep one from sliding, as rubbers stick so to the ice it makes it difficult to walk; but they were a nuisance, and I found I got along much better without them.

The Mer de Glace only impresses you with danger as you look down the deep crevices and fissures which spread over its surface; but as for leaping these crevices and fissures, it is a useless expenditure of vital force, as any one of ordinary make can step over them without trouble.

There is one hazardous place, where the blocks are narrow and far apart, which is truly exciting; but, as for the rest, to walk a spike fence is much more blood-curdling.

It takes about half an hour to cross, and then another mountain rises at your feet, gradually at first, then steeper and steeper, till you finally reach a point, three-quarters the way up, where you stop to drink, and bathe your face, in the clearest mountain spring imaginable; for it was very hot, and our winter wraps had been consigned to the guides long before, and our heavy clothes were oppressive. After resting, we descended again by way of the Mauvais Pas; and that is really alarming. A little iron rail on one side gives you hand support, and you have only room for a part of even a small foot on the roughly hewn steps; so narrow and short are they, and so steep and far apart, it is impossible for one of short dimensions, like myself, to do more than cling to the rail with both hands, letting the feet drop from the step, and find the one below, as best they may.

On one side you have the solid wall of rock with the hand rail riveted in, but on the other is the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, stretching down more feet than one who has not a strong nerve force would care to estimate from that precarious place; and at the foot of this moves the Mer de Glace. But we passed it

safely, and went on, up and down, through mud, and over stones; now and then, by the aid of our alpenstocks, jumping a little mountain stream on its way to the glacier.

We reached the Chapeau, called so from an overhanging rock which forms a hat in shape, they say. The resemblance would have to be distinctly pointed out to me; but then, I never did have any imagination, Miss Call used to say.

We bought a few mementos here, and some crackers and beer (!) which we did not keep as souvenirs; it being three or four o'clock, and nothing having been obtainable to eat since we left the breakfast-table. The view from the Chapeau is beautiful, and we staid an hour or more enjoying it; then began again the climb down, and reached our mules a tired, hungry set.

I noticed the saddle was not so soft as it had been in the morning; and not contented with that, towards the last of our two hours' ride home, what should that abominable beast do but take a notion to trot! Friends, this was my first experience on the back of any animal, and I had not the most remote idea what to call the gait he was indulging in at my expense; but, since I have learned more of riding, I have assiduously avoided a trot, as that is to me fraught with horrors untold.

I would have been glad to have taken my *much longed for* evening meal in bed; but the others appeared at *table d'hôte*, so I bore up heroically, and afterwards stole quietly away. If I have ever had the misfortune to be criticised as self-conscious, I could certainly have been justly termed so that night. Every bone in my body asserted itself, and I had serious doubts of ever recovering my accustomed ease and grace of motion. In spite of it all, I retired with the conviction that I had never had more real fun out of any of my numerous escapades. And so ended the eventful day. The next morning we took the diligence to Geneva, leaving Chamouni, Mont Blanc, and the Mer de Glace behind us, not forever I hope.

I am afraid the editor will not put in this letter; and I am quite sure, as I look at its proportions, that you will never read it, so I will bring it to the long looked for close.

You may not read it, but you cannot deprive me of the pleasure the writing of it has afforded me.

Love to you who have not forgotten me, and to some who have.

Yours sincerely,

BERTHA L. MORRISON.

1516 Michigan Avenue,
CHICAGO, ILL.

WHEN does a tailor serve his customers ill? When he gives them fits.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE Philharmonic Society (London) has begun its seventy-third season, with Sir Arthur Sullivan as conductor.

HIS Holiness the Pope has accepted the dedication of Gounod's new oratorio, "Mors et Vita" ("Death and Life").

KLEINMICHEL's opera, "Schloss de l'Orme," has been well received at the Dantzic Stadt-theatre.

BORCHI-MANN, the prima donna, will marry Signor Cuzzocrea, and make a bridal tour to the United States.

PATTI sails for home May 9.

THE greatest accordion player in Massachusetts has not been out of doors for twenty years.

BOTTESINI's playing is creating a furore in London.

MISS ADIE HAIGHT, contralto, of Bridgeport, Conn., has been engaged at Dr. Behren's church, in Brooklyn.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD has left the Standard Theatre Opera Company, New York, and has been succeeded by Mr. Thomas Whiffen.

NILSSON comes over next season.

NEW YORK has again welcomed "Pinafore."

IT is rumored that Miss Clara Louise Kellogg intends to take up her permanent residence in Boston.

MOSCOW will celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the Russian composer Glinka, May 20, by a ceremony at the cathedral.

THE Mexican band has made quite a sensation in New Orleans. It will visit the North ere long.

ABT's "Agathe" ("When the Swallows Homeward Fly"), which made him famous, was first sung by Fraulein Agathe Reuss, at Zurich, in 1842.

Mlle. MARIE VANONI has sailed for Europe.

SIGNOR INTROPODI has left the Carleton Opera Company.

LONDON does not enjoy the music of the Weimar Maestro. In other words, it will not "Liszt, oh, Liszt!"

M. SYLOA, a tenor who once sang at the Opera House in Paris, and who has since been heard in London and elsewhere, will arrive in this country some time this month. He has engaged with Mlle. Fursch-Madi for a series of concerts to be given throughout the country by Mr. Theodore Thomas.

SEMBRICH has been in Oporto, where she achieved her usual success.

IN Germany no opera is allowed in which a reigning sovereign is one of the characters.

MISS MARY ANDERSON is learning to play the violin.

MISS JENNIE SARGENT of Boston has been offered a most flattering engagement at Lisbon for the coming season, and has accepted it. She will appear first in "La Traviata."

RUBINSTEIN is expected to add much brilliancy to the coming London season.

CORINNE has sung against Patti in New York; Corinne charging ten cents a seat, and Patti six dollars.

SCENE. — Horse-car, after symphony rehearsal. *First Æsthetic Lady*. — "Was not that music simply inspiring?"

Second Æsthetic Lady. — "Oh, yes! That concernata Baermann played was ravishing."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE New-Orleans Exposition is the first World's Fair which was ever lighted by electricity.

MR. RHEEM, who has charge of the reptile specimens in the Smithsonian Institute, contradicts much of the popular belief as to snakes. Some of the most dreaded have no existence. The hoop-snake, which takes the end of its tail in its mouth, and rolls over and over like a hoop, killing every thing it touches, with its venom; and the blow-snake, the breath of which is deadly,—are fictions. As serpents move about, they are constantly feeling ahead with the tongue; and the forward thrust, and peculiar, forked appearance of the organ, have given rise to the false idea that with it the sting is done. It is generally thought that there are a great number of these poisonous snakes. In North America there are but three species,—the rattlesnake, the copperhead or moccasin, and the coral. There are about thirty varieties of these species, all together. The copperhead is probably the most dangerous, as it is vicious, and never gives warning of any kind before striking. The rattlesnake, though more poisonous than either of the others, will rattle at the approach of any, and try to get away unless brought to bay. The coral is much smaller, and a native of the Southern States. The bite is not necessarily fatal if the proper remedies are used in time; as, on account of its size, the quantity of poison is small. When a reptile strikes, he throws his whole body forward, and the fangs penetrate the object against which they come. He does not jump: the hinder part of the body remains in position; and none of our snakes are in the habit of reaching more than half their length.

DR. PHIPSON opposes the general prejudice against sugar. He declares that he has during forty years eaten very largely of it, — at least a quarter of a pound daily, not counting sugar-forming substances taken at the same time. During all this time he has not been under the necessity of taking medicine. He declares that the condition of men would be much improved if the use of sugar should substitute that of alcohol.

A REMARKABLE example of the facility with which deaf-mutes may read the motions of the lips was given in public by a young lady of seventeen, who was entirely deaf. Her teacher stood between the gaslight and the wall, thus outlining his profile distinctly. His pupil stood behind him, and read from the shadow on the wall the words that he uttered. Here we have a new illustration of the effect of special training, minute differences of form and expression of the mouth being instantly detected, where the ordinary observer sees no definite change.

ART NOTES.

PRINCE ALEXANDER TORLONIA, at Rome, has formed a museum of plaster casts of the principal examples of Greek sculpture from its origin to its decadence. The collection has been placed in one of the casinos of the Villa Albani, but is not yet open to the general public.

THE French Government sent to the Exposition at New Orleans eighteen large cases containing matter illustrating the methods of teaching drawing in French schools.

A UNIVERSAL exposition is announced to take place in Antwerp in 1885. It is a private enterprise, of which the King of Belgium has undertaken the protectorate.

THE Pennsylvania Academy has received the drawings of Benjamin West, lately presented to it. There are fifty or sixty of them, including a couple by West's son Raphael.

It is to be hoped that at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889 the United States will organize a fine-art and an industrial-art exhibit worthy of the country. In 1878 our fine-arts department was very weak, and the room in which it was shown was perhaps the least visited.

THERE are two new pictures at the Corcoran Art Gallery, — "A Helping Hand," by C. Renouf, and "Going to Drink," by Troyon. Andrew's picture of Lincoln in the White House vestibule, and that of Garfield in the corridor, are admired by the immense crowds at the Executive Mansion.

LAST Christmas Henry Irving had a delightful art souvenir sent to him from London; and by this time Lawrence Barrett has received a more

remarkable, but not more interesting, gift. The treasure which has been sent to Barrett is a uniquely illustrated volume of Austin Dobson's "A World's Idyls." E. A. Abbey began to illustrate it by making a pen-and-ink sketch on one of the blank pages; Alfred Parsons added a border of flowers to another poem; George H. Boughton sketched in a lovely female figure; Alma Tadema did the same; and so the little book was passed along from studio to studio, gathering toll by the way, until now it contains sketches illustrative of Mr. Dobson's poems by Sir Frederick Leighton, Millais, G. Lindey Sanborne, Randolph Caldecott, G. du Maurier, and many another.

M. DAVID D'ANGUS, son of the celebrated sculptor, has presented the French Government with a complete series of the admirable medallions modelled by his father. The collection will be placed at the Louvre, Paris.

DURING the later years of his life, Doré was eaten up with jealousy and vanity. The success of his colleagues in art, and the high prices which they obtained for their pictures a few years ago, made him positively furious. At one of the exhibitions of the Société d'Aquarellistes he told the clerk to ask twenty thousand francs for one of his water-colors. He wanted absolutely that enormous price in order to crow over Louis Leloir and the others. A few days afterward the clerk said to him, "M. Doré, I have been offered ten thousand francs for your picture; will you accept?" — "No," replied Doré, "I have sold it for thirty-five thousand francs." This water-color was found hidden away in a corner of his studio after his death.

APROPOS of a recent charming little *brochure* by the critic of the "Tribune," a clever *mot* was made by Julian Hawthorne at the farewell banquet to Henry Irving. "Yes," he remarked, "Irving's winter has been very creditable to him, and Winter's 'Irving' is very creditable to him."

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Americans projected, built, and now control the street-railroads of Moscow, Russia.

THE capital of West Virginia has been removed from Wheeling to Charleston.

DOM PEDRO, emperor of Brazil, has reigned for fifty-three years — longer than any other living sovereign.

THE British Government has been in confidential communication with Austria respecting the policy of the latter in the event of war between England and Russia.

GEN. BRIÈRE DE L'ISLE telegraphs to the French Government from Tonquin, that the

Chinese are loyally fulfilling the conditions of peace.

GOV. ABBETT has signed the bill passed by the New-Jersey Legislature, making it unlawful to kill song or other birds for the purpose of using their skins for decorative purposes.

GEN. GRANT's salary as a retired general of the army is paid to him monthly in instalments of \$1,125 each. It dates from March 3, 1885, and is sent by the army paymaster in New York.

ACCORDING to a New-Orleans journal, there are at least 170,000 people in that city who have not yet visited the exposition, which indicates that New Orleans is not a good place for such an enterprise.

LOCALS.

THE list following were the officers elected in the Lasellia Society: —

President. — Miss Stebbins.
Vice-president. — Miss Langley.
Secretary. — Miss Grubbs.
Treasurer. — Miss Davenport.
Critic. — Miss Kingman.
Guard. — Miss Oliver.
Assistant Guard. — Miss Law.

The following list of officers were elected in the S. D. Society.

President. — Miss Durfee.
Vice-president. — Miss Fribley.
Secretary. — Miss Ebersole.
Treasurer. — Miss May Fowler.
Critic. — Miss Best.
Budget-girl. — Miss Keith.
Usher. — Miss Jentie Johnson.

"WHAT's the joke?"

MOONLIGHT boating-parties on the Charles are all the style.

THE tennis season at Lasell is now at its height. The tournaments will soon commence, after which we shall know who will be the life-long possessor of the first prize.

THE hour for the meeting of the literary clubs has been changed from seven to eight o'clock, so as to give the girls a chance to play tennis Saturday evenings.

WHAT does make the table in the south-east corner of the dining-room so quiet? Ask the girls who sit there.

Miss C. — Tell what you can of Socrates.

Fresh. — Well, he was born 470 B.C., and believed in the immortality of the soul and — Christ and the Bible.

ANY old shoes, bottles, tooth-brushes, etc., will be thankfully received at room No. 57 for the night serenaders.

WE are delighted to hear that next year we are to have a great improvement in the shape of a natatorium below the gymnasium.

THE Sunday evening entertainments are a great success, — thanks to our good friend Mr. Shepherd, — and we hope they will be continued until vacation.

WE have been quite dazzled by the brilliancy and beauty of some of our young ladies' fingernails lately, and have been wondering how they got to look so nicely.

The secret has leaked out, however, as all secrets do.

We learn that Mlle. J., one of our number, is quite an experienced manicure, and has been secretly beautifying, in a few cases, that very important part of a young lady's person. The few whom she has favored hope she will continue the practice.

THE announcements for Commencement week at Lasell Seminary are as follows: —

Wednesday evening, June 11. Literary address by Mrs. J. C. Croly (Jennie June) of New York.

Thursday evening, June 12. Pupils' concert.

Sunday morning, June 14. Baccalaureate sermon by Henry B. Ridgeway, D.D., of the North-western University, Evanston, Ill.

Monday evening, June 15. Class-day exercises.

The President's reception for Senior Class, on Tuesday evening, June 16.

Commencement exercises, Wednesday morning, June 17; the address to graduates will be given by Rev. Edward Everett Hale of Boston.

—•••—

AN EVENING WITH THE NIBELUNGEN LIED.

THE school has been attending recent lectures at Boston University. An especially large party of teachers and pupils were present on the evening given to the Nibelungen Lied. The origin of the poem was indicated; then followed an outline of the events which it sketches, while Snare's illustrations in stereopticon views were thrown upon the canvas before our eyes. Those who accompanied Professor Bragdon to Europe, and others of the party, had enjoyed them in Munich, and were glad to recall that pleasure; while those who had not seen the originals gained knowledge of this wonderful epic by the views. Many a hint of the age which it represents may be found in the narration, and these points the lecturer did not fail to point out. It is a curious study, also, of the barbaric nations which it represents, — simple and noble in their virtues, fierce and bloodthirsty in revenge. One revolts from the final carnival of bloodshed, and wonders that the gentle maiden Chriemhild can have become so cruel in avenging the murder of

Giegfried her husband. There are some naïve descriptions, well illustrated by the artist, of the struggle for precedence between the two wives, Brunehilde and Chriemhild. Human nature is evidently the same in all ages. It was altogether an enjoyable occasion; and we went home appreciating much better than when we came that "Lied" which some Germans estimate higher than the "Iliad," and which is universally admitted to be among the great epics of the world.

PERSONALS.

MISS CARRIE GOOD is at her home in Denver.

MISS FRIBLEY was made very happy by a visit from her sister, who expects to stay some time with her.

MISS KIMBALL of Atlanta, Ga., sister of Miss Mae Kimball, was among the guests at the fancy-dress ball.

MISS NELLIE LORD, one of the "old girls," made Lasell a visit a short time ago. She was looking very well, and said she had spent a delightful winter in New Orleans.

MISS FULLER is looking forward with great pleasure to a visit from her mother, whom she expects soon.

MISS SUE GRIGGS spent a few days with Marion Crane some time since. She was here the night of the ball.

MISS MAGGIE BENNETT is at her home in Baltimore. She is reported to be engaged to a certain young gentleman of that city.

MISS LU BROWN is in Texas, recuperating.

MISS AVA LOWE ('83) reports herself from her home in Norristown, Penn., as having had too little to do the past winter, though by no means idle. Ava has been so used to plenty of work, that even partial leisure is irksome. She will get over that. She regrets not taking stenography when here. She says Ida Sibley has begun teaching, which news, with proper additions, ought to have come first from Ida's own pen to the LEAVES. Derelict Ida! Tell us all about it.

ANNIE BAKER writes that the family will in June remove to Buffalo. She invites all good Lasellians to call in passing (street and number not given). She and Jennie vote for a Lasell European party this summer. Hardly equal to it twice in succession, Annie! Will take you in '86, when we make, as Patti says, our positively last European trip.

BERTHA MORRISON wonders at the dulness which does not grasp the fact, though often repeated, that her folks have moved, and live now at 1516 Michigan Avenue. They have an ideal home now, of their own building. Come to Commencement, Bertha.

EMMA HOWARD (Mrs. Nathan Hartford) has our hearty sympathy in the loss of her father Hon. Ezra C. Howard, who died at her home, Watertown, Mass., April 8. He had been identified with the town of Sandwich, and prominent in its affairs, for twenty years, and was a member of the State Senate in 1875-76.

HATTIE FOSS, here in 1874-75 from Middletown, Conn., now at "The Rutland," Fifty-seventh Street and Broadway, New York, has sent to the exhibition of the Boston Art Club, now in progress, a water-color and a charcoal sketch. She thinks the charcoal better than the water-color. We rejoice in the success of our "little Hattie" in both lines.

A SISTER of Cora Putnam, who was here in '80-'81 from Elizabethtown, N.Y., teaches gymnastics at Vassar, and is now in Cambridge picking up a few points with Dr. Sargent. She reports that Cora taught art in a school a year after leaving here, but has since been teaching private pupils at home, and giving much time to study and practice. Why hasn't Cora reported herself before now?

HATTIE CLARK, 332 East Seventeenth Street, New York, is fully occupied in teaching music, and enjoying the work.

LOTTIE SNELL (Mrs. George Simms, Little Falls, Herkimer County, N.Y.), now a lovely house-mother with "two babies," is expected at her class ('82) re-union this year.

LINA MORGAN ('80) has recently lost her father. Mr. Morgan was an eminent lawyer in that section of New York.

LULU WELLS writes from Paris, — writes that she expects to return to this country soon, and to Lasell next year, "a dear spot, which I consider my second home."

ALICE DUNSMORE (Mrs. J. M. Van Harlingen, Richmond, Ind.) sends good words of Grace Perkins, Annie White, and Mrs. Dougan, and says that, when her daughter is old enough, Lasell may look out for her. Well, we have waited longer than from two months to school age here for some of our girls whose mothers were here pupils formerly.

JUDGE JOHN C. PARK gave a most interesting address to the pupils of Lasell Seminary a few days since. At eighty-one years of age, Judge Park still speaks with his usual elegance of manner, and in the candid and fair spirit characteristic of him in the days when he quieted the tumults incident to the return of fugitive slaves from Boston. He gave us many reminiscences of a past which will soon have no living witnesses. It is a lifetime of stirring events, this of Judge Park. May he still for many years be able to tell the story of our liberties, and to make

vivid to the young that years also have their crown of glory!

REV. CHARLES PARKHURST, our former pastor, still gratefully remembered by "old girls," is now among the first,—perhaps we should say the first preacher in the New-Hampshire Conference, and pastor of the Garden-street Church at Lawrence.

MISS WILLARD's sudden and unexpected departure from Lasell caused general sorrow. During her two years' residence here, she has had the esteem and love of all. Her good influence was not felt only in the class-room, but in every department of the school. She was president of the Lasell Missionary Society; and her earnest work in this good cause did much in making that society progress so rapidly, and become so popular with the girls. Our best wishes go with her; and we hope she will enjoy her new work in Brooklyn, where she has made her home. She will undoubtedly make many new friends, but they cannot admire nor appreciate her more sincerely than we do.

DR. D. P. KIDDER, corresponding secretary of the board of education in the Methodist Church, with his wife, spent Sunday, May 10, with their friends here. We had the pleasure of hearing him preach; and his fresh power and presence set us to recalling if he were not younger than our memory suggested, for in childhood his name was on the titlepage of our Sunday-school books, and his history seemed then old and familiar. Nearly fifty years ago the youthful missionary traversed the whole eastern coast of Brazil, preached the first Protestant sermon ever delivered on the waters of the Amazon, and introduced and circulated the Scriptures in Portuguese in all the principal cities of the empire. For more than forty years since his return, he has been almost continuously in the high offices of the Church, and one of its most honored representatives. May he still see many happy years! "Brazil and the Brazilians," and some valuable text-books in homiletics, have been among the fruits of his later years.

MRS. A. J. GORDON of Boston gave three Bible readings here this month. "The Lord gave the word, and great was the multitude of women proclaiming it," says the revised Psalm. Mrs. Gordon is a delightful representative of the women who seek to be "obedient to the heavenly vision,"—feminine in the best sense, but expressing her thought clearly, fully, and "with power." We welcome all such to Lasell, and hear them gladly.

REV. J. W. BASHFORD, D.D., pastor of Chestnut-street Church, Portland, Me., is giving the annual course of lectures on the "Evidences of Christianity" to the Senior class.

THE third Sunday in April brought a fresh interest to our school missionary society, in the presence and words of Mrs. Joseph Cook, who gave her impressions of "Girls' Life in India." So pitiable a life it seems, so robbed of all that makes life happiest and best! May we keep in mind how selfish it is not to pity and to help!

Miss Alice Freeman, principal of Wellesley, was present, and spoke some earnest, strong words on the inspiration which comes to all the intellect from unselfish aims. "Indeed, girls," she said, "I think that a selfish girl cannot learn mathematics as well as an unselfish one who subordinates all her work to the highest aims." It was a good day.

I HAVE certificates—some of conduct, some of scholarship—belonging to pupils now gone. If any of you wish them returned to you, send me word before June 1.

MAY BIGELOW was suddenly summoned home, April 23, on account of the fatal illness of her father, Mr. Charles A. Bigelow of Worcester.

As we recall Mr. Bigelow's constant and tender solicitude for his only daughter while here, "having," as he said, "to be father and mother both, since her mother's death," we feel deep sympathy for her great loss.

Mr. Bigelow was a man of sterling integrity, of excellent business habits, and enjoyed an extensive acquaintance.

He had been for most of his life a resident of Worcester, and for fifteen years past a member of the firm of E. T. Smith & Co.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

FOOTBALL has been abolished at Harvard by a majority vote of the Faculty.

A NIECE of Washington Irving has offered to the '85 class at Princeton College, for the class ivy, a slip of an ivy planted by Washington Irving's own hand. The original plant came from Sir Walter Scott's home at Abbotsford.

It is estimated that nine-tenths of the college men in the United States are Republicans.

THE jokes on "Vassar girls" have injured the college considerably.

A PETITION before the Michigan Legislature asks that the sale of intoxicating liquors, within five miles of the University of Michigan campus, be forbidden.

A PROFESSOR of systematic divinity being unable to hear his classes, the following notice was given: "The professor, being ill, requests me to say the Seniors can keep on through Purgatory, and the middle class continue the Descent into Hell, until further notice from the professor."—*Ex.*

OHIO has more colleges than all Europe.

PRESIDENT SEELYE says, in regard to "compulsory chapel," that "it has done incalculable good for Amherst, and its omission would prove an irreparable loss. A wise person will take advantage of its privilege of chapel-worship, and a well-bred person will refrain from all disturbances of the exercise in the slightest way."—*Ex.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER's average at Amherst is said to have been only 57 on a scale of 100.

BUTLER'S "ANALOGY."—*Professor.*—"Mr. T., you may pass on to the 'Future Life.'" *Mr. T.*—"Not prepared."—*Ex.*

MAINE UNIVERSITY, which has been closed ten years, will soon be re-opened.

THE first college paper ever published in America was the "Dartmouth Gazette," which appeared in 1800.—*Ex.*

THE Faculty at Cornell have forbidden smoking on the campus.

FOUR cribs in his pocket, and three on his cuff;
Some formulas, rules, and other small stuff
Tucked up in his sleeve, with the stolen test;
A textbook buttoned beneath his vest;
And a bookish chum near to assist him,—
Behold the effects of the ranking system.—*Ex.*

ITALY has declared its seventeen universities open to women; and Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have taken similar action.

THE statement is made that Americans make up one-eighth of all the students at the German universities.

THE KING OF THE SIOUX INDIANS.

A GIRL at Lasell can boast of a cousin who is king of the Sioux Indians. Some time before the surrender of Sitting Bull, her cousin Mr. Stanley Huntley was sent into Northern Montana by "The Chicago Tribune" to interview him. He joined Major Walsh at Wood Mountain, in the British North-west Territory. Camped around the major's post were the old men and the squaws of the Sioux nation, and among them Little Knife, the hereditary chieftain of the Teton, who had grown too old for war. In getting off his horse one day, he sprained his ankle. It kept growing worse, and the Indians thought he must die, and were making a loud noise with their drums. This attracted Mr. Huntley, who, upon finding out the cause, bound up the old man's ankle in oil and leaves. The chieftain was soon up and out again, and, to show his gratitude, adopted Mr. Huntley as his son. Little Knife and his two sons, Mountain Bull and Young Antelope, died, and Mr. Huntley became the king of all the Sioux tribes. His Indian name is Wank-Pey-Wan-Kan, or the Holy Leaf. The Indians are very well pleased to have a white

man for king, as they think he will have great influence with the government in their behalf.

It may be interesting to know that Mr. Huntley is the author of the amusing articles written about the domestic troubles of the Spoopendyke family.

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ATTENTION, COOKING-CLASSES AND EXPECTANT HOUSEKEEPERS!

THE many of our readers who have met Professor T. S. C. Lowe in his visits to his daughters here will read with interest of an exhibition given by him, a few days since, of a new incandescent agent which rivals electricity.

A banquet was given to distinguished guests, at which every viand was cooked in the room where it was served, at a range in which the water-gas invented by Professor Lowe was used as fuel.

Fish, beef-steaks, mutton-chops, vegetables, and all the accessories of a bountiful repast, were cooked, and served "smoking hot," but without unpleasant exhalations, these being carried off by an admirable arrangement contrived for the purpose. A beautiful chandelier, with eighteen Lowe incandescent lights of twenty-two candle-power each, made the room brilliantly luminous, with no flickering of gas. A pleasant open fire of the same gas as fuel, and an ornamental radiator furnishing light and heat at once, were also in the room.

A device for lighting streets at one-fourth the present expense was shown.

Professor Lowe will have an interesting display at the Novelties Exhibition of the Franklin Institute, next September.

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EXCHANGES.

THE "Princetonian," which has heretofore been a weekly, is now published every other day, in newspaper form. The advertisements occupy a large part; otherwise, it is excellent.

The "Brunonian" gives an account of a baseball trip. They were beaten in every game, but are not at all discouraged, thinking the practice will do them good.

THE "Bowdoin Orient" offers a prize to the students for the first, second, and third best prose article written on any subject. They are evidently trying to create enthusiasm.

THE last number of the "Tech" is full of groanings over the coming examinations. They also complain of the Faculty, in not allowing them to have grounds for their atheletic sports.

The "Advocate" is to be increased by four additional pages next year.

THE "Transcript" gives a very interesting article on "Davy Crockett."

OH! many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken
May sooth or wound a heart that is broken.
WALTER SCOTT.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME X.

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THE editor humbly apologizes for the late appearance of this (last) month's LEAVES, and lays some of the blame on the "subs" who failed to send in their copy, and takes the rest on herself for postponing what she should have done before she left Auburndale to the uncertain leisure of the first days at home.

No one need scold her, for Mr. Bragdon has done that enough. Her hair has been scorched white by his burning rebuke.

Now that Nature has put on her best dress, and the grounds of Lasell appear like a veritable Eden, we take our departure, and allow her "to waste her sweetness upon the desert air."

THE LEAVES, like the school, takes a summer rest; and, as our connection with the paper

closes with this number, it becomes our sad duty to lay down our pens. We've served our term; and when that small article that is "mightier than the sword" is again taken up in the service of this great paper, it will be by an entirely new staff of officers. To the incoming board we tender our sympathy, which is not great in quantity, as we have used most of the emotion we possessed of that description upon ourselves. We also leave them our best wishes, and hope they will be able to step over the many obstacles against which we have stumbled.

As every one on the first of January looks back upon the year that has slipped away, just so the schoolgirl, when the last term draws to a close, looks back over the school-year that is past and gone forever. We think of the excursions, tennis, boating, and the many other pleasures we have enjoyed together. But as —

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary,"

so with us; and each one of us, when we say "good-by" to our friends and associations, thinks of Grandma, whose peaceful, happy face beamed welcome upon us last September, and who has now gone where there is no parting. A little bright face comes before us, and our thoughts turn to her who so short a time ago was one of us, but who now has left a vacant place in her home, and in the hearts of her school-friends; and we only find consolation because we know she is with the Father in heaven. We leave this pleasant place, and new scenes and new faces come into our lives; still, the memory of these shall be ever dear to us.

With our words of farewell, what can we say to encourage you, what can we say to strengthen you, in the trials to come? Surely the LEAVES should offer something to make you happier. What shall it be? Nothing but the time-honored "Mizpah." And may, in truth, the Lord watch between me and thee!

THE LASELL COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS.

WE are indebted to Mr. W. J. Rolfe for many valuable additions to this collection: among these are letters and notes from eminent Shakspearian scholars in England, Germany, and our

own country. From Mary Cowden Clarke we have a photograph and letter, also a sonnet written from Italy on her seventy-fifth birthday; also contributions from Mr. Daniel, who has done much work for the New Shakspeare Society,—that on the time-analysis of the plays being particularly valuable; from Mr. Snider, author of "System of Shakspeare's Dramas;" from F. G. Fleay, editor of the "Shakspeare Manual," "Introduction to Shakspearian Study," etc.; from Edward Dowden, Author of "Primer of Shakspeare," etc.; from A. B. Groisart, editor of many old English books; from C. M. Ingleby, author of "Shakspeare Hermeneutics," etc.; also from J. Payne Collier, F. A. Lee, J. C. Staunton, K. Elge, Schmidt, Furnivall, Heard, Abbott, and Crosby.

From the same source we have the following comment from Tennyson on the illustration, p. 36 of Rolfe's edition of "The Princess." "Your artist has made a very handsome gate; but, like the generality of illustrators, has not attended to the text. There is a figure of Actæon on the gate; and the tips of his horns, sprouting to the top of it, make the spikes at the top. The prince creeps through the space left between the horns." See description of gate, p. 74 of "The Princess."

DOES THE BURNED CHILD DREAD THE FIRE?

SUPPOSING this aphorism to be true,—and it were treason to doubt it after it has been believed for centuries,—what angels children must be! After having once been hurt by a thing, they never touch it again. What a temptation it must be for a nurse to throw her charge down-stairs, bump his head, burn his fingers a little, and subject him to all the shocks that babyhood is heir to, and then leave him alone! For of course she need be in no anxiety: nothing can happen to Master Baby, for he will carefully avoid every thing dangerous. How many mothers would allow their nurses to act on this plan? Yet every one believes in these good old proverbs which have been handed down from generation to generation. The following is a very literal illustration of the good old proverb under discussion. Little Johnnie burnt his fingers on the tea-pot the other day; he cried a little, and then touched it again. When asked if he liked to be burned, he said, "I want to see if it's hot aden." That

is about the way with grown-up people, except that they are not so candid; but when they burn themselves for the second, third, or fortieth time, say nothing about it, or else make some evasive excuse.

When a girl is at school, she has only to miss her lesson once, and be scolded, and she will be ever after at the head of her class. There might be a slight difficulty found in the fact that all the class would be at the head. Then what would be the use of schools at all? We might abolish them: every one would continue her studies at home, and in a short time the world would be full of Minervas. In the same way, she never spoils her hair by banging or frizzing twice. When she looks in her glass some morning, sees the dark lines under her eyes, and comes to the conclusion that going to parties five nights in the week is not the best possible thing for her health, of course she goes to bed at half-past eight ever afterwards.

When a woman meets her fate in the shape of a man supposed to be the heir of Rothschild, and after he has disappeared with all her money, and she reads in the paper of the death of Patrick Rafferty in a street-brawl, and becomes convinced that the German baron and Mr. Rafferty are one and the same, and she can account for his peculiar accent, — after all these distressing affairs, of course, she remains in quiet widowhood. Oh, no! She soon becomes acquainted with Jephtha Jones, the grocer's clerk; and, when he suggests that happiness is not possible for them apart, she cordially agrees, and in a short time she is Mrs. Jephtha Jones. When the Misses Jones arrive at young ladyhood, of course their mother warns them of the miseries of married life, tells them of the struggles she has had to keep Jephtha from the poor-house. She never eyes with interest the young men in the neighborhood, and tells them what dear girls her girls are, so young and pretty too. Oh, certainly not! She never does any of these things.

Is Mrs. Rafferty Jones an exceptional case? Every one can answer that question, either from experience or observation; and, if a national ballot were drawn, it would take very little time to count the yeas.

To turn from poor Mrs. Jones to the sterner sex in general, do we find that the burnt child or man always dreads the fire? When a man begins to gamble, and loses a little money, does he immediately cease playing the dangerous game, and try to earn an honest living? Look at him a few years hence, see his excited face, and notice that one day he spends money like a prince, and the next he borrows enough to buy his dinner; and the question will be answered.

A young man takes a glass of wine too much, and becomes slightly intoxicated. Does he instantly leave his wine-cup, and become a sober

citizen? Ask his wife, who waits night after night to hear his staggering steps in the doorway; and his children, who crouch with fear at the sound of their drunken father's voice.

Do those who are sentenced to a few months' imprisonment come out intending to reform? In that case, one prison would be enough for the whole United States, instead of hundreds as there now are.

Where is that beautiful but dreadful thought, that bad habits are first fine cobwebs, but become heavy iron chains? According to our proverb, everybody becomes so much frightened at the cobwebs, that he breaks them long before they become chains. Save the first offence, all men would be perfect, and this world would be a paradise. If this is so, then "the burnt child dreads the fire."

"TEXAS DAY" AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

WE need not remind our Texas girls of their historic festival, since they have shown themselves unusually familiar with the history and general interests of their State. But we have all reason to be proud of Texas; and the bird o' freedom can hardly scream too high in commemoration of the day when "fifty thousand people, strong in right, wrung a decisive victory from eight million, though panoplied in might." Patriots whose ragged wretchedness and bleeding feet had their counterpart only at Valley Forge on that 21st of April, fifty years ago, reddened San Jacinto stream with their blood in a sublime heroism which made their country an independent State. Ten years later came the annexation to the Union of the Lone Star State. "Lone" it is in magnificent possibilities. In the address of welcome on Texas Day, Commissioner Elliott said, "Extending between lines of longitude equal to the distance from Philadelphia to St. Louis, and with a latitude equal to the distance from our northern boundary to St. Paul, Minn., consider that, with this area, Texas is equal in size to combined New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and one-half of Ohio. She is territorially equal also to Great Britain, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Greece, and one-half of Italy." Her resources are represented as proportionally immense. "She is capable of superbly supporting a population of sixty million, or the whole of the United States to-day, and then have only as many to the square mile as now live in France or Massachusetts. No wonder, therefore, that in our two hundred and seventy-six counties, some of which are larger than Connecticut, we possess a wheat region as large as the State of Ohio, a cotton belt as large as Mississippi, a sugar section as large as Louisiana, a mineral field as large as Pennsyl-

vania, and a grazing ground as large as Kentucky, and a tobacco area as large as Virginia." Of the climate, Commissioner Elliott says, "In its healthful uniformity of temperature, a laboring man may work, or a child camp out, almost every day in the twelve months. Here every agricultural product known to the tropical or temperate zone flourishes." Here twelve million head of live-stock, great herds of horses, and immense flocks of sheep and goats sustain themselves the whole year through. Six hundred thousand cattle were driven through the Indian Territory in a single year.

Texas is first on the list of States in cotton production, and has the largest facilities for transportation, in four hundred miles of coastline, and railways connecting with Mexico and California, as well as the North and East. From her three hundred miles of mountains, she can supply civilization with coal for centuries, and has abounding stores of metallic ores, of marble and sandstones for building, of clay for purest porcelain, and silica for every sort of glass-ware; best of all, a school fund of a hundred million dollars, and a taxation of only twenty cents on a hundred dollars. Surely, on Texas Day at New Orleans, banners were well flung to the breeze, and brass bands exultant, while all manner of flowers and fruits appeared from this goodly land, and all peoples rejoiced together.

CRADLE SONG.

LULLABY, darling, my treasure thou art;
Rest thy dear sleepy head close on my heart,
Drop the tired lids o'er thy bonny blue eyes,
While hushed in silence the world sleeping lies.

Heavenly angels, as lovely as thou,
Smiling, kiss lightly thy pure baby brow;
One day, ah, darling! they'll come from the skies,
Gently to wipe the hot tears from thine eyes.

Sleep, mother's baby, 'tis life's rosy dawn, —
Soon, ah! too soon, will its brightness be gone;
Cares, grim and dreary, will stand by thy bed,
Restless and weary will toss thy dear head.

Sleep, my heart's darling, though night-winds blow
drear,
Over thee bending, thy mother is near.
Early or late, while the heart beateth yet,
Mother-love, dear one, can never forget.

From the German.

AN EVENING WITH BROWNING.

MISS CALL and her pupils entertained us Friday evening, June 12, with selections from Robert and Elizabeth Browning, which were all finely rendered.

The essays, giving us a sketch of the lives of each, were exceptionally good.

The selections were interspersed with vocal and instrumental pieces, making a charming programme.

COMMENCEMENT.

PERFECT June weather added to the enjoyment of the Commencement exercises, which began Thursday, June 11, with the

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

The pupils were assisted by Professor J. A. Hills and Miss M. R. Sherman.

The gymnasium was well filled, though not crowded, by friends of the school. The programme was as follows : —

FIRST PART.

- CHORUS. At the Spinning-Wheel . . . *Hering*
ORPHEAN CLUB.
- CORNET. Palm Branches . . . *Faure*
MISS MAE FOWLER.
- SONG. Peacefully Slumber . . . *Randegger*
MISS M. ROUTT.
(*Violin Obligato, Miss Durfee.*)
- GUITAR. Spanish Retreat . . . *Anguera*
MISS COLBURN.
- VOCAL TRIO. On the Ocean . . . *Concon*
MISSES ALLING, B. LOWE, AND PRICE.
- PIANOFORTE. Walzer in A-Flat . . . *Chopin*
MISS ADAMS.
- SONG. Spring . . . *Dudley Buck*
MISS PENFIELD.
- VIOLIN. *a.* Hark, hark, the Lark ! . . . *Franz Schubert*
b. Siciliano, Op. 38 . . . *A. Ehrhardt*
MISS SWAN.
- CHORUS. *a.* My Heart's in the Highlands . . . *Gade*
b. The Rosebud on the Heather . . . *Gade*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

SECOND PART.

- CHORUS. Night Song . . . *Rheinberger*
- PIANOFORTE. Concerto in C-Minor . . . *Beethoven*
(First Movement with Cadenza) *Clara Schumann*
MISS DURFEE.
(*Accompaniment by Mr. Hills.*)
- SCENA AND CAVATINA. Di tanti palpiti
(Tancredi) . . . *Rossini*
MISS PRICKETT.
- PIANOFORTE AND VIOLIN. Impromptu in
A-Flat . . . *J. A. Hills*
MISS SHERMAN AND MR. HILLS.
- PIANOFORTE. Scherzo in B-Flat Minor . . . *Chopin*
MISS NINDE.
- RECITATIVE. Victorious Hero. |
- ARIA. So rapid thy course is.
(From *Judas Maccabæus*). *Handel*
MISS WHIPPLE.
- TWO PIANOFORTES. Polonaise (8 hands) . . . *Hoffmann*
MISSES COGSWELL, STAFFORD, ALLING, SMITH.

Every part of the programme was finely rendered, and all agreed that the young performers never did so well before.

The "Impromptu in A-Flat" for the violin and piano, composed by Professor J. A. Hills, was an enjoyable feature of the evening.

Miss Prickett's fine contralto voice sounded as rich and grand as ever. To say that Miss

Whipple sang expresses every thing to those who have had the pleasure of listening to her. Miss Fowler's cornet solo, and Miss Colburn's rendering of the "Spanish Retreat," on the guitar, formed a pleasing variety to the concert. But, as time cannot be taken to mention each performer separately, it will be well to stop by saying, "Each one played well his part."

On Sunday, June 14, the

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

was delivered in the Congregational church, which, the largest in the village, was filled with pupils and their friends from far and near, and citizens of this and neighboring cities. We quote "The Boston Advertiser : " —

"About the pulpit were flowers and plants; in the front pews were the graduating class and the other pupils. The Rev. Henry B. Ridgaway, D.D., president of the Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., preached from Matt. xii. 30: 'He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.' He said: 'The text enunciates a great principle for all times, that whoever is not inwardly and spiritually united with Christ is against him. For all work or growth there must be a central thought, idea, genus, or kind, even as each seed has its species or kind, and even as in a work of art the mind must be penetrated with some design toward which each touch of the brush or pencil must be an advancement. Then, too, in entering life, the important thing is to have a formative purpose for what is good, beautiful, or true. I suppose so many failures are due to a lack of a clearly conceived, definite purpose; and I think you will find the successful persons are those who had some high ideal. You find people of different tastes and varying principles. Great political parties are not accidents, but the growth of ideas and principles considered important for the country's welfare. In the region of conscience, the law still holds in defining what is right and wrong. Questions of policy can be compromised, but not questions of conscience; religious wars were sharper for this reason. What is it to be with Christ? Simply to accept Jesus, with a penitent heart and faith, as our Sav our. It is not a question of speculative opinion as to the nature of God or Christ, or as to the many phases of Christian theology, but of the heart united with Christ, trusting in Christ, so that the soul looks up and says, "He is my Lord, my God." The sum of theology is to have a conscience in union with God, and to love Christ supremely. The heart thus united has a great ideal, a formative purpose, and that is Christ: where the soul does not thus unite, there is an opposition to, and a scattering from, Christ. What is it of any worth in this world between man and man? Love: there is no gathering together, no unison, without love, Take the case of a beautiful woman wedded to a man. Let him put her in a palace, provide her with jewels and luxuries, yet give his love to another, and she spurns his gift, and pronounces him an ingrate, a devil. Abroad in the land floats the black flag of the Devil; and there can only be one choice for good men, — love for, and loyalty to, Jesus. When God makes a Christian, he makes him good, with a heart pure and true.

"Members of the graduating class, I feel myself highly complimented to stand and speak to you in the place of your president. Every thing depends upon your being vitally, spiritually, united to Christ; for, otherwise, he will not gather you among his jewels on the last day. Nothing should be able to separate you from his love.

Let this graduating season be the beginning of your education. Study your own hearts. It is said that the three great books are nature, man, and the Bible; these are a triune book, and, if you study these well, you will grow in wisdom and strength. Let your motto be, "Ever doing, ever gaining." "

CLASS-DAY

exercises occurred Monday, June 15. The following was the programme of the evening : —

- SONG. "Ring on, Sweet Angelus" . . . *Gounod*
MISS STARR.
- PRESENTATION OF THE CLASS.
MISS WALSTON.
- SONG. "Anchored" . . . *Watson*
MISS WHIPPLE.
- CLASS HISTORY.
MISS JENNIE WILLIAMS.
- PIANOFORTE SOLO. "Faschingschwank,"
finale . . . *Schumann*
MISS DURFEE.
- CLASS PROPHECY.
MISS FULLER.
- SONG. "Sunset" . . . *Dudley Buck*
MISS PRICKETT.
- PROPHECY ON THE PROPHET.
MISS J. A. JOHNSON.
- CLASS SONG . . . *J. A. Hills*
- DIRGE. "Marche Funèbre" . . . *Gounod*
MISS COGSWELL.
- LAWN EXERCISES.
- PLANTING OF THE TREE. Oration.
MISS C. EBERSOLE.
- BURNING OF THE BOOKS. Elegy.
MISS STARR.

After the "Presentation of the Class," Miss Carpenter accepted the gift in a short but very pleasing poem of her own composition. The evening proved a most enjoyable one for all, and the performers were stopped many times by the bursts of laughter or hearty applause of the audience at the many "hits" that particularly pleased them.

Our brave Seniors proved to us again this evening that they were ten of the smartest girls of the nineteenth century.

PRINCIPAL'S RECEPTION.

Tuesday had been the most intensely warm of the season; notwithstanding, close to the hour of eight, friends began to pour in.

Professor and Mrs. Bragdon received with the graduating class, to whom the guests were introduced by four Juniors, the rest of the Juniors doing duty by helping in other ways, — no doubt with thoughts in their heads of being pretty soon the ones to "receive." The band, seated at the end of the hall, discoursed sweet music as usual. The parlors were soon filled with beauty, grace, and chivalry; many coming from out of town, old students and Alumnæ mingling and en-

joying re-union. The parlors were a beautiful scene: bright-hued flowers in every shape and corner greeted the eye; also great banks of tropical plants, relieved by the choicest white and scarlet rose-buds. Never so decorated were these parlors before, as by this good "Shepherd."

The festivities continued unabated, even while the company dispersed through the many other spacious rooms of the Seminary; and the band followed the idea, to find the coolest possible position, and betook themselves to "Mrs. B.'s sitting-room," whence the strains, a little more mellowed, lost none of their sweetness. Professor and Mrs. Bragdon soon led the company to the pleasant dining-room, where even prettier arrangements than usual met the eye. Small tables had taken the place of the large "student-tables;" and the groups seated about them enjoyed the good things placed before them, though not more than the cosy and chatty "flow of soul," which made all social and in the best of spirits. Soon after returning to the parlors, uniting in wishing for a cooler day to follow for "Commencement," the company bade good-night, congratulating the "Professor" on the continued prosperity of this most charming school, and on having thrown about it so much of his own genial nature that all the girls want to come back often; and thus closed a delightful reception. Only a few young men, loth to leave so bright a scene, kept Miss C. waiting till they had to run for the last train for "town."

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

JUNE 17 dawned dark and lowering; but notwithstanding its gloomy promise, which forbade the time-honored lunch on the lawn, the clouds soon cleared away, and a more perfect day was scarcely ever enjoyed.

The exercises of the day occurred at 10.45 in the Methodist-Episcopal church, which was prettily decorated with flowers, and filled to overflowing with the patrons and friends of the school; the Alumnæ, teachers, and trustees being on the platform. After music by the Boston Cadet Band, and the opening prayer by Dr. A. B. Kendig of Roxbury, the annual address was delivered by the Rev. Edward E. Hale of Boston, on "The Way of Life."

He said, "Our main purpose in living is to bring ourselves nearer to God; but we must know something of the practical details, and you are to consider in a commonplace way what is to lead to success or failure. In making your plans, you are not to attempt too much. Whatever your work, fight for three hours for yourself each day, to be given to the cultivation of the three-fold nature,—body, mind, and soul."

"Life will be full of hinderances and interruptions, but resolution will enable you to keep a portion of the time for your own. In ten years

you should be as strong physically as now. Continuous health and strength must come of faithful daily rest and exercise, but cannot be attained in an annual vacation trip.

"Neither can mental or religious growth be reached by a few weeks' study, or the attendance upon a periodical revival meeting. Each nature must have its daily food. In American life we are too apt to consider education finished when we leave school. What one studies is of less importance than how one does it. Work in the line of your genius, and work bravely. Take the hour when your mind is alert, quick, and active; study, if possible, with a friend; and work, work, work, on some subject which is your own.

"The third hour is to be devoted to the training of the soul; and bear in mind that the religious life may consist in trifles, perhaps in the personal life of home.

"You will find God as you are faithful, happy, and cheerful in the discharge of your duties. It is well for girls and boys to form a distinct idea of what God's kingdom is. For all this, one needs to drink from the fountain; needs to have an intimacy with the Father through the habit of daily communion. There is faith, hope, and love for every day of life; and each day, at its close, should find us stronger and purer, the mind quicker and more active, and the soul in closer spiritual association with God.

"There is moral dyspepsia, as well as physical. You are not machines, but children of God, sparks from his fire.

"Body, soul, and spirit, you should offer yourselves joyfully to your Father,—living, moving, and being with God: this is 'the way of life.'"

The eloquent thoughts and sound, practical advice were gathered into many hearts which were not of the class of '85; and many resolutions were formed to live pure, noble lives, and to find the work we were sent into the world to do.

At the close of Dr. Hale's address, Professor Bragdon presented certificates for having completed the three years' course in cooking, to Miss Lizzie M. Whipple of Boston, and Miss Jennie Jackson of Berwick, Penn. Miss Whipple also received a certificate for having completed the course in cultivation of the voice. Prizes for "good luck" in bread-making were then awarded,—the first prize consisting of a gold charm in the form of a miniature loaf of bread, to Miss May Colburn of Detroit; the second, of similar design in silver, to Miss Jennie Ninde of Fort Wayne, Ind.

Good-by for the class was earnestly said by Miss Lizzie Whipple. Professor Bragdon then presented the diplomas to the members of the class of '85, adding a few farewell words. After the benediction, which was pronounced by the

Rev. Calvin Cutler of Auburndale, the Juniors filed in from the chapel with the flowers, friends pressed forward to greet and congratulate the newly fledged graduates, and the young women of '85 brushed the tears away, and returned in triumph to the Seminary, where an ample lunch was served in the dining-room. The afternoon was passed pleasantly in the reading of the essays of the graduating class by those interested, and the renewing of old friendships, enlivened by music by the band.

At half past three an interesting literary meeting of the Alumnæ was held in the Seminary chapel, at which Miss Rice of '81 sang, Miss Lucas of '60 gave reminiscences, Miss Potter of '80 and Miss LeHuray of '81 read essays respectively on "Jerusalem" and "The Barred Profession," and all sang the Re-union Hymn by Nellie Ferguson of '81. At the business meeting which followed, the officers of the previous year were re-elected; and the grave graduates went to their annual repast under the trees on the lawn.

OUR GUESTS

for the Commencement week were numerous, and seemed to enjoy themselves. Lasell surely enjoyed them. A few favored relatives of the Seniors found a home in the Seminary, in the rooms of those whose health (or the Seminary's?) obliged them to leave in April. Others were accommodated at the hotel, Mrs. Buss's, Miss Howard's, the Seminary "Annex," or with friends near by.

We thank them all for coming, though Commencement's busy cares leave little time for visiting, and wish there might be twice as many next year. Among the friends of Seniors were Dr. and Mrs. J. Ebersole and their son Charles, from Cincinnati, O.; Mr. J. M. Williams of Des Moines, Ia. (wish Mary could have come too); Mrs. Dr. Walston of Decatur, Ill.; Mrs. Whipple and son of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Starr of Richmond, Ind.; Mr. W. R. Prickett of Edwardsville, Ill.; Mr. C. Warner of Middletown, Conn.; Mr. B. Cogswell and daughter Cora (of '83), from Dayville, Conn.; Mrs. E. Durfee, from Marion, O.; Mr. B. Johnson and granddaughter (Addie's sister), from Johnsonville, Conn.; and Mrs. Fuller of Ellenville, N.Y. Of Alumnæ were a large number of those living in the vicinity; and Emily Peabody of Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. Fred Hall, with her little Willie, from Springfield, Mo., with Nellie Chamberlayne of Utica, N.Y. (who ought to have been an Alumna, but in an evil hour had to graduate at Cincinnati Wesleyan, and has been sorry for it ever since); Misses Lillie and Nellie Packard of South Boston; Nellie Ferguson of Newton Highlands; Carrie Wallace Hussey of Newton Upper Falls; Annie Wallace, who has not yet gone to Washington to live; Gertie Rice of Allston; Carrie

Kendig and Annie Kendig Pierce of Roxbury (where was uncle Silas, Annie?); Marion Gilmore; Lucy Curtis of Rockland; Lillie Potter of Chicago, with her dear good mother; and Ava Lowe, with her dear good mother, too.

Of old girls, we noticed Anna Curtis of State Line, N.Y.; Louie Best Cumnock, with her handsome lord and master, of Chicopee; Annie Judson of Brookline; Bertha Morrisson and Blanche Jones of Chicago; Bertha Childs of Lawrence; Carrie Waters of Millbury; Agnes Fanning of Worcester; Emma Eaton of Gardner; Constance Waite of Freeport, Me.; and Laura Davis.

Honored guests were also Mrs. Robbins of Union, Me.; Mr. Alling of Cañon City, Col.; Mrs. Marshall of Denver, Col.; Mr. Cook and son of Chicago; Mr. Bailey and son of Washington; J. T. Jones of Sandwich; Mrs. Rice; Rev. J. M. Avann of Manchester, N.H.; Dr. and Mrs. Kendig of Roxbury; Rev. J. D. Pickles of Melrose; Mr. Grubbs of Indianapolis, Ind.; Jacob Fribley of Marion, O.; Mrs. Jackson of Berwick, Penn. (wish Etta could have come); and Mr. Early of Detroit, Mich.

We think of many others whom Lasell would have heartily welcomed, and whom we hope before long to see in beautiful Auburndale.

LOCALS.

"HOME, sweet home!"

SENIORS of '85, accept our congratulations.

How good it seems to see the familiar faces of the old girls at Commencement time!

We are sorry to say farewell to our Seniors; and it would be impossible to say how much they will be missed. The school will hardly seem like the same place without them. But they won't be forgotten; and we hope they will always keep a warm place in their hearts for Lasell.

MR. SHEPHERD gave his last Sunday entertainment in the parlor June 14. A very enjoyable evening was passed.

Two trios and several solos were rendered most delightfully. The Seniors were requested each to choose her favorite hymn. Dr. Ridgeway made a very pleasant speech, after which we closed by singing Gloria Patri.

DURING Senior vacation Miss Lizzie Whipple gave a dinner to the members of the graduating class, which was heartily enjoyed by all.

"To meet, to know, to love, to part,
Is the sad lot of every schoolgirl's heart."

"S. D." ENTERTAINMENT.

ON Saturday evening, the annual supper was given by the "S. D." Society to the class of '85.

The exercises were held in the new gymnasium which had been very tastefully trimmed. The programme arranged for the evening consisted of an instrumental solo by Miss Adams; a vocal solo by Miss Jennie Jackson; a toy symphony, which included Misses Durfee, Prickett, Ferguson, Best, Ebersole, Fribley, Osgood, and Adams; a cornet-solo by Miss Mae Fowler; and a burlesque on Clementine by Misses Henlin and Best, assisted by Miss Corcoran and her banjo as orchestra. The exercises being over, they repaired to the dining-room, where supper was served. The tables looked very attractive, having been beautifully decorated with flowers. Very soon the toast-mistress, Miss Best, proposed the following toasts,—

CLASS OF '85 MISS COE.
Response MISS WALSTON.

"And still we gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That ten small heads could carry all they knew."

OUR LASELLIA SISTERS . . . MISS PECK.
Response MISS WHIPPLE.

"Among them, but not of them."

CRAZY GIRLS MISS BURB.
Response MISS JACKSON.

"Stop, while you may suspend your mad career,
Or learn from our example and our fate."

OLD "S. D.'s" MISS DURFEE.
Response MISS WINSLOW.

"All shall come back; each tie of pure affection
shall be knit again."

SENTIMENTAL GIRLS MISS COLBURN.
Response MISS GOLDEN.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

GREATEST DIG MISS COMSTOCK.
Response MISS PRESCOTT.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

After these had received all due attention, impromptu toasts were given, and many bright and amusing speeches made in reply. When the inevitable bell was heard, we would gladly have continued the festivities, but were obliged to bid

"To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light."

A LOST TRUNK.

WILL the girl who took the wrong trunk, leaving hers in its stead, please send word to me? and we will arrange for her either to send the trunk back, or bring it next fall. Isn't it funny that a girl could pack and take off a trunk not hers, and not know it!

ART NOTES.

THE Boston Art Club held its last of this season's meetings last evening, when Messrs. George A. Frost and Henry W. Peabody were chosen members. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith spoke of the security of the club adopting rules similar to those governing the "New York Branch of the National Society of Arts."

"A GREEK god in a frock coat" is the flippant way "A Foreign Resident" in "London Society" describes Sir Frederick Leighton, the handsome and accomplished president of the Royal Academy.

It is agreeable to note that "Near the Coast," R. Swain Gifford's admirable picture, which won one of the twenty-five hundred dollar prizes at the Prize Fund Exhibition, is to remain in New York, it having fallen by lot to the Metropolitan Museum. F. M. Boggs's "Rough Day off Hon-fleur" goes to the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston; Alexander Harrison's "Crépuscule," to the Museum of Fine Arts of St. Louis; and "The Last Sacrament," by Henry Moster, to the Polytechnic Institute of Louisville.

THE unveiling of the Poe Memorial at the Metropolitan Museum of Art was the occasion of a brilliant gathering of artistic, literary, and fashionable New York. Algernon S. Sullivan conducted the ceremonies with his customary grace and easy dignity; handsome Edwin Booth and genial old John Gilbert represented the stage to the entire satisfaction of the ladies; William Winter read an original poem; a national anthem, composed for the occasion by George Edgar Montgomery, was given with spirit by a well-drilled choir; and Miss Sarah Cowell delivered Poe's lines of "The Raven" with that artistic elocution and superior intelligence which leave her, in serious recitations, unrivalled by any woman on the platform in this country. Indeed, so far as the programme of the day is concerned, every thing went off successfully. But when one has to speak of the Memorial itself, what more can in fairness be said, than that it is a carefully executed piece of conventional tombstone art? We have sculptors in this country—the name of one young American of established reputation, who is especially fitted for the execution of a work of this kind, seems to have occurred to every one except the committee in charge—who would have given us a monument of Poe worthy of his memory. But the prevalent idea among laymen in this country seems to be, that a sculptor is a sculptor, all the world over, and one is just as good as another.

JOSEPH CHESTER BURKE died at Middletown, Conn., June 27, aged thirty-two. Graduated at Wesleyan University, 1874; post-graduate student Wesleyan University, 1874-75; taught natural sciences at Wilbraham, Mass., 1875-79; assisted in physics in Wesleyan University, 1879-81; assistant in natural history, 1881-82; teacher of natural sciences at Lasell, 1882-85. Member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

FOUR times this school year has the LEAVES put out the black lines,—once for Nellie, who had her place taken, and looked eagerly to the opening of the year, but did not come; once for Nellie, who came looking so well, and happy to be here, and who would not stop, though she had fair warning, till *too late*. Dear girls, they were and are—for we count them still—ours. They had not tasted much of this life's sin or trouble; probably knew few regrets and no remorse. Their young lives had been surrounded by every comfort, and love's best gifts had not been too good for them. Early transplanted, they look back on this earthly life as a pleasant one, with more bright lines than dark. We have missed them the year that's gone; though in the steady march of work, each day with its full measure of duties, their names have been, by most of us, only now and then spoken. To those who knew and loved them best, their memory is a sweet presence. But they are a part of the "Lasell" throng in heaven,—the company that shall steadily increase, that shall gather to itself, from the east and from the west, from the north and south, and sit together at the feet of the great Teacher.

Then, waiting, true to her life-long habit, till the girls were gone, so they mightn't be sad, and it wouldn't much trouble, went quietly out from us that ever sweet presence, "Grandma Car.,"—as the children loved to call her,—to have her Christmas with her Lord, whom she had grown to be so like. There couldn't have been much surprise to her in putting on the garments of immortality, and taking her place among the saints: for her soul had long been in tune with the Saviour's, and her life had long been singing the song of the redeemed. Her gentle voice, her look, her smile, *herself*, streamed down into this busy, workaday, selfish life of ours like a ray of God's own light, purifying every thing it touched. Her presence was a benediction. Oh, how we miss her! We look for her in that room to which—no matter how tired she was, or how broken, by our hasty coming, was a needed sleep—she welcomed us with an invariable smile. We miss her from her chair, we miss her in the dining-room, and we look about for her in the chapel sabbath morning with a great longing to see her dear face.

And now we send to that rest our co-worker and teacher, Joseph C. Burke, beloved and es-

teemed in full measure by us who had the privilege of his fellowship in these last three years, during which he went in and out among us. It doesn't seem possible that he has gone so soon. We knew he was tired out, we thought he was worn by undue attention to his work, and we were glad for him to stop for rest. But we thought that rest would bring him to vigor, and to us, again; and we talked of our plans for next year, of the arrangement of the new laboratory in which he took a great interest, having waited for it patiently all these months. Instead, he has entered into "*that rest*," he has come to "the city that hath foundations." We would not grudge him this swift putting off mortality, the bright visions of the fairer land, the wider and untiring pleasure of the Master's more personal service; but we shall much miss him in our school, in every part of it.

He was undemonstrative, but his influence was felt everywhere. The teachers will miss his clear, charitable judgments, his amiable, genial manners. The pupils will miss his friendly advice, earnest teaching, and manly example. The prayer-meeting will miss his constant presence, loving prayer, and faithful testimony,—his gentle, John-like spirit. The city will miss his intelligent interest in its scientific circles.

It goes without saying, that his end was peace. In Middletown, at his father's house, the house of his birth, surrounded by his dear ones,—"*calm as summer evenings be*,"—came his gentle translation. To us all a fragrant memory of an unspotted life, such as dims the usual legacies of rich or titled men, such as many of us would be glad if we could leave to our beloved; not detained to weariness in the toils of disease,—we would our last days could be like his. Friends, let us not forget our growing company in the skies. Let us think on, as real, our going to join it; and when from daily duties, faithfully done for His sake, from being faithful in that which is least, we come up together, and enter the streets of the "New Jerusalem," "what a gathering that will be"! Earth is fair, and life is sweet; but heaven is fairer, and eternal life *more sweet*.

EYE hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
 Ear hath not heard its deep song of joy;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom:
 For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
 It is there, it is there, my child!

MRS. HEMANS.

DAVID COPPERFIELD'S DORA.

At the age of twenty-one David Copperfield could look back upon a life, which, although not supremely happy, was yet not one of unmitigated sorrow. He had had his trials, but they

were not such as to put an old head on young shoulders, as David was at this time an excellent, good-hearted fellow, with very promising abilities, but undisciplined. He had spent the greater part of his life with an old aunt, and here he had never found an object on which to rest his youthful love and fancy. But, when he met his charming Dora, his absorbing passion was of such an overpowering nature as to blind him to the fact that she had faults, or at least to delude him into the belief that they were easily remedied. He was transported with bliss, drugged with sentiment; he loved her with an ecstatic frenzy. When we are introduced to Miss Dora Spenlow, we are attracted by her pretty appearance. "Little Blossom," the name David's aunt gave to her, described her better than any word of mine could. As we look upon a flower, we admire its delicate coloring, and delight in the gratification it affords our senses: so with Dora, we admire her fresh young face and gentle innocence; but when we learn that she can sing, accompanying herself on the guitar, that she can paint roses, and that she has a dog,—why, what more can we wish?

When this young lady and gentleman first meet, Dora is unhappy. David's heart is touched to the quick: he must make her happy; it is his one mission here upon earth. They are never friends: they are lovers from the beginning. Their courtship has the necessary drawbacks to show them that their love is the genuine article. As we listen to their chatter, it may occur to us that Dora cannot make a reasonably long speech without bringing in her dog; that, in fact, her chief theme of conversation is her dog, and that the minor themes are not very profound. We do not wonder, however, as lovers' conversation is generally more emotional than serious. There is no doubt that every word came from the heart, as she had no brain from which to draw; but, in spite of that, the engagement ring encircled the delicate little finger, and the marriage ring quickly followed.

David had had his dreams of the future: he would be married to this charming creature; they would live in an artistic little dove-cot, with Dora always there to aid and advise him; he would have a home, and a sweet wife to preside over it; and, when his friends would come to visit them, Dora would do the honors of the hostess, preparing the wholesome dinners; and when he came home in the evening, tired and weary, he would find his loving wife with a dainty tea waiting for him; they would then talk of the future, of their hopes and fears.

David was, however, roughly awakened from the rapture of these dreams by the actual experience of married life. They were married; they lived in the little dove-cot; Dora was always there; she would meet him, cling to him,

and call him all the pet names in her vocabulary: but aid and advise him she could not; she did not know how. He tried to form her mind: he could not, as she had none.

After he had been married a short time, he invited an old friend to dine with him. He was not a little mortified when he found the main entrance blocked up by a dog's house, the dinner half cooked, the dishes on the table all looking drunk, and oh! crowning disgrace, the dog allowed to walk over the table, putting his feet in the salt and melted butter, and making rapid dives at the guest's plate. But David was afraid to speak of these little annoyances, for fear of hurting his wife's tender feelings. But when the silver had disappeared, when the cook was found drunk, when the grocery bill amounted to a sum that was simply astounding for so small a family, and when he had gone without his meals because they were not prepared for him, he began then to reason with his wife in a gentle manner: she began to cry. He grew serious: she went into hysterics.

David began to look at life seriously: his helpmate was a bright and beautiful toy; and, like a child, he had instantly fallen in love with the dainty doll, and, like the child, had too soon found that a toy could become tiresome. Dora loved her husband; she thought each word that fell from his lips was wisdom pure and undiluted, and every thing that he did was right. She loved nothing better than to sit with her dog at his feet, and look up into his face while he was at work; and if he saw fit to put out his hand and stroke her hair, and call her his mouse, her cup was full. Responsibility ages a man; and only think what a bore a dog-Tray kind of wife must become to a man who seeks for intelligent companionship and sympathy; or how tedious it will in time become to the husband to listen to the endless chatter about a dog; or how wearisome to feel obliged to look after the household, as well as to earn the money to keep it going!

Twice Dora awakens to a suspicion of her own deficiency. The first time is when she comes to her husband, and asks him to think of her as his child-wife. When she makes this request in her simple language, we cannot help loving her; but when she jumps away, and begins to teach the dog how to stand on his hind-legs on the cookery book, she exasperates us anew. She again awakens our sympathy when she says her farewell words to David, and we find perhaps a few tears dimming our eyes; but down in our inmost hearts we cannot help thinking, that, to die as she did, before she had lost forever the love of her husband, before she had become unhappy as she certainly would have become in a few years, was the most becoming thing she ever did.

PERSONALS.

NETTIE THOMAS and George R. Dickinson were married at the home of the bride, Collinsville, Conn., Wednesday, June 25.

MR. JOHN K. HAYS, brother of Jennie, was married, at Williamsport, Penn., June 25, to Miss Sarah B. Cargell of Williamsport.

CLARA PRENTISS was married to William B. Tubby, at Holyoke, Mass., on June 24. They will live at Holyoke.

WE throw an old shoe at each and every couple!

WE were so sorry that Lottie Snell Simms was kept from Commencement. If she had come, '82 would have come within one of a full class here. Emily Peabody was here Tuesday, but went away on learning there would be no reunion, company at home hurrying her.

GUSSIE ADAMS and Bertha Harris "hobnobbed" at Saratoga lately, Bertha attending missionary meetings there.

IDA YOUNG THOMAS, in Danielsonville, is in happy expectation of a visit from her old schoolmates, Etta Jones Clarke with her little daughter, and Mabel Cheney Wilber with her two little ones.

JENNIE JOHNSON made a visit of two weeks to Mabel and Cora Cogswell, at their (we speak that we do know) delightful home in quiet Dayville. Grace Durfee ran down from Southbridge, where she has been visiting Lina Bartholomew (Why didn't you come to Commencement, Lina?), and spent a day with them.

NETTIE YOUNG looks just as she did a year ago; and Ida Cogswell Bailey, in her cheery home, and with her bright little girl, even more charming than ever.

MAY BAILEY has a new house (not her own yet, but her father's, though we shouldn't wonder—) and has charge just now, and does her housekeeping much like Edith Flint Barker, we suspect.

Altogether, a bright circle of Lasell's old girls in that favored quiet section.

MISS LOTTIE MALLORY, who is attending school at Amherst, made some of her friends a hasty visit last month.

HATTIE CLARK and Charles L. Van Doren were married June 17, at Trinity Chapel, Twenty-fifth Street, near Broadway, New York. Congratulations of Lasell friends.

MISS HELEN M. HOKE and Rev. Henry H. Sangree were married June 2, and are "at home," Hanover, Penn.

MR. AND MRS. R. C. PENFIELD received their many friends at Willoughby, O., Tuesday evening, June 2.

WE are glad to hear of C. Gussie Adams, through her report as Treasurer of the Young Women's Mission Circle of Saratoga, as published in the "Saratogian."

FROM her busy life in home and church work at Easton, Penn., Mamie Shellenberger sends greeting to her friends here. From her we hear also that Mrs. A. D. Cooke (Delia Hopkins, class of '70) resides in Philadelphia. We would like Mrs. Cooke's exact address.

MR. AND MRS. HICKS (Alice Mayo) made us a too brief visit recently. Their residence is Needham, Mass. Mr. Hicks's office is in Boston.

GRACE W. BROOKS and James C. Elms, jun., were married May 28, and "at home, June 11 and 18, corner Eldredge and Vernon Streets, Newton, Mass."

OLD girls will recall the pleasant face of Julia Wells, who was here in '74. She was married May 10, 1885, to Dr. Fred W. Lovejoy of East Pepperell, Mass., and so will be living near Helen Winslow henceforth, and not too far to come to Lasell now and then. Our congratulations, Julia!

LINA A. MAYNARD and Frank E. Bramhall were married June 3, and are at home, 30 Tenth Street, Lowell, Mass.

Why couldn't you come to Commencement, Lina?

FROM Abby W. Davis, Massachusetts General Hospital, we are sure to hear of faithful work. She sends also this message to the flower-gatherers:—

"Received a large box of beautiful flowers to-day marked from Lasell. Please thank the girls who gathered them, and say that the flowers were distributed all over the hospital, and gave great pleasure to the patients and nurses. . . .

"In my work here I have often occasion to be very grateful for the many, many things said to me at Lasell about being of use in this life, and realize what was done there to fit me for my present duties."

OUR NEIGHBORS.

THEODORE THOMAS has invited the Yale and Amherst Glee Clubs to accompany him through Europe. Amherst has already accepted.

PRESIDENT ELIOT takes a year's vacation, commencing next fall.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE, who lately addressed the students of Harvard on "Temperance," is the first woman who ever addressed an audience in Sanders Theatre.

A PARTY of Seniors from Amherst are planning to take a trip on foot through Germany and France this summer.

THE two lower classes at Dartmouth had a hat rush recently, which resulted in the suspension of two men, and the putting on probation for six months of many others.

PRINCETON is expected to take the Lacrosse championship this year.

THE largest Sanskrit class in the country is at the University of Pennsylvania, and numbers eleven students.

THE buildings of Chicago University have been sold at auction on account of a claim of an insurance company on the university.

"WHAT do you think of Fielding?" asked a Boston girl of a Harvard graduate. "Oh, it's important, of course; but it don't amount to any thing without good batting!" — *Ex.*

HARVARD gives its professors one year in every seven for private study.

AT Yale a Chinese student took the prize for English composition.

SECRETARY BAYARD is to deliver the Commencement address at the University of Kansas.

FROUDE, the historian, who is now in this country, will visit Yale and Harvard before leaving for England.

MUSICAL NOTES.

MARIE VAN ZANDT, it is reported, has been engaged for an American tour next season.

A SENSATION has been created in Madrid by a new Spanish musical composer named Villate. He is thirty-three years of age, but has not produced any work before his own countrymen till now, though one of his operas was well received at Paris, and another at The Hague. The opera with which he has taken Madrid by storm is called "Balthasar." The libretto is in Italian, and was taken from a Spanish drama by a Frenchman named D'Orneville.

THE bi-centenary of Handel's birth has been commemorated by two concerts at the Paris Conservatoire, the programmes including selections from "Israel in Egypt," and "Judas Macabæus."

"MELODIOUS, but stupid!" was the general verdict of the first nighters on "Mikado," in London.

WITHIN the past six months, Mario, Carmelo, and Maria Bellini—brothers and sister of the opera composer—have died at Catania, Sicily. Mario Bellini was an eminent church musician.

ABT directed several of his own compositions at Gilmore's World's Peace Jubilee in Boston, in June, 1872, to the great delight of the assembled thousands.

GREAT preparations are being made at Stuttgart—one of the favorite resorts of music-loving Americans—for the musical celebration to take place there during the summer.

ABT was sixty-six years of age at the time of his death.

MR. JAMES W. DAVISON, the famous musical critic, is dead. He was the husband of the eminent pianist, Mme. Arabella Goddard. He was over seventy years of age.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

It is stated that some of the French railway companies are about to adopt an electric gate-opener. A catch connected with an electric magnet keeps a gate closed. When a train approaches, it closes the circuit, releases the catch, and the gates fly open. The last car on the train as it passes through opens the circuit, and the gates are again closed. The same apparatus rings a bell violently on the approach of each train.

A NEW DESTRUCTIVE MISSILE.—A new shrapnel shell for hundred-ton guns has been invented by an Italian admiral. At thirty feet from the cannon's mouth, the shell bursts, throwing forward seventy-five smaller projectiles, which in their turn burst into a fan-shaped shower of balls and fragments of metal, with terribly destructive effect.

TO DEODORIZE KEROSENE.—A little chloride of lime dissolved in warm water, left in a lamp or can which has held kerosene, will deodorize it very soon.

THE BICYCLE.—It is probable that the bicycle and tricycle will become in the future as much of a staple article of manufacture as the common road-wagon of to-day. In England fifteen million dollars are now invested in their production, employment being given to ten thousand people.

SEVERAL natural gas-wells have been struck in Bowling Green, O.

THE experiment of lighting cars on the New York and New England Railroad by means of incandescent lights has proved very satisfactory.

GALVANIZED-IRON tanks are forbidden to be used on French men-of-war.

THE Russian Government is experimenting with balloon-steering by the aid of electricity.

MANY of the signal lamps on the Great Western Railway, England, are being fitted with electric lights.

A QUARTER of a century ago Dr. Bonley, professor at the Veterinary School of Alford, discovered that gas-works employees escaped all contamination during the cholera epidemics.

THE Royal Academy of Turin offers a prize of twelve thousand francs for the most useful and striking discovery in anatomy, physiology, pathology, the exact sciences, geography, or statistics, effected between Dec. 31, 1883, and Dec. 31, 1886. Members of the Academy are not eligible to the competition.

NOVA SCOTIA produced 54,885 tons of iron-ore in 1884.

THE MAGIC HAIRPIN.

THE proof of a boy's mechanical skill is usually what he can do with a jackknife; the proof of a woman's is what she can do with a hairpin, says an exchange.

Few women take naturally to ordinary tools. They use hammers in a gingerly and ridiculous manner, or they pound their fingers with them; they put blunt pointed nails along instead of across the grain, and then wonder why it splits; they use screw-drivers principally to pry open boxes; and they think wire-pincers were made to crack nuts with. But they know how to manage a hairpin.

"A lady," said an observant gentleman the other day, "always opens a letter better than a man. A man tears off a corner, and then pulls the envelope more or less to pieces in getting at the contents; but a lady draws a hairpin, inserts one prong at a corner, and rips open the edge as neatly, easily, and quickly as if the tool were made for the purpose."

With the same "tool" she can, and frequently does, button her glove, and occasionally her boots. She cuts the magazines with it. She twists it into clasps for broken jewelry. She uses it to suspend plaques. She employs it to draw corks, and also to snuff candles. She inserts it into windows to keep them from rattling, and uses it to brace back shades that incline to tumble down. She succeeds, with its help, in turning the hasps of windows from the outside when obliged by accidental lock-out to burglarize her own house. She arms herself with it when travelling, to keep disagreeable neighbors at a respectful distance. She files receipts upon it. She pins up notices to the milkman with it. She even bends it roughly into the form of an initial, and hangs it in the keyhole of her intimate friend's lock, by way of a card, when she has forgotten her card-case, and the family are out.

The fan has long been regarded as the object most suggestive of the Spanish women. Ladies of other countries are famed for their especially graceful or skilful use of other dainty, family, feminine articles. But, if we were asked to select the thing most truly representative of the great American girl, we would name without hesitation the neat, the ingenious, the inexhaustible, the magic hairpin. — *Exchange.*

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE United States minister to Turkey, the Hon. S. S. Cox, is expected to enter upon his duties there July 10.

THE North-west rebellion is over, — unconditional surrender of Poundmaker and thirty of his braves to Gen. Middleton.

THE militia force of the United States numbers 90,000 men. New York's force alone is 10,000.

JAMES W. WHELPLEY of New York is appointed assistant treasurer of the United States being promoted from cashier.

THE disputed points having been agreed to, the formal treaty of peace between France and China is reported to have been signed June 10.

A NEW route for mail service between the United States and Cuba, by rail to Tampa, Fla., thence by ocean, will go into operation sometime in August.

EX-GOV. HUBBARD of Texas, United States minister to Japan, sailed June 2, on the steamer "City of Tokio," for Yokohama.

THE South American Commission was cordially received by the Government at Montevideo June 8, *via* Galveston. It has been asked to use its influence in favor of extending the American cable system to Uruguay. The commission will ask the United States Government to exert its good influence to this end. The commission was to leave Rio de Janeiro on the 18th of June.

IN his inaugural address, Gov. Currier of New Hampshire remarked that the State had lost the distinctively agricultural character of its early history. While that is true, New Hampshire has reason to be proud of the fact, that, under the fostering care of a protective tariff, it has gained enormously as a manufacturing State. In twenty years, under that policy, it doubled the annual value of its manufactured products, and increased over one hundred per cent the amount paid in wages to its workmen. At the same time, its farms were greatly enhanced in value. No wonder the governor "favors the continuance of a protective policy." If the State had been compelled to rely on agriculture, it must necessarily have fallen behind in competition with the growing West; but the mills, in furnishing a home market, added to the value of the farms.

A CLERGYMAN asked the blessing at the table in a house where they were unaccustomed to thank the Lord for his blessings. A little boy picked up his plate, scanned it closely, then, looking over to the clergyman, said, "Mister, there isn't any reading on my plate."

O HEART of mine, keep patience! Looking forth,
As from the Mount of Vision, I behold,
Pure, just, and free, the Church of Christ on earth, —
The martyr's dream, the golden age foretold!
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

WE see by the June LEAVES that the editor's sympathy is extended to the poor unfortunate who next takes up the pen she so carefully lays down. Grasping it in our turn, we wish to thank her for her interest and sympathy both, and if there is any more lying around uncalled for, it would be gratefully received by the present careworn editor, whose brow is, thus early, furrowed by the anxiety incident to the height of her position.

The year has begun very pleasantly. There are many new girls, — almost more than there ought to be, it seems sometimes, when we look around the chapel and find strange faces where last year familiar ones beamed on us with all the charm of "auld acquaintance."

Yet the old girls are well represented, and

we like the new ones, so "contentment reigns." Next year the new-comers will be old girls, and even now we feel a kindred pang as we think how the poor things will miss us.

The class of '85 has left an aching void, and, even with our united self-esteem, we members of '86 dare not claim to fill it quite yet. But we hope to grow to it. We all have "longings sublime, and aspirations high."

Feminine curiosity can be studied in all its phases at Lasell. There is always some subject on hand about which the wildest conjectures are made, and the most startling theories advanced. Just now it is our prospective natatorium, and those girls who are blessed(?) with the average amount of curiosity and a little more than the average amount of imagination, are giving their duller sisters the benefit of their powers.

We are inclined to think that the natatorium is all a myth, "begot of nothing but vain fantasy." For ever since the new gymnasium was built, the vacant space under it has been declared by some wise ones to be destined for a bowling-alley; while others, yet wiser, were of the opinion that all Lasell needed to make it perfection was — a skating-rink. To our mind, the dream of the natatorium seems more tangible, but it is all a mystery.

Visions of the new girls taking their first lesson in the art of swimming, arrayed in garments wonderful in color and design, flit before our eyes, while the appalling thought comes to us that in the dim future a swimming exhibition may be one of the prominent features of class day.

Just imagine the gray and reverend seniors performing wonderful feats in the foaming brine(?), surrounded by an enthusiastic and admiring audience! Picture a dripping mermaid walking up to receive the first prize for diving from professor's hand! Think of the difficulties a poor senior would labor under, trying to look charming and dignified with water running in miniature torrents down over her face, and her hair separating into very ugly and unromantic pigtails!

Will this ever be? Who can tell! This is a progressive age.

FINISHED.

SHE has graduated from her fashionable boarding-school and come home. She has "finished her education," and next fall she will "come out." The chrysalis state is ended, and the butterfly state begins. She has been a nun for four years, and she thinks that quite long enough. Her father has paid four or five thousand dollars for her education. When he takes an account of stock, he shakes his head doubtfully; if he dared, he would question audibly whether the investment has paid. But he is under altogether too good discipline to raise any question. Besides, if the truth must be confessed, he knows more about the value of pork than of Latin, French, mathematics, and music. But he sometimes looks at the finished young lady, and remembers the artless and simple-hearted little girl of eight years ago, and in his heart of hearts he wishes that she had been left unfinished. He has the uncultivated taste to prefer the pine in its native wildness, as he remembers it in the pasture of his boyhood, to the pines in his Italian garden, trimmed and fashioned in all fantastic and unnatural shapes.

But though he sometimes has misgivings, she never has. She has gone through the appointed probation; has completed the process of intellectual incubation, and has no doubt of her ability to fly. She can generally understand the French phrases in the last society novel, and so she has finished the modern languages. She can play a dozen set pieces on the piano, if she has her notes and is not out of practice; so she has finished her musical education. She has brought home in her trunk half a dozen crayon copies from pictures given her by her master, and after he has gone over them and touched them up they present a very respectable appearance; so she is a finished artist. She has read the first book of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and parsed most of it, so she has finished English literature. She can rattle off the names of the crowned heads of England, and knows that William the Conqueror won the battle of Hastings, that Henry VIII. was not a model husband, and that Charles I. was beheaded by Cromwell; so she has finished English history. She has committed to memory the greater part of Butler's "Analogy," and

recited it; so she is finished in Moral Philosophy. Finished! Poor girl! Infinity is about her, eternity is before her, and the germ of divinity is within her, and she knows it not. Finished! Alas! she does not know as much as poor Joe of 'Tom-all-alone's, for he knew enough to say, "I don't know nothink." A musician who can tell you nothing about the schools of music or the great musicians — the passionate vehemence of Wagner, the intellectual depth of Schumann, the artistic perfection of Mendelssohn, the spiritual fervor of Beethoven! An artist who has never learned either to read nature or to interpret it, to whom the daisy is only a common weed, and the tree is useful only because it keeps one who hides beneath its shade from being frightfully sunburnt! A scholar who cannot tell you the difference between an idyl and an epic, between Milton and Pope, between Walter Scott and George Eliot! She does not even know how to walk, but goes along the sidewalk with a mincing gait almost as excruciating to the beholder as it must be to her; nor how to breathe, for she has tortured her beautiful form into the semblance of an hour-glass, through which the sands of life are running fast. Her expensive education has given her absolutely nothing but "accomplishments" — an ironical term used to signify the possessions of a girl who has incapacitated herself for accomplishing anything.

When a girl has "finished her education," she is spoiled, and a lifetime can hardly undo the mischief. Superficiality has developed nothing but self-conceit; and even a husband and children will hardly suffice to take that out of her. But, for the sake of girls yet unspoiled, we warn paterfamilias against the fashionable boarding-school that finishes education for its unfortunate victims. There are plenty of good girls' schools in America; no need any more to send to these finishing shops, which are all veneer and varnish. The true girls' school condemns the high-heeled shoe and the torturing corset, and give a free, firm step, a graceful carriage, and a well-developed frame. It gives a love for music, not a mere mechanical skill at piano-playing; a love for books, not a mere memorized list of authors and their works; a comprehension of the evolution of the race, not a mere table of dates and events; a love of nature, not a mere school-girl's crayon imitation of copies set. There are plenty of such schools in America, — schools that, in lieu of accomplishments, endow with capacity for achievement. We are far from thinking that man's studies furnish the best material for woman's education. But our girls' colleges have had a hard task before them to establish the fact that girls can be educated, that they are capable of real development. That task is done. The capacity of woman for the highest

self-development and her right to the highest self-development are no longer open to question. The odious combination of "women, infants, and idiots" is relegated to the past. What is the best curriculum for the development of womanly character we have, perhaps, yet to learn. The male intellect cannot solve that problem by profound meditation in the study on "the sphere of woman." We must evolve the true intellectual gymnasium for girls, as we have evolved the intellectual gymnasium for boys, out of actual experiment. Meanwhile with Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and Bryn Mawr, with South Hadley, Norton, Bradford, and Lasell, and with the innumerable fitting schools to which these and kindred institutions have given rise, presided over by women who are scholars and Christians, whose schools are not a chrysalis, and whose graduates are not butterflies, it is an unpardonable sin to send a poor rich girl to a fashionable school, where she learns to dress, but not to live; to talk, but not to think; to pretend, but not to be. — *The Christian Union*.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

WHEN I have been long gone, if one I love,
And who loves me, shall chance upon a ring
That I have worn, or any simple thing, —
A knot of ribbon or a faded glove, —
I wonder if the sight of it will move
To fond remembrance, and if tears will spring,
And if the sudden memory will bring
A sudden sadness over field and grove.

Perhaps; and yet how quickly we forget!
And how new scenes, new faces that we meet,
Crowd out the old, — until the world grows gay
Above forgotten graves. Softest regret
Grows stale by keeping; and, however sweet,
No Past has quite the sweetness of To-day.

Selected.

SPARKS FROM THE SENIOR TABLE. — (*At dinner*.) 1st Senior to Senior near the head of the table. — "What is better than a nice big piece of lovely peach-pie?" 2d Senior (*pondering the nebular hypothesis, and consequently a little abstracted*). — "Give it up." 1st Senior (*with a look of resolution in her mild blue eye*). — "Two pieces." She got another.

1st Senior (*in the course of conversation*). — "He's a poor miss-guided youth." Chorus of Seniors. — "Oh, how interesting! Is he wild?" 1st Senior (*rather startled at the effect of her innocent remark*). — "Oh, no, not that; but he does everything his sister tells him to." (*Faint groans, succeeded by silence deep and profound. Gertrude plaintively asks for the salt.*)

PROF. BRAGDON'S HORRIBLE PUN. — Professor (*pointing to some rocks on the route to Concord*). — "These, girls, are what the New England cows feed upon; that is the reason they are so hardy!"

A LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 21, 1885.

I WANT to tell you of one of the most novel sights we have enjoyed this week.

It was nothing less than a Chinese holiday procession.

We had no knowledge of the approaching fête until Thursday, and we heard of it while we were visiting one of the Chinese Mission Schools, where we found all the scholars' minds full of the "Hong Wong Festival," which was to occur on the following Tuesday.

Of course we hastened to "Chinatown" early in the morning of that day, and there we learned that Hong Wong is one of the josses, or gods.

September 15 is his birthday, and there is an annual fête in his honor, and he is at this time carried from his temple residence to the theatre; here he is left for the night. The following morning he is escorted back to his abiding-place, and 'mid the noise of fire-crackers his excursion is ended. The streets of Chinatown were crowded with "Celestials," and an interesting and interested crowd they were. There were merchants in broadcloth of the finest texture, with their little satin caps, and clean-looking sandals, and their queues braided with care. There were common people in coarse cotton shirts and trousers. There were tall gaunt Chinamen, and short fat ones. There were Chinese papas in plenty, tenderly leading or carrying their funny little black-eyed children. Have you ever seen any of the queer little creatures? Of course they were in holiday attire, purple, green, or red drawers and little loose shirts of something dark, bright silk caps, with sashes, necklaces, ear-rings, etc.

One little girl, I remember, wore, in place of a cap, a piece of black silk fringe, bound around her head. She was especially fine as to feet, having American shoes and big silver anklets over them. We saw a number of women sprinkled through the crowd, but they must have been of the lower classes. The few fine ladies here, I believe, do not go out in public. Those whom we saw were plainly dressed, much in the same style as their husbands. Their ear-rings were the most showy articles in their costume. These were of jade (a green stone) and wrought gold, hoops immense in size.

The style in coiffures is much plainer than it used to be. Some few women had small ornaments in their well-greased locks, but nothing very noticeable.

We soon found a convenient doorstep above the crowd, and very near where the procession was being formed. The particular joss-house was, in fact, just around the corner from us. Down the street to the right were a number of

gay banners showing through the trees. Up the street one gay company stood awaiting the signal to move, while back and forth and around to the joss-house rushed the future participants in the procession, hurrying to get to their places. Seeing them thus separately, we could thoroughly enjoy their magnificent costumes. They were nearly all made of the finest Chinese silks, and the combinations of color were perfectly wonderful in their beauty. We heard afterwards that the dresses were a new set which had just been brought over for the occasion, on the last steamer.

The company that was already formed wore dark blue shirts, and over these, long, loose jackets of light blue, and loose trousers of another shade of blue still. Their hats were curious round affairs, made of straw, in shape like limpet shells. They were tied under the chin by cherry ribbons, and lined under the brim with the same color.

The men stood in ranks of two only. Each carried a weapon, the handle of which was decorated with a cherry-colored scarf. The flag was an immense light blue silk one, the same shade as the jackets, figured over with cherry-colored designs and with an ornamental border of the same bright hue. It was triangular in form, like the real Chinese flag. The weapons all had very long poles for handles, and were curious in design. There were battle-axes, tridents, murderous-looking knives, etc.

I noted down the colors of two or three costumes, and wish I could remember more. One man whom we saw hurrying through the crowd wore a loose shirt of orange-colored silk, a broad sash of magenta, and green silk trousers. From the knee to the ankle his white leggings were wound with silk of varied shades, while his sabots were trimmed with silver. This combination looks dreadfully on paper, but in the wonderful shades of Chinese silks it was gorgeous. Another elegant costume consisted of a bright blue shirt, orange sash, and white trousers. Those wearing these brilliant dresses wore no head-dresses, but had their queues braided in with bright red silk and then wound about their heads. Their broad scarf sashes were knotted at the back, and then brought around so that the elegantly embroidered ends fell at front or side. Large white feather fans were carried by being stuck into the knot of the sash. You do not know how funny they looked in that position; like a sort of wing! These fans were not, however, merely for ornament. As the day grew warmer they were frequently in use. Fans held a prominent place in Hong Wong's procession, for they were the only things used by the marshals in ordering the march! When a halt occurred, fans were waving everywhere, and very gracefully too. I do not believe that

anybody else can manage a fan as well as a Chinaman.

Finally, all was ready, and the procession moved. At its head marched two standard-bearers, one carrying an elegant United States flag, the other a Chinese one. Not far behind them walked two men with gay lanterns on poles, and near these rode a little Chinese girl on a big black horse. Horse and rider were gayly decked. The latter was marvelously attired in embroidered garments of rainbow hues. Her little face, brightly painted, was surmounted by a head-dress of silk balls and feathers. But I could not pretend to tell of what followed, in regular succession. There were bands of course, five if I remember rightly,—Chinese bands may consist of two men or of a dozen. The simplest consists of two, who between them support a long pole, on which hang the gongs. Both men are furnished with heavy sticks, and continuously beat their respective gongs so that the strokes fall in a kind of alternate tattoo measure. More elaborate than this, is the band where three or four gongs are carried in a sort of canopied car, borne by several men. Beside this car the musicians walk, bending over to strike their instruments. Besides gongs, this style of band has several men, who play on instruments of the cornet or flute character. There are also men who produce a peculiar tune on conch shells. The most elaborate band rode in a wagon decorated in true Chinese fashion. The music, aside from that of gongs, was more like that produced by bagpipes than by any other civilized instrument.

One company was dressed in "ashes-of-roses" silk with cherry ribbons; another in brown shirts, cherry-colored sashes, and immense straw hats lined with colored silks, and trimmed with black velvet ribbon. The most curious dress of all consisted of a long straight coat like a dressing-gown, tied at the waist with a narrow sash. The coat was of yellow. One man in the company wore light yellow, and another dark, and as to the sashes, they were red or blue or any brilliant shade. The hats were all trimmed with bright red. To the brilliancy of the dresses was added that of the banners, as the procession wended its way through the narrow streets. They were of every color and size, as well as of shape.

There were clusters of flags of wonderful colors, with very long poles, which made silken bouquets in the sunlight. The features of the parade to the Chinese, however, were the joss-car and the dragons. The former was a handsome affair of "iron-wood" and heavy gilding. Hong Wong was hidden from sight within it. There were two dragons, one near the head of the procession, the other near the end. Their heads were immense pasteboard

affairs, with terrible rolling eyes, fur-tufted brows, and wide-opening jaws. Each dragon's head was managed by an athlete, his head and arms being within that of the dragon. The body of the beast was only a long sheet of striped silk, guided by several men.

In front of the largest dragon walked an athlete, who pretended to fight the dragon by plunging a strange weapon at its open jaws. None of those taking part in the procession really marched. They could not have done so with only the Chinese music. As there was no marching, in the proper sense, the antics of the dragon did not materially affect the movements of the procession. Sometimes the dragon would be occupied with diving in among the crowd for some minutes. Then of course there would follow a run to catch up with those ahead.

On the second day of Hong's festival, the dragon was everywhere saluted with fire-crackers. Such noise I never heard in my life. We were in one shop, whose proprietor (?) told us that he set off ten thousand crackers. They were suspended in long strings from the awning over the sidewalk, and as they exploded just outside the window where we sat, the effect was surely worthy of ten thousand exploding papers.

On this day the enthusiasm was great. Windows and balconies were crowded with women and children, with fans, umbrellas, and in some cases fire-crackers. Feasts of roast pig, confectionery, chicken, tea, etc., with sticks of burning punk, were set in doorways and along the sidewalk. What these gayly decked tables with their load of good things meant, we never found out, but we supposed they were in some way connected with the curious Chinese rites and ceremonies.

Yesterday we went to see some of the most elegant homes in San Francisco.

The first, Mr. Crocker's house, is one of a group of four or five great wooden palaces, which crown California Street Hill. When I tell you of the interior, you will be surprised at that word *wooden*, but people are so afraid of earthquakes here, that nearly all the dwelling-houses are of that material. It seems odd, to see magnificent polished granite fence posts, steps, and entrance decorations, to a wooden house! The porch floor at Mr. C.'s is of beautiful inlaid stone, real mosaic work, and the doors are of the finest carved woods. A colored man met us at the door and took the housekeeper's place in showing us about. On one side of the central hall is a large drawing-room, and on the other a library. Back of these rooms an immense hall runs from one end of the house to the other, crossing the entrance hall at the main stairway. As no one had anticipated our coming, the skylights in

the art gallery were covered, making the room very dusky, but after the blinds at the windows were opened, we were able to enjoy some of the paintings as well as the room itself. The floor is of different woods, inlaid in elaborate patterns, and over the middle of it lie great soft rugs in rich brown shades, to match the woods. The furniture is upholstered in the same browns, with some elegant material. A high dado of inlaid woods runs around the room, and above this is a dark maroon wall covering. There is a very elaborate frieze frescoed in soft wood colors. Beginning with forms of animal life, it portrays the giving of intellect by the goddess, and then carries on the story of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, the struggle of the Middle Ages, and the subsequent growth and development of intellectual life down to Humboldt. It is all in symbolic and conventional forms.

The gallery contains a beautiful collection of pictures by modern artists, and several pieces of statuary. Meyer von Bremen, Knaus, Vibert and Meissonier were represented by some interesting work. There is a splendid Yosemite view by Mr. Hill, the Californian artist. Have you ever read of him? I never had heard of him until I came to this coast, last summer. This year we have seen four superb mountain views, the work of his brush. There is a wonderful atmosphere to them, the real blue mountain haze.

From the art gallery we went to the drawing-room. The carpet and hangings are of soft, pale grayish colors, and the latter are beautifully embroidered in dark red silk. The furniture was nearly all shrouded in linen, but is all upholstered in satin, covered with embroideries. There are several chandeliers on pedestals of Mexican onyx and gilt. A table in the centre of the room is of some very dark wood — like ebony — Mexican onyx, and malachite. The bric-a-brac, cabinets, Russian bronzes, paintings, etc., are perfectly beautiful. Mrs. Crocker's boudoir is a charming little room. The fireplace, which was bought at the Centennial, is of onyx, silver, and heavy gilding. It is used with a gas fire, but does not seem to tarnish at all. The woodwork of the room is all very light, the ceiling is daintily frescoed, and the pictures are nearly all water-colors. The combination makes the most cheerful little apartment possible. We wanted much to know the different woods used through the house, but failed to recognize many of them.

The dining-room, we could tell, is entirely finished in ash. The dado has a band of carving representing various fruits and vegetables. The chandeliers are of bronze, and surmounted by pheasants in the same material. One of the carved sideboards we recognized as having

come from the Centennial. Madam's bedroom, the library, and the billiard-room are all on the first floor. The first mentioned is furnished in woods as dark as mahogany, and has hangings of pale corn-colored satin, embroidered in maroon silk and with velvet borders of the same color. The library and billiard-room were both elegant, but I should only weary you by trying to describe them. I would like to have gone upstairs, but of course we could not do that.

Two or three weeks ago we went through Governor Stanford's house, which, in furnishings, is, if anything, more superb than Mr. Crocker's. Each room is furnished in some very distinct tone, and I find this makes it far easier to remember. For one thing, there was the Pompeian room, in soft gilt and white: the carpet an exquisite thing, made by hand; the walls frescoed and ornamented with paintings brought from Italy, as wall decorations; the vases, dainty ware which belonged to Marie Antoinette; and the upholstery, superbly embroidered to match hangings, made "abroad."

Mrs. Crocker journeyed around the world and gathered from all lands to furnish a home where she spends very little of her time, and nearly the same might be said of her neighbor, Mrs. Stanford.

The queer thing about these palaces is, that their owners live so little in them. Governor Stanford has a beautiful summer home at Menlo Park, a few miles from the city, another place in Sacramento, and I believe, also, a place in New York, besides this in San Francisco.

My trip, so far, has been very pleasant and profitable, and I am almost sorry that the time for returning is so near, but I shall be glad to be in school once more.

THE LASELLIA INITIATION.

THE Lasellia Club initiation was, as always, a great and glorious success. If any one has any lurking doubts, let him apply to a new member for convincing proof.

The tragic summons to appear at the club-room door, at the witching hour of seven, as also the kindly admonition to wear no unnecessary apparel (which might mean little or much), struck terror to the hearts of the "unfledged." But twenty-five heroic damsels appeared, and all bore the trying ordeal with Spartan fortitude.

Of course the nameless deeds done in the sacred precincts of the club-room can never be revealed. "I could a tale unfold, whose lightest breath would harrow up thy soul," but my lips are sealed, "such blazon must not be." We can only hint vaguely at untold horrors.

The skull which presided over the official documents, requesting the would-be members to be present, was a very happy likeness, and the design was peculiarly unique.

After the initiatory ceremonies, a new club-song, written for the occasion, was sung, a few verses of which we will quote.

TUNE, — "*Rally round the Flag.*"

As we stand with hearts united,
In our sisterhood so true,
Singing, Lasellia forever!
We'll pledge our lives and fortunes,
And our promises ne'er rue,
Singing, Lasellia forever!

CHORUS. — (*A dead secret.*)

Our owl's the sign of wisdom, girls,
So let us grow more wise,
Singing, Lasellia forever!
With ambition for approval,
Without seeking for a prize,
Singing, Lasellia forever!

CHORUS.

We welcome you among us all
With open hearts and hands,
True to Lasellia forever!
And when this life's school-days are o'er,
We'll meet in fairer lands,
True to Lasellia forever!

OUR GIRLS.

Not Mere Appendages to Saratoga Trunks.

[*Rev. D. Swing, in Chicago Current.*]

THE educated girl of to-day overflows with affection toward her parents. Sharp words, fearful reprimands, are unusual. The child so fully desires to do what the parent wishes should be done, that the home life is a constant flow of companionship and affection rather than the eternal reign of authority.

The girl of to-day, with rare exceptions, is industrious and with a breadth of invention and execution. The ironical and often mean essays on the woman of the present picture her as good for little except for accompanying a Saratoga trunk on its wanderings in summer, and for filling fashionable engagements in winter. Much of this sarcasm is deserved by the few, but when the millions of girls are thought of as they are ornamenting their mothers' homes in the villages and cities, the honest heart cannot but confess that the word "girl" never meant more than it means to-day. This being, when found in her best estate, can go gracefully from her silk dress and piano to a plain garb and to work among plants, or to the kitchen, or to a mission-school class. Nothing any longer is beyond her. In the city she can easily walk three miles. Languor has ceased to be fashionable; sleep in the daytime not to be endured. The soul is thought to be action, not repose.

All can contradict these words of praise; because all who think a moment can find ex-

ceptions in girls who are always just dead with a headache, or as averse as a mummy to any kind of conversation or activity; girls who are pleased with nothing and nobody. These exceptions are so disagreeable that they seem to mar the whole world, and make the beautiful characters invisible. In matters of this kind, one can only offer opinions. One dare not assert with confidence. At a popular summer resort, where quite a number of these sixteen-year mortals were met and observed daily, it appeared in evidence and in common fame that, to be full of obedience toward parents, of kindness toward all persons and things, to be industrious, to be full of inquiry and rational talk, was not the exception, but the average of condition.

Why should a few girls of marked vanity and of giggling tendencies cast into reproach that multitude whose hearts are as innocent as the June flowers and June birds? Much of the ruin of character comes in the later years of woman, when the imprudence of late dancing, late suppers, and the mental anxiety, and perhaps sorrows, which come from the vain efforts of the heart to create a paradise of pleasure away from duty, make the cheeks fade early, and the eye lose its lustre in the morning, like a sun that goes behind clouds before noon. As for noble girls of sixteen, the western continent is full of them. They are in the cities, in the villages, in the farm-houses. We meet them on all streets, along all paths, in the lonely and lovely country. They are ready for all duty and happiness, and constitute, to all us older and fading hearts, the most beautiful and divine scene on earth.

SUMMER TRAVEL.

CHARACTER is never more clearly revealed than in the bustle or annoyance or pleasure of travel. The courteous, refined, Christian gentleman, when on a journey, never forgets to be polite, obliging, and unofficially attentive to the wants of the weak or infirm or unfortunate. He never rushes for the best seat, oblivious as to whether there are those who, for humanity's sake, ought to be served first, but remembers the Golden Rule.

The true, well-bred lady is never fussy nor noisy nor uneasy. She does not talk loud in the cars, nor is she too confidential with strangers. She does not fret if the cars are delayed. She does not worry for fear of accidents. She takes care of her wraps or bundles quietly. She is polite, good-natured, and considerate of others.

If you are a true gentleman, or a real lady, do not forget that people will know it by your behavior when you are travelling. — *Christian Advocate*.

ART NOTES.

THE autumn exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York will open November 23.

A loan exhibition of water-color paintings is to be opened this fall, which will represent the latest and most mature phase of English water-color paintings, and will furnish examples of the works of the best painters, and the choicest selections. It will, without doubt, be the finest collection of water-color paintings known in America.

A member of Congress, who was a cavalry officer during the war, visited the new Pension Bureau in Washington the other day for the first time, and was overcome when he made the discovery that every cavalry man in the terracotta relief frieze around the building is holding his horse's reins in the right instead of the left hand.

Mr. Sidney Dickinson, formerly art critic of the *Journal*, has prepared a series of light illustrated lectures on European art, which he will deliver this winter. Mr. Dickinson has returned from a year of foreign travel, where he has made a critical study of the continental galleries.

A picture, like a book, must be read. You may form a general idea by skimming it, but its beauties will not reveal themselves to you without research.

Another Washington portrait has been found. This time it is a likeness made by a young French artist at Winchester, Va., in 1784, while Washington visited Mr. Hardy, in whose family it remains.

The French authorities are making great efforts to carry out their plan for forming a large collection of portraits of painters, to be deposited at the Louvre, a new attempt to follow the example set long ago in the Florentine gallery, where more than five hundred portraits have gradually accumulated.

A WORD of warning is necessary at the beginning of the college year for the purpose of restraining the ambition of new students. Very many come here with mistaken notions of what a college course really is. They have planned, perhaps, to take two years in one, or to take the regular course and do enough outside work beside to meet their expenses. Such persons almost invariably break down in health, or escaping that become discouraged and in a few weeks abandon the institution forever.

One who takes the course as laid down in the catalogue and makes a first-grade record is doing all that can be expected of the average man. To attempt more is to sacrifice the pleasures of a college course and perhaps the greater blessing of a sound body.

WOMEN WHO HAVE ATTAINED SUCCESS.

GEORGE HERBERT wrote: "Words are women, deeds are men." Judge Story said of women: "Give them opportunities of physical and mental education equal to those enjoyed by men, and there is nothing to disqualify them from attaining success in any field of mental effort." There was far-reaching wisdom too in the man who said: "I object to putting women into any public office, because it gives us a class of officials without votes." There is no end to cases where women have played exceptional parts in war. Miss Anna Ella Carroll, through her activity in saving Maryland to the Union, made so great an impression on President Lincoln, that, desirous of obtaining a view of the military situation in the West free from the prejudices which divided the armies into cliques, he commissioned her to go to the seat of war and report confidentially to him. To the military authorities in Washington Miss Carroll submitted a report in November, 1861, accompanied by a plan of operations making the course of the Tennessee the line of action, piercing the Confederate centre and taking Vicksburg in the rear. This plan was adopted, and led to the triumph of the Union armies. Reduced to penury on her death-bed, her claims substantiated, she asks a pension of Congress, which, if ever granted, will be grudgingly bestowed. — The history of Sarah Emma E. Seelye, who, disguised as a man, went through our civil war, reads like a romance. Falling sick, she was ordered to the hospital. Her only alternative was to desert afterwards in her own clothes and under her own name. She returned to the army as a nurse, and cared for her late comrades to the end of the war. She asks that the charge of desertion be removed, and a pension granted for physical disabilities incurred in the service. — The legislative committee of the Iowa Legislature has presented to Miss Kate Shelley, eighteen years old, a gold medal for conspicuous bravery in warning an express train of the fall of a bridge, July 6, 1881. This she did amid wind, rain, thunder, lightning, darkness. The light in her lantern went out, and dropping on her hands and knees she crawled from tie to tie across the high trestle bridge over Des Moines River. Gaining ground again, she ran to the station, told her story in breathless haste, and fell unconscious. The detail is blood curdling. — Miss Carrie Sheads, who was principal of the Oakridge Seminary at the date of the battle of Gettysburg, earned a national reputation for her heroic conduct in succoring wounded Federal soldiers — Julia Natches, who lives near Salisbury, in England, has been awarded the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, for bravery in saving the life of James Soden, a boy who had been several times tossed and

gored by a bull.—Miss Annie E. Bond, who died recently, gave fourteen years of her life to the instruction of the deaf and dumb children of the Horace Mann School, on Warrenton Street. What Dr. Howe did for Laura Bridgman, bereft of sight and hearing, she did for another afflicted human sister who had this double eclipse of bodily sense. She quietly faced death for nine years, and fell at her post when life, purpose, and will no longer sufficed.—Margaret uch Evan, of Pentlyn, Wales, is now above ninety years of age. She was the greatest hunter, shooter, and fisher of her time. She kept a dozen dogs, terriers, greyhounds, and spaniels. She killed more foxes in one year than all the confederate hunts do in ten; rowed stoutly and was queen of the lake; she played the violin, and knew all the old Welsh music; did not neglect the mechanical arts, for she was a very good joiner, and at the age of seventy was the best wrestler in the country. Margaret was also blacksmith, shoemaker, boat-builder, and maker of harps. She shod her own horse, made her own shoes, built her own boats, while she was under contract to convey the copper up and down the lakes. She had a congenial maid and friend, but death at last claimed this companion.—Two women hunters were accidentally encountered in the Alvarado marshes, California. At their feet lay a pile of teal, widgeon, and rail. They explained how they came to be hunters. One graduated at a seminary, was very delicate, and was recommended to take outdoor exercise as the only escape from consumption. Tired of aimless strolling, the girl learned to shoot, converted a companion, and both became enthusiastic hunters. They knew the best duck passes in Alameda County, where snipe are to be found, the good quail cover, and seldom return without a generous bag. Probably such specimens had not come under the notice of George Herbert.

To corroborate the assertion of Judge Story, the very interesting report of the Harvard annex might well be cited. Without exception the pupils seem to have convinced the professors of their ability to cope with the hardest studies, and that without loss of health and spirit. True they are picked women, as only such would have voluntarily undertaken the experiment. However, they have proved themselves peers of the very best among the young men. Forty such students have solved the problem of possibility; and now are they justly invited to enter the time-honored college and share what so many of their sex had so liberally contributed? Not at all. They must collect their own funds, get an endowment of \$250,000 to make possible the fulfilment of their ideal. And they will do it before a distant day. There is wealth enough even among themselves. One lady in New York is worth \$4,000,000. An-

other, whose brother has died, becomes possessed of a heavy income. The way will be open, and it would be more satisfactory to have it done by those who are to be benefited. By the death of Mrs. Louisa S. Vought, \$120,000 is disbursed. A portion of the funds so lavishly given for the brethren might in equity be accorded the sisters. Mrs. Lawrence, of Chicago, has contributed \$50,000 for a dormitory in Yale College. President Barnard, of Columbia College, is an ardent champion of co-education, but is not seconded by his associates. There is hope in the fact that a graduate of Wellesley, after one denial, has been admitted by the trustees to pursue certain branches of astronomy, and is doing good work.

Miss Belle Slade has elected to study quantitative and chemical analysis at the next term of Buchtel College. Miss Gilchrist has been lecturing on the wonders of electricity, accompanying the same with fine experiments. Miss Mary Wurm, of Southampton, England, has won the Mendelssohn scholarship, the highest prize attainable to English musical students. Sir Arthur Sullivan was the first holder of this scholarship. Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker, who has been a member of the bar in Washington, D. C., several years, has just been appointed, by the Supreme Court of the district, a United States commissioner and examiner in chancery. In this capacity Mrs. Ricker can issue warrants for violations of the statutes, hear cases, and commit to the United States jail for the action of the grand jury. She can also take evidence, and dispose of cases of divorce. She is the first woman who has been appointed to such an office in the history of the government. A bill has passed the New Jersey Legislature admitting women as foreign commissioners of deeds. There is a Ladies' International College at Florence, received with favor by the Italians. Others are suggested at Paris, Geneva, Dresden, and Vienna.

Miss Alice Gardner, a distinguished student of Newnham Hall, Cambridge, has been chosen, out of twenty candidates, professor of history in Bedford College, London, in succession to Mr. Bass Mullinger. Miss Rosina Emmet's portrait of her great-great-uncle, Robert Emmet, was lately unveiled by the Speranza Club, of New York. Miss Mary Rogers, of Dubuque, is the author of the "Waverley Dictionary," a large volume, which is a key to all the novels of Sir Walter Scott. A Russian lady named Kowalewski occupies the chair of mathematics at the high school in Stockholm, an institution which promises to become a rival of the Universities Upsala and Lund. It is now proposed in France that all women engaged in shop-keeping, or any legitimate branch of trade, shall be eligible as electors of judges in their respective districts, and, further, make women

engaged in trade eligible as judges in cases of litigation involving commercial interests. French women have almost the monopoly of retail trade in Paris, and in all large cities of France. The first notary public certificate issued to a woman in Connecticut has been given by Governor Waller to Miss Mary Hall, who was some time ago admitted to the bar in that State. This is encouraging, since woman suffrage has just been defeated there as well as in Massachusetts and Iowa. Miss Minnie F. Hoyt, of Connecticut, is the first person appointed to a clerkship in the treasury department under the operation of the new civil-service rules. She is twenty-four years old, and a graduate of Vassar.

All these facts are also confirmations of Judge Story's views. We shall have officials with votes, and their use to women will not have been overrated.—*The Religious Herald*.

MUSICAL NOTES.

GERSTER is coming to America this fall.

The College of Music, which is to be erected on the Thames embankment in London, will have some peculiar features. Several forms of the classic are to be used by the architect. One floor is to be Ionic, and another Doric. There will be columns in every sort of architectural mode. Rooms are to be built so that no sound can escape beyond the walls.

Schumann is at last to have a statue at his birthplace, Zwickau, in Saxony.

Mlle. Fohstrom, a Swede, is one of the favorite sopranos of London at present.

The exclusive right to perform Wagner's "Parsifal" in this country, even as concert music, is claimed by Mr. Walter Damrosch, of the New York Oratorio and Symphony societies, at the Metropolitan Opera House. He pays a royalty to the publisher for this right, and an injunction would, it is claimed, be demanded by the Wagner heirs upon any unauthorized performance of the work in the United States.

Sarasate ranks among the first violinists in the world. He is a Spaniard by birth.

Patti thinks of locating in Paris as a teacher of music.

Geistinger returns to the New York stage Nov. 24.

Mme. Cappiani has returned to New York for her vacation tour.

Miss Rosina Vokes has selected Boston as the city in which to make her reappearance after her long absence from the stage.

The seventh annual musical festival of the Southeastern Massachusetts Musical Association will be held at Taunton Oct. 21-23, 1885. A fine array of singers and a strong series of works are being engaged and selected.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS OR THREE YEARS IN EUROPE.

I WANT to call attention to the plan of Mr. Adams, formerly principal of the Newton High School, an accomplished educator and polished gentleman.

From a brief acquaintance and, far more, from the unqualified indorsement of prominent men who know him well, I believe he will well carry out what he promises.

The plan is to take ten or twelve boys to study French and German; so to study them in the lands themselves that the languages shall be perfectly acquired, that the young men shall be as able to use them as the English are who are really at home in those lands. The schooling shall go on in other branches, and travel shall fasten and make real what is learned. For circulars address T. D. Adams, Newtonville, Mass.

The plan, though new, seems to me to promise very useful results.

C. C. B.

EUROPE AGAIN.

I AM thinking a little of one more vacation trip with my girls. My purpose is mainly to visit some countries not often reached by vacation tourists. The plan in the rough takes, in the order named, Ireland, Scotland, England, Paris, Antwerp, Cologne, the Rhine, Heidelberg, Frankfort, Wiesbaden, Dresden, Berlin, Kiel, Warsaw, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Cronstadt, the Baltic along the Finland coast, stopping at Helsingfors, Stockholm, the Gotha canal (said to be the finest ride in Sweden), Gothenburg, Copenhagen, Hamburg, the English Channel. From Frankfort those who prefer may take Munich, Lake of Constance, Lucerne, the Rigi, Lake of the Four Cantons, St. Gothard Pass, Milan, Turin, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Vesuvius, Rome again, Florence, Venice, Lake Como, Cadennabia Porleza, Lake Lugano, Lake Maggiore. Baveno, the Simplon Pass, Martigny, the Tête Noire Pass, Chamounix, Geneva, Paris. The two sections would return to New York together. I would like to have any who think of going, let me know whether they would prefer the Italian or the Russian section. I have thought that this would be a good time to see Russia, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, since the presence of the cholera in Southern Europe might make some, perhaps with little reason, timid as to Italy. I am not yet certain of going, but would like to know who of my old girls would like to go, if Mrs. Bragdon and I go.

C. C. B.

PERSONALS.

MISS LIZZIE LUTHER and Mr. Frederick L. Lathrop were married at the home of the bride, 15 Potter's Avenue, Providence, R. I., Sept. 2, 1885.

THE new home of Abbie L. Frost is 77 Delaware Street, Syracuse, N. Y. Her address is Mrs. Frank T. Kent since Sept. 10.

MARTHA PRENTICE, of Leroy, N. Y., and Hattie Sieberling, of Akron, Ohio, have been spending the summer at Cohasset with Nellie Parker, of Worcester, and made us a too brief visit in vacation.

MAMIE SHELLINGER's thanks for "Lasell Leaves," which are carefully read, and especially for "Personals," which she searches first of all for tidings of her former schoolmates from whom she does not otherwise hear. Mamie's address is still Easton, Pa.

MISS CARRIE A. KIRBY, who was one of the Lasell party in Europe, was married Sept. 17, at Amenia, N. Y., to Mr. Ebbe J. Preston.

MISS NELLIE GRACE TRACY and Mr. Charles Ryan were married at Springfield, Ill., Sept. 22.

MISS EVELINE BARTLETT, a graduate of 1859, writes: "Heartfelt thanks for the photographs of Lasell in 1859 and 1881,—the first very natural; the last making me glad that the school has fallen into the hands of those who are striving to make it all it should be. I rejoice in its success." After teaching twenty-four years in one high school, Miss Bartlett spent a year in preparing, by a review of modern languages and historical study, for travel abroad. From this tour, she returned to go again in books, over the ground visited abroad, before resuming work. We hope that she may soon redeem her promise of seeing "Modern Lasell in working order."

THE Fowler & Miller Co., Hartford, publish in a neat form the pleasant "Reminiscences" of Mrs. M. B. Lucas, read at the Alumnae meeting June 17, 1885.

LAURA, daughter of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Kimball, and sister of Mae, was married Sept. 26, at the residence of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Cook, of West Newton, to Mr. W. B. Covell, of Atlanta, Georgia. Our best wishes go with them to their Southern home.

MISS MARY A. MOGER and Mr. Asa W. Young, Jr., were married Oct. 8, at Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

LOTTIE HARDY made a brief visit here in August. She was to begin, the same week, her second year of teaching in the public school of her native place,—Chatham, Mass.

MISS B. B. BLACKSTONE, of Lacon, Ill., brought her mother, in vacation, to see her former school home. Miss Blackstone has been teaching for two years in a graded school at Lacon, and has come now to pursue art studies in Boston.

PROF. H. F. FRIKE, of the Northwestern University, and Prof. True, of the Wesleyan University, came together to look at Lasell in vacation; also, Mr. Nightingale, principal of the High School at Lake View, Ill., and Miss Bates, principal of the Stewart Girls' School at Garden City.

MRS. WHITIN, of Whitinsville, who was a pupil at Lasell thirty years ago, came in August to see her old school home; a bright, still young, lady, but quite unlike the girl, first at the left,

middle row, in a class of nine in the class picture in the library, whom she declared to be herself, "so funny in puffs."

MISS LUTIE PRICE is attending the Denver University this year.

MISSES MINNIE and BIRDIE ROUTT are in Washington at school this winter.

MISS LULU WELLS is still in Paris, and expects to remain there another year.

MISSES ETTA and JENNIE JACKSON are in Boston, with Mrs. Morrill, at No. 104 Dartmouth Street. Miss Satie Mills is there also. Mrs. M. made good use of her connection with Lasell.

MISS SARA BELCHER and Miss Gussie Adams made Lasell a brief visit last week.

MISS CARRIE SMITH spent a Sunday with her old room-mate, Lee Lufkin, in the "same dear old room." Carrie hopes to be able to come back to us after Christmas, and we hope she may, though she does not look quite equal to school life at present.

MISS JESSIE MACMILLAN, a member of the Class of '82, and assistant art teacher in '83-'84, called on us last week. She has been pursuing her studies at the New York Art League, and is going West this fall.

MISS MARGARET CORCORAN, "dear old Mag," is at her home in Williamsport for the winter. She says, "Tell the old friends I'm still banging away on my banjo." We would like to hear the echo of the music down "the hall," as of yore, Maggie.

MISS JENNIE WILLIAMS, '85, is at her home in Des Moines.

MISS LOU FRIBLEY, who was at Lasell in '85-'86, is said to be contemplating matrimony. We can't believe it. It is not what we expected of you, Lou.

MISS ANNIE KIRKWOOD is studying with a governess this winter, at her home in Minneapolis. She expects to return to Lasell next year.

MISS CLARE COMSTOCK has returned from Buttonwoods, and is now at her home in Providence, R. I.

MISS HELEN WESTHEIMER, who was a member of the aspiring class of '86, does not return to us this year. She is at her home in St. Joseph, Mo.

MISS GEORGIE V. R. PRICKETTE (so her cards read) is visiting the Oswald sisters at Minneapolis.

MISS LOU WALSTON is still not content with the wealth of knowledge gained at Lasell, but is now studying Latin at the Decatur High School.

MISS GRACE STEBBINS is studying music in Boston this year.

MISS FLORENCE RYAN is at school at Ogontz, near Philadelphia.

MISS LIZZIE WHIPPLE, dear to the heart of old Lasellias, is at her home in Boston for the winter.

ALICE U. MAGOUN, of the class of '78, continues to be an invalid, but is hoping to be able to spend the winter in the West, with a view to improvement of health. She is still an enthusiastic student in the Boston Course of Home Studies.

MRS. HENRIETTA CRANE RUSSELL — who will be remembered by former pupils as Mrs. Crane — has lately been lecturing on the Del Sarte system of gymnastics at Des Moines, Iowa.

MISS WILLARD, the former teacher of mathematics at Lasell, is now teaching in the same branch at Clinton College, Clinton, Kentucky.

MISS RICHARDSON, having left Lasell, is now head teacher of Latin in Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota.

MISS MAUDE HALLER is at home this year, unable to enter Vassar as she anticipated.

MISS SADIE HOLLINGSWORTH, who was here in '83-'84, is back again this year, and pronounces Lasell the best school she has found.

GEORGIE PRICKET, '85, has changed her surname already! We always prophesied that Georgie would be prompt in this matter, but so prompt! And the strange part of it is, that she still puts "Miss" before it! "Miss Prickette," she puts it. This is a droll way of putting out a claim on the friendship of the French Canadians, with whom she is planning to spend the winter! So says report.

"S. D." INITIATION.

SATURDAY night, Sept. 26, witnessed the all important event of initiating new members into the "S. D." Society. At the appointed hour there appeared before the door of the society room a crowd of trembling damsels, whose blanched faces and frightened glances betrayed the great anxiety in their hearts for their future safety. One by one the poor creatures were led to their doom, and those unfortunates, whose turn came last, were still more terrified by the groans and stifled screams which came from within. If the moon could tell all that she saw as she looked in at the window, stories of strange, wild sights and wilder deeds would come to light: deeds that would make the hair of those who have not yet passed through the ordeal stand on end.

It is fortunate the moon keeps her secrets to herself; for, otherwise, many would be the cruel deeds to be accounted for.

On the whole, however, the new members stood the trial of initiation very well, and they are to be complimented on their courage.

The "S. D.'s" have great hopes for the future welfare of their society, if the year ends as well as it has begun, and it will continue to be, throughout its future history, a great success.

LOCALS.

THERE are many more names given for the Symphony Concerts this year than there were last year. So much for the increase of interest in good music.

JUNIOR'S CONUNDRUM. — Why are the girls who sat on the steep bank of the Charles River the other evening, like articles sold at auction? Ans. — Because they were going! going!! gone!!!

THE Lasellia initiation bids fair to be more terrible and blood-curdling this fall than ever before. The skull and crossbones on the invitations and the ominous warning not to wear unnecessary apparel will certainly fill the heart of the would-be member with a nameless dread. There will be thirty initiated. "Misery loves company."

MR. BRAGDON made a hasty run into Pennsylvania to help Miss Ransom celebrate her birthday (Oct. 1), and to see a school property he has thought a little of buying, to take the *overflow of Lasell*. If he takes it, it will be run as a Lasell, junior.

WOULD n't it be obliging to the young lady who reads the mail in the Gymnasium, if some would n't make quite so much noise trying to keep the rest quiet?

Inquisitive Junior (speaking of the Princess). — Where did the prince go after he had *flown* through the woods?

PROF. BRAGDON hints at the idea of club-houses for the two societies. Wouldn't it be splendid?

Freshman to Junior. — Is n't she pretty?
J. to F. — I don't think she is exactly pretty, yet she has very pretty pencilled eyebrows.
F. to J. — Pencilled?
J. to F. — By nature, I mean.
F. to J. — Oh, I didn't think of that!

THE Junior English work this year will consist chiefly of essay writing.

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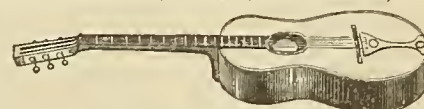
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THE grief-stricken editor has found, by bitter experience, that, "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," the printer has not his equal. Our much-abused citizen, the "heathen Chinee," cannot approach him. Calumny points her finger at the poor Mongolian, but the printer, in spite of the many sins laid at his door, is generally respected by a forgiving community. Will some kind-hearted fellow-sufferer enlighten us as to the general mode of attack practised by the monster?

Is it his custom to swoop down on the youthful and unsophisticated editor, who is treading for the first time the thorny path that leads, — well, we are not quite sure where it does lead, not to endless fame, surely (we think it may end in an insane asylum), — and make havoc of her first attempts? If that is his acknowledged plan, we will try to be prepared for the worst.

But we can't see why several rather useful punctuation marks, which we meekly inserted in the proof, should have been dispensed with altogether. Was it to teach us due humility and to remind us that we were at the mercy of an unseen power?

In our article on the Natatorium we thought it was taxing the imaginations of our readers to their fullest extent, to ask them to "picture a dripping mermaid walking up to receive the first prize for diving, from a professor's hand." But the crafty printer "eliminates" the comma ("little, but" — necessary), and makes us make a statement that is beyond the power of the most fertile imagination. Professor's hand would need to be like the "hand of Providence," to be used in that way. Then, too, we intended to merely hint vaguely of a professor, unknown as yet, who should instruct us in this new branch of our education. But the printer unconcernedly drops the article, and so places the responsibility on our present principal's shoulders. Of course we cannot enumerate *all* the errors "perpetrated" by our invisible foe, but have we not told enough to rouse the sympathy of our readers? Think of the shock to our sensitive feelings!

If we had attempted a poem on Spring, or the Seasons, we could understand the printer's malignity; but we did not. We simply spoke of our Natatorium. And why, oh why, did he print our "effort" in separate and entirely distinct paragraphs? It was as if we were afflicted with a kind of mental asthma, and discussed the interesting topic between our gasps for breath. Or as if our muse went by jerks, like a superannuated hand-organ; or, worse yet, as if it might be fatal if not taken in homœopathic doses, one every fifteen minutes.

In past years the girls have always been accompanied, in their walks, by a guardian angel, in the form of a teacher. Her presence was supposed to ward off all mysterious dangers which might beset an unprotected Seminary girl in the wilds of Auburndale. But this year the new girls have been allowed to walk alone. "A tale more strange ne'er graced the poet's art"; but it is true, and the plan seems to work admirably. No hair-breadth escapes have been reported *yet*, though it might seem a little

rash to allow the poor, young things such unexpected freedom. Still we think it is a good thing, and the girls seem to appreciate their privileges to the utmost. We hope it will never be necessary, for any reason, to go back to the old method.

No girl is allowed to walk by herself this year. The restriction is evidently considered necessary to the safety of all, as even the "self-governed" girls are debarred from taking solitary walks. It becomes a little inconvenient at times, though we would not question the wisdom of the rule. But it *does* seem a little too bad that the "self-governed" girls cannot go beyond Auburndale in their walks without special permission. It appears as if it were imposing on a teacher's good-nature to ask permission *very* often. But, to a girl who has been accustomed to take long walks, Auburndale seems "cramped," and its resources are exhausted in a few strolls. It is like taking one's exercise on a postage-stamp, figuratively speaking.

LILITH.

MRS. ADA LANGWORTHY COLLIER, of Dubuque, Iowa, was a graduate of Lasell in 1861. This fact makes her new book a matter of especial interest to us. She has been for some time a contributor to papers and magazines but "Lilith: The Legend of the First Woman," just published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, is, we believe, her first appearance as the author of a book. It is a small volume of little more than a hundred pages, and is an epic poem founded upon a Jewish legend, that Lilith was Adam's first wife. She was expelled from Eden and after that Eve was created. Lilith married Eblis, the prince of devils; and spectres, half-demoniacal, half-human, had their origin from this union. The Hebrews considered Lilith, or Lillis, a female spectre, in the shape of a well-dressed woman, who lies in wait to kill children. The word "lullaby" signifies "begone Lilith."

A similar legend prevailed through the Middle Ages. Lilith is supposed to have ruled over Damascus.

Mrs. Collier has taken a poet's license with the legend. Her Lilith is no harsh or blood-thirsty queen of the East, but lives in the

shadow-world of poets, and exhibits the tenderest of human feelings. Indeed the purpose of the writer is to prove that the warmest affections are allied to the strongest intellect. Lilith is as warm hearted as she is strong-minded.

The story is told in five books of pentameter verse. We select the opening page as a good example of its style:—

"Pure as an angel's dream shone Paradise.
Blue mountains hemmed it round; and airy sighs
Of rippling waters haunted it. Dim glades,
And wayward paths o'erflecked with shimmering shades,
And tangled dells, and wilding pleasancess,
Hung moist with odors strange from scented trees.
Sweet sounds o'er-brimmed the place; and rare perfumes,
Faint as far sunshine, fell 'mong verdant glooms.
In that fair land, all hues, all leafage green
Wrapt flawless days in endless summer sheen.
Bright eyes, the violet waking, lifted up
Where bent the lily her deep, fragrant cup;
And folded buds, 'gainst many a leafy spray—
The wild-woods' voiceless nuns—knelt down to pray.
There roses deep in greenest mosses swathed,
Kept happy tryst with tropic blooms, sun-bathed,
No sounds of sadness surged through listening trees:
The waters babbled low; the errant bees
Made answer, murmurous; nor paled the hue
The jonquils wore; nor chill the wild breath grew
Of daisies clustered white in dewey croft;
Nor fell the tasseled plumes as satin soft
Upon the broad-leaved corn. Sweet all the day
O'erflowed with music every woodland way;
And sweet the jargoning of nested bird,
When light the listless wind the forest stirred."

The second page introduces the subject of quarrel between Lilith and Adam. She is the first woman's-rights woman. She claims to be the equal of her husband, and objects to his usurping "ever the highest place, the noblest name." She speaks vigorously:—

"Thy wife, not handmaid I, yet thou dost say,
'I first in Eden rule.' Thou, then, hast sway.
Must I, my Adam, mutely follow thee?
Run at thy bidding, crouch beside thy knee?
Lift up, when thou dost bid me, timid eyes?
Not so will Lilith dwell in Paradise."

To this Adam makes harsh answer, concluding thus:—

"These many days I weary of thy sighs;
Know, Lilith, I alone rule Paradise."

Lilith leaves Paradise of her own free will, after this rupture. She passes into the shadow-land which becomes her realm, and which she rules quite happily. The beauties of this region afford the poet an opportunity, which she has not failed to improve, for much rich and glowing description.

In Book III. Prince Eblis comes to woo Lilith. He is a fallen spirit, but not a devil, as in the patriarchal legend, and his conduct to Lilith is ever full of gentleness and chivalry. The poet has found full play for her imagination in describing the varied and wonderful gifts he brings to his love. They marry event-

ually, and roam together far and wide, and from this union comes a band of elfin babes.

Book IV. represents Lilith as fully awakened to the great sorrow of her life. She is childless in the midst of her soulless brood, for though beautiful in outward appearance, they have no kinship with her high and loving nature. They cannot understand her demand for affection. They are tricky sprites, who haunt the upper air, flying from her attempted caresses. Eblis, her spirit husband, seeks to soothe his sorrowing wife, and when words fail ventures to take her to the confines of Eden—she cannot enter—where she sees Adam with the fair Eve, on whose breast lies a sweet girl-babe. Lilith is driven to desperation when she sees the affection of the child for its mother, and considers that this joy can never be her own.

Later in the poem she finds means to abduct the babe and enjoys its infantile caresses. But the baby droops, and Lilith is constrained to return the child to Eve. The child finally dies, and Adam and Eve, who have quarrelled, and are driven from Eden, become reconciled above its grave. This happens in the fifth book.

In giving back the child, Lilith has come to nobler thoughts. She begs Eve's pardon, with a farewell kiss of peace. She is no child-killer, and the lullaby she sings means the kindest soothing. She leaves this musical word a bequest to all motherhood, and mothers sing it in all lands, whether by cradles in the frozen zone, or where

"By Ganges still the Indian mother weaves,
Above her babe, her mat of plantain leaves."

Or it may be the Afric mother who chants

"Where shines the Southern Cross o'er placid isles."

The last song is by the English mother:—

"Her strain
Breathes sweetly; love and hope and ended pain."

The poem has defects of language that closer pruning might have remedied. In some parts inverted sentences are in excess. The writer is somewhat given to alliterations, as "shimmering shades," "lowly laid," "shifting shadows," "flying fleet," "wilding way." She has a habit of repeating certain words and phrases that are euphonious, as "wold," "weird," "wilding," "rift," "night's purple rift," "day's purple rift," "night's dark rift," "the rifted sea shell," "the hawthorn's trees sift thick their rifted snow." Nevertheless, the poem has a musical flow that will render it generally pleasing.

No man has any more religion than he can show in time of adversity and trial. — *Matthew Henry.*

AN OCEAN TRIP TO GLOUCESTER.

LOOKING over some old programmes and memorabilia of last year, I came across a little blue ticket, which had admitted me on board the steamer "Rose Standi-h" for a day's excursion up the coast. It brought back vividly to my mind a certain sea-sick young lady, and many *other* delightful reminiscences of our trip to Gloucester.

It was very pleasant sitting out on deck and watching the people hurrying over the gang plank,—for the excursion was not given for Lasell girls alone, but their friends and many others were invited by the Trustees of the Seminary. There were nearly five hundred in all, and we girls felt like so many cats in a strange garret.

What a thrill goes all over one, when the mighty wheels of a steamer begin to turn! How they lash the water into foam, and how grandly the old ship, free from her moorings, veers around and sets steadily out for sea! Boston Harbor is a noted one, and if it were not an old story, I might possibly give a guide-book-like sketch of it. I refer the Lasell girls to the geographical map of Boston Harbor in the Library. What a bright day it turned out to be; and how the ocean breeze made us search for our wraps. The city seemed more beautiful than ever, as the distance widened between us. ("Distance lends enchantment" to it, for a Western girl.) We were all very much interested in looking at the different islands and forts which we passed, and I suppose tired our Boston friends very much by our continual questioning.

Once out at sea, however, a few of us were fortunate enough to be allowed on the hurricane deck. One of the girls produced a small looking-glass and a square of magnesia from the depths of her pocket, and commenced to rub the white chalk all over her face. The rest followed her example. A queer proceeding? No, they did not want to be sunburned, and to prevent it we followed the example of the ladies aboard the yacht in "One Summer." We wanted to keep from tanning in a *literary* way. We had a very pleasant time up there, some of us sketching the Pilot, some the fast-neering Nahant, some singing "Life on the Ocean Wave," while one or two were rather painfully aware of the effects of an ocean swell. They clung to the railing, and I think they *wer(e)* ailing, themselves. Egg Rock, and the distant beach of Lynn, were soon passed.

Our appetites erelong made us seek the lunch baskets, and we had scarcely satisfied our hunger when Gloucester hove in sight, and we brought up by a very fishy smelling pier. We had always read of fishing towns, but we never before had seen a sailor and fisherman

combined, and dressed in oilskin clothes. It was a very curious group which watched us land. Quite a number of old girls came in at Gloucester to see Prof. Bragdon and the teachers.

There, kindly waiting in the wharf-heat of a June day, were Grace Perkins Patillo, her father, George Perkins, not older by a day than when he brought his sweet, shy Grace to us, her husband (we don't wonder now that he won our Grace's heart, though we have heretofore doubted that any one was good enough for her), and her brother, the second of the firm of George Perkins & Co., the largest fish-salters in this fish salting town. They kindly invited us to go through their codfish packing establishment, and quite a large number were interested enough to go. Was the walk long, and did we get very warm? Warm! The word is expressive to me of March winds, in comparison with the fiery furnace heat of that day.

It was something quite new to us, however, to see the way cods are salted, dried, skinned, boned and finally packed in boxes for shipping. We remember how the idea of writing an article, with sketches illustrating the processes through which a codfish passes before it is served at the table, came to us; and we could fairly see how it looked in the *Century*. "But the dreams of youth now broken are." That was the 8th of last June, in Junior year; we are Seniors now, and do not aspire to writing magazine articles on any Gloucester subject. We saw little of the town itself, but suppose there must be some part of it which is pleasant. We never shall forget the iced milk which we obtained at a little shop near the wharf.

We were all glad to board the steamer, and leave Gloucester; but the trip home was not as bright as we anticipated, for the sky clouded over and soon the rain came down in torrents. Gossamers and umbrellas protected us, however, and though the rain dampened our clothes, and took the curl out of our hair, it did not dampen our spirits. The sun came out before we reached Boston; speeches were called for, and Prof. Bragdon, Judge Parks, and several other gentlemen responded. We joined them in thanking the Trustees of Lasell for the enjoyable trip; and, with a trial of six months, can truly say it was a day we shall always remember with pleasure and profit.

THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

It would be an interesting study to calculate how long it would take for the arrival at Lasell of that millennium in which every day would be celebrated, provided one reckoned at the present yearly increase.

Another festal day has come to us this year — Harvest Home Day — which was duly celebrated Saturday evening, October 24. The gymnasium — that rendezvous of festive spirits in these latter days — was beautifully and appropriately decorated for the occasion. The following programme was rendered: —

1. Chorus — "What shall the harvest be?"
2. The Witch's Daughter.....Miss Hanscome.
3. Violin solo — Hallet. Music from Silvia.
Miss Dietrich.
4. The Huskers.....Miss Hammond.
5. The Corn Song.....Miss Langley.
6. "Good-bye, Summer".....Miss Penfield.
7. "In the Gloaming" — Song in costume.
Miss Munger.
8. The Picnic. Ye merry whistlers.
9. The way we go round the harvest field.
10. Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

The programme was performed as given, except the second number. Miss Hanscome had a severe cold, and Miss Davenport kindly took her place.

The talented audience highly enjoyed the exercises, especially the picnic in number 8, and reign of the light fantastic, in number 9, in which all took part.

The pleasant evening closed with "three times three and a tiger" for Mr. Shepherd, the originator of the evening's enjoyment.

Let us hope that the Harvest Home celebration has become an institution at Lasell as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

SOME FAMOUS OLD MAIDS.

Look at the list. Elizabeth, of England, one of the most illustrious of modern sovereigns. Her rule over Great Britain certainly comprised the most brilliant literary age of the English-speaking people. Her political acumen was certainly put to as severe tests as that of any other ruler the world ever saw. Maria Edgeworth was an old maid. It was this woman's writings that first suggested the thought of writing similarly to Sir Walter Scott. Her brain might well be called the mother of the Waverley novels. Jane Porter lived and died an old maid. The children of her busy brain were "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Scottish Chiefs," which have moved the hearts of millions with excitement and tears. Joanna Baillie, poet and play-writer, was "one of 'em." Florence Nightingale, most gracious lady, heroine of Inkerman and Balaklava hospitals, has to the present written "Miss" before her name. The man who should marry her might well crave to take the name of Nightingale. Sister Dora, the brave spirit of English pest-houses, whose story is as a helpful evangel, was the bride of the world's sorrow only. And then what names could the writer and the

reader add of those whom the great world may not know, but we know, and the little world of the village, the church, the family know, and prize beyond all worlds! — *North British Advertiser*.

THE TOURNAMENT.

THE A. T. C. had been calling so many meetings that the Lasell world was not surprised to hear that a grand tennis tournament was soon to take place. No one that was outside the list of players had much use of the tennis courts; for the contestants for the prize were eagerly practising, in hopes that success might crown their efforts. Monday morning, October 19, was gray and ominous looking, and many a beating heart beat faster, as the fair owner feared the tournament might have to be postponed. But their excitement was further aroused as they entered the dining-room and read the large bulletin announcing the festivities for the morning. It read just like some of the posters that public athletic clubs put up, and the girls were much delighted with its "college sound." The idea of seats in the grand stand, and score cards at the box office, produced much merriment.

The grass was very wet with dew, but the girls put on their rubbers, and went to work to prepare the court for the tournament. The girls outside the club who helped to rake the leaves away and mark the court were very kind, and deserve the thanks of all. By ten the grass was dry, and the game commenced under very favorable circumstances.

Bubb and Davenport played against Gilmore and Bigelow. The set ended in favor of the first two, with games 6-2. It is only right to say that Miss Gilmore was suffering from a severe headache, and could not sustain her reputation under the circumstances.

The next set was played by Berlin and Williams against Phelps and Hammond. We all knew this would be a closely contested game, and the excitement was intense as the girls commenced to play. If any one is far enough behind the times to think that girls cannot play tennis, they should have witnessed the scientific returns and serves with which these young ladies played. Each one played with alertness, strength, and grace. It was a deuce set, and ended in favor of Phelps and Hammond, 9-7 being the score.

The excitement had taken the strength all out of the next players, and the set was an easy one and soon finished. Allen and Underwood gained the set, 6-1, against Lufkin and Penfield.

The umpires for these three sets were Miss Mary Stafford and Miss Mattie Fowler. Miss Etta Stafford was referee. The victorious

sides drew cuts to see which should play together: and after a short breathing spell the playing commenced again.

Allen and Underwood played against Phelps and Hammond. The set ended quickly, with the score, 6-2, in favor of Phelps and Hammond.

They next played against Bubb and Davenport. This set was very exciting. The shouts of each side's party arose whenever a point was gained. The girls held their breath as the ball flew from one court to the other, and then when it was not returned groaned or cheered, as it counted against or for their side. To the last no one felt sure which side would win. But the set ended 6-4 in favor of Phelps and Hammond. Then the excitement arose to fever heat, for Miss Hammond must play against her partner, Miss Phelps.

The friends of each one cheered them up; but it was predicted that Miss Hammond could not match her partner. But she proved to be a "dark horse"; and after the first game, which was a lone game in her favor, the girls changed their minds. She outdid herself, playing most brilliantly. The set stood 5-4, with a deuce game in progress, when the dinner bell rang. The cry was to go on with the game, but good sense said, "You'll not get any dinner if you do."

So we all repaired to the dining-room, and hurriedly despatched our dinner. Miss Hammond won the game and made the set deuce. Miss Phelps won the next game on Miss Hammond's serve, which was bad for the latter young lady. The next game, it seemed, would never end. It was deuce over and over again, but finally ended in Miss Phelps's favor.

She was warmly applauded and deserves great praise for her fine playing. The prize was a handsome racket, with a silver plate in the handle bearing her name and the date of the tournament.

THE RIVER ON FIRE.

THE evening of the illumination on Charles river, Mr. Pulsifer invited us to view it from his grounds. It really was a beautiful sight; and as we sat on the almost perpendicular bank (it seemed as if we "adhered" solely by force of attraction), and watched the brilliantly-lighted boats drift slowly by, we dreamed of Venice and her enchanted gondolas; and when another charm was added to the moonlit scene, and the strains of distant music came to us over the water, the climax seemed reached; "Language fades before the spell of music."

But this time the spell was broken. "Climbing up the Golden Stair" brought us back to earth with a thud. We suddenly remembered

that our position was not one of unalloyed comfort. The moon had gone under a cloud. Mists were rising, damp and gloomy, from the classic Charles. We were cold and (gentle reader, be lenient; we are but common clay, and it was two hours after our bedtime) hungry.

Our gondolas from fairyland became so many prosaic old row-boats, trimmed, not very artistically, with Chinese lanterns. We remembered that those strains of heavenly melody that had carried us away from earth were, after all, only "Alice, where art thou?" played by a brass band. Yet, as we wended our way Lasell-ward and sought our respective couches, we decided unanimously that we had enjoyed the unaccustomed dissipation heartily.

"For what is life? At best
A brief delight;
A sun scarce brightening
Ere it sinks in night.
A flower, at morning
Fresh, at noon decayed;
A still, swift river,
Gliding into shade."

AN INTERESTING SPECIMEN.

THE following is a letter actually received by a business firm. It is interesting because it is so very unique (!):—

From=
Mrs = M. C. H—
P. O. Box = No. 52
Benezette = Pa
Elk County
July = 10th = 1885
Mesers =
= & = Co =

Sirs with much Respect I. Sit To Address you =
In Regards To The Payment On my Organ = Sir
Haveing Had quite A. Disappointment In Receiiving
= My Feinance = Due = me = By The woodsmen =
& = & = And Times Being Slack Otherwise In our
Business It has Been Impossible For me to meet your
Approbation at this Crisis P. S. But some time During
Next month I. Shall = Register to you = A. Remit-
tance = on the Balance on Account on my Organ =
P. S. Hopeing Sir that you will Imform your Agent
Saveing Him The Trouble of comeing to See In
Regards to Balance Due upon my Organ =
which I. Hope to Soon Settle up = the Account =
N. B. Hopeing this will meet your ever Kind Approba-
tion.

As It will Suit me very much. =
Hopeing to Hear from you =
By Answer

Yours =
Most Respectfully

Mrs: =
Mary, C. H—
P. O. Box

52
Benezette = — Pa.
Elk = county

THE "IE."

THE following paragraph, clipped from an old paper, seems to us worthy of attention. There are too many poor unfortunates struggling through life with the omnipresent "ie" attached to their Christian names. It gives a good solid old-fashioned name a frivolous, flippant air. Have n't we just as good a right to be plain Jane and Helen as our respected brothers have to be John and Charles? Who ever heard of a Dr. Johnnie So-and-so? And yet we have really beheld and conversed with an aspiring young physician who rejoices in a sign bearing the name, Dr. Nellie Blank. Isn't it terrible?

"Nearly fifty young women received the bachelor's degree—to admit a slight contradiction in terms—at Smith College on Wednesday. No doubt each one had properly qualified herself for this distinction. But when one finds among the names of these graduates Nellies and Carries and Jennies, and even a Virgie and an Amie, it does not seem as if the grave letters A.B. will well become their owners. One does not see Georgies and Fred-dies in the list of those graduated at Harvard College. It may be hoped that some time before the era when we have women for governors and senators, the mothers of the land will overcome their fondness for having their daughters baptized with nicknames; or that the daughters will have dignity enough to discard such names when they escape from girlhood."

BUSINESS TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

IT is a good plan for girls as well as boys to have some knowledge of business. Boys, even if they do not receive a regular commercial education, generally manage to pick up a sufficient acquaintance with at least the simpler forms for all ordinary purposes. They early learn something of the value of money, and the ways of acquiring it. But with girls the case is likely to be different. Unless they are obliged to earn their own living—when, as a rule, we think, they become more careful managers than their brothers—they are usually provided with the things they require, and gain no insight into the "ways and means" by which the money for procuring them is obtained. This is especially true of the daughters of well-to-do families. Thus they grow up in ignorance of every kind of business except the one easily acquired branch of money-spending; and even that they are familiar with only in its crudest form of lavish, unreflecting disbursement.

Out of this feminine ignorance not seldom grows, amid the kaleidoscope variations of family fortune in this country, a great deal of domestic and personal trouble, much of which might be avoided if girls were taught how to use and care for money. Here is a case which has many counterparts: a father dies suddenly,

leaving a wife and two daughter, with a property which, if wisely managed, would suffice to make them comfortable for the rest of their lives, but not in the style of living to which they had been accustomed. This is carefully explained to them by judicious friends; but they cannot comprehend the situation, and will not relinquish their former mode of life. In a few years the principal is nearly exhausted, and they are obliged to fall back on the aid of friends for the necessities which, with common prudence, they could have had in abundance out of the income of their own property. The two young women — highly educated, the one as a musician, the other as an artist — cannot realize that any responsibility rests upon them to earn their own living. That has always been provided, and they rest in the serene consciousness that it always will be. If they do not quite imagine that money, like roses, grows on bushes, they entertain no doubt that when a new gown or a pair of gloves is needed, it will, somehow or other, be forthcoming. All this seems very silly — it is literally true — yet such dense ignorance of practical business is not uncommon among the class to which these unfortunate women belong.

Nor is this ignorance confined to that class. Many women brought up in a humbler condition of society are equally lacking in knowledge of business methods. Hard experience sometimes teaches them the things they need to know; but why leave so important a part of the education to so stern a master? Let girls be taught something about business — simple bookkeeping, the calculation of interest, the keeping of a bank account, and (by having an allowance, however small, for personal expenses) the value of money. The knowledge thus acquired, though it might not qualify them to run a bank or conduct a great manufacturing concern, would at least enable them to understand something of the relation between income and outgo, and to appreciate sound advice about money matters when it is offered them. Such knowledge would often save women, when thrown on their own resources, a great deal of misery and suffering. It should not be denied them.

PERSONALS.

MISS ADA SWAN did not return this year, as she expected to.

JESSIE LEE HILL, who was here in '82, will spend the winter in Los Angeles.

MISS GRACE DUFEE, Class of '85, is teaching music at her home in Marion, O. She is very successful as a teacher of violin and piano. Just think, how much dignity our Grace must have assumed in her authoritative position!

MISS NENA WILLIAMS will spend the Thanksgiving vacation with Miss Jentie Johnson at Holyoke.

MISS GRACE STEBBINS made us a brief visit last week. She says she practises six hours a day on her "dear violin," and finds life lovely as ever.

MISS GRACE RICHARDSON is pursuing art studies in Boston.

MISS JESSIE HAYDEN is at her home in East Hartford for the winter. We miss you "more than tongue can tell," Jess.

MISS LAURA FORSMAN is at home in Williamsport this winter.

MISS JESSIE REECE spent last Sunday at Lasell with Miss Mattie Fowler. Her face brought back to us memories of last year.

JENNIE JOHNSON, when last heard from, was about to go to Virginia to visit "Em." We have guiltily forgotten who "Em" is, but think it to be a sister. She expects to see Lasell this fall.

So does Mabel Cogswell, who divides her days between longing for Lasell and Jane and her Sunday-school class and temperance work. She reports the Dayville section as well.

SUSIE GRIGGS, of Providence, here from Hornellsville, N. Y., called the other day. She is taking painting lessons in Boston.

MR. BRAGDON is planning, if he goes next summer, to include a sight of the Midnight Sun, a feat not often accomplished by women. All right, Professor! If you start for the North Pole you will find the Lasell girls at your heels and ready for the tenth mile as the first, just as you did among the Alps and at the Peak of Wansfel! That's what we are practising for!

THE daughter of Mrs. Peter D. Dods, of Montreal, class of 1857, paid a very welcome visit to Lasell in October. She seemed greatly pleased to see the "haunts and homes" of her mother's schooldays. She seems to be about eighteen years old, is a bright girl, attends school in Canada, and thought Lasell was "lovely." She says at the gymnasium of the school she is attending, the girls have black suits all alike. We think she would make a pleasant occupant of her mother's room next year.

MRS. ANNIE SEELEY SPRINGER, of Newton, rejoices in a second cherub. Annie's cares work improvement in her appearance, rather than the usually supposed opposite state. She called to see Miss Ransom, but did not see the Natatorium, or us, which was a great — two great — mistakes on her part.

MISS RANSOM, by the way, is sorely disappointed by not being able to resume her work, and says she should be more so if she did not

know in how good hands it is to be. She declares Miss Fuller to be the equal of any teacher in the world, not excepting the renowned Dr. Sargent himself.

MAY HUNTINGTON, of Amesbury, Laura Davis, of Dedham, and Jessie Godfrey, of Sewickley, Pa., called on Lasell. Jessie Godfrey knows our present Sewickley pupil, Miss Gilmore. Time has dealt gently with these friends of yore. Jessie reports well of our other Sewickley girls, Sophie White and Annie Harbaugh. Wish we could see these, too.

MISS FULLER steps into the gymnasium as one who knows her realm, and will doubtless keep up the great interest in our splendid physical training. We noticed her look keenly about the chapel, and we expect to see some of the girls who lean over their desks take an erect position, and some who walk awkwardly take on more graceful port ere long.

CARRIE EBERSOLE, '85, has been heard from. She is already awakened out of the long sleep which invariably follows graduation, and, of course, is pugilistic at once, and says it is too bad to let the new girls walk without chaperonage, because we did not do so when she was "new!" Well, Carrie, there is a difference in girls! But we won't make you feel any worse than you do already by reason of your absence from the scenes of your former victories. Come and see us, and we promise you shall not even yet walk alone! Thank you for the hearty invitation!

NOT the least of the pleasures of the Nevada concert was the meeting with Mrs. Dr. Kendig of the Highlands, and Carrie and Annie. Annie was in charge of her husband, who looked to be in good training, and Carrie, of her —, who looked as if he'd like to be! Their cordial greeting and dear faces were as good, almost, as a visit home!

AND who should appear between acts, but Hattie Webber, from Holyoke, who is spending a few days with her uncle Beebe, at Newton Centre. Hattie has n't begun to have gray hairs yet, and looked happy. She almost promised to make Lasell a visit before she went home. Worse for you if you don't, Hattie! She says Lillie Flagg has again gone South for the winter.

MARGUERITE GOLDEN has entered the Convent of Notre Dame in San Jose, Cal. We are sorry for her. A convent after Lasell!

GRACE SMITH, here in '84, from Worcester, was detected the other day looking longingly from the car window toward Lasell. She is making her home corner Third and Thorndyke Streets, Cambridge, with her brother; is studying music in Boston, and wishes she were again at Lasell.

MISSSES ANNIE WHITE, '78, and IRENE SANFORD, '79, had paintings on exhibition at the recent State Fair at Brockton, and both received prizes! This is the first thing of this particular sort of which tidings has reached us, though we presume Lasell pictures have taken prizes elsewhere; we only happened to stumble on this. Please hide your blushes and send us the news, girls! Congratulations to Brockton on two such resident artists!

MRS. DANIEL ATWOOD of Portland, once Miss Jennie West, and our much valued teacher of drawing and painting, paid us a flying call early this term. She was looking unusually well and happy. It was, we think, her first visit to Lasell since her marriage, two years ago. She was much pleased with the many improvements made since she was here, especially the new gymnasium. Our only regret was that her visit was so short.

MISS ADDIE JOHNSON came with her sister to initiate her in the ways of Lasell. We were disappointed that she did not come back as a "Post."

MISS ANNA WALLACE, also, came back with her sister Josie, who is here for the first time.

CANAAN CENTRE is no more Canaan Centre. for Anna Louise Curtis is no more Anna Louise Curtis, but Anna Louise Beaver, having given herself formally to Joseph Perry Beaver, on Oct. 14. Now, Anna, is that what you learned at Wellesley? We confess to helping girls to get ready for such a deed, but Wellesley—how could you? We fear the "spirit of Lasell" had stronger hold on you than the spirit of Wellesley! Congratulations! Bring him here!

MISS LULU WELLS attended the grand wedding of Mlle. Emma Nevada and Dr. Palmer, on the 28th of September, in Paris. She describes the doctor as a middle-aged Englishman, and very handsome. He was conducted to the altar by Salvini, the great actor. Nevada was attended by four bridesmaids in white satin dresses, and was led to the altar by her father, a handsome, white-haired old man, leaning on his cane. Gounod played the wedding march, and several noted vocalists sang. Nevada, Lu says, really looked pretty in her bridal dress. It was a grand affair.

WE are much surprised and grieved to learn, just as we are going to press, of the death on Oct. 28, in San Francisco, of Sephie Mason's father, John Mason, Jr. We had no idea that Mr. Mason was in feeble health, and send our loving sympathy to dear Sephie. Mr. Mason was formerly of the firm of Willard & Mason, in Fall River, but has not been in business since Sephie entered Lasell. He seemed to think nothing too hard to do for his little girl, and we can think how sad is that little circle so broken.

LOCALS.

"AH, there, Pinkie!"

THE B. S. S. Society will initiate several new members this Thanksgiving vacation. We do not exactly know the character of the initiation, but think that fried oysters and "buttercups" will be part of the programme. For further information, apply to Room 31.

AN election of officers took place in the "S. D." society Saturday evening, Oct. 24. The officers elected for ensuing term are as follows: *President*, Miss Allen; *Vice-President*, Miss Keith; *Secretary*, Miss Henlin; *Treasurer*, Miss Bigelow; *Critic*, Miss Loyd; *Budget Girl*, Miss Toynton; *Usher*, Miss Wallace.

MISS BLANCHE FORD was elected President of the Senior Class at their last meeting.

THE officers of the Class of '87 are as follows: *President*, Miss Foster; *Vice-President*, Miss Burnham; *Secretary and Treasurer*, Miss Bailey.

THE officers for the following term in the Lasellia Club are: *President*, Miss Hammond; *Vice-President*, Miss Hanscome; *Secretary*, Miss Munger; *Critic*, Miss Stafford; *Guard*, Miss Mitchell; *Ass. Guard*, Miss Grinnell.

ONE of the shy "new girls" asked a teacher the other day if she might have another seat in chapel, as her present one was uncomfortable. Upon inquiry, it was found that the poor girl had all this time been sitting on the same chair with a friend, because she was too modest to ask for one.

OWING to the generosity of Mr. Hall, of Auburndale, whose chestnut-trees had long been the centre of the wistful glances of the "Sem" girls, last Monday morning these same wistful girls, with Prof. Bragdon for leader, entered without fear the aforesaid grounds and gleaned a fruitful harvest of chestnuts. The girls had as much enjoyment as they brought home nuts, and unanimously extend their hearty thanks to the owner of the trees.

THE president of the Lasellia Club, upon closing her address to the club the other night, asked for a motion for the adjournment of "this august assembly." The motion was made and seconded, that "this august assembly" should adjourn. When the president called for remarks, one of the wits arose and addressing the chair, remarked that she objected to the language of the president, as it was *not* an *August* but an *October* meeting.

"ONLY to see thee, Darling," has been presented to the public for some time now. It has not been as popular this year as it was last. The sentimental girls must have left with the class of '85, we infer.

FOR a week or two Mike has been industriously raking up the fallen leaves, and has made several very large mounds of them at the foot of the hill. They presented such a tempting appearance that some of the still girlish girls could not help running down and "jumping in." It was almost as good as a dive in the Natatorium. But alas! these maidens have done penance for their spirited exercise. For particulars inquire at No. 24.

TENNIS still continues to excite the interest of the girls. At every available hour the courts are in use. The fair given for the benefit of the Auburndale Orphanage reaped the results of several sets. The ones who lost the games have dyspeptic looking purses now; they had to furnish ice-cream for the successful players.

THEY had just been introduced. He was a captivating youth, and displayed great originality by asking, "Is this your first year?" She blushed a little, looked pleased and bewildered, and replied, "My first name is Laura."

THE Juniata Boat Club has had quite a number of good rows this fall. There are only six members back, but it will be time before very long for initiation, and the regular number, twelve, will be made up. It is whispered that the A. B. C.s and the Juniatas will race next June upon the Charles River. A boat race would be a new feature during commencement week, and one which the class of '86 will be glad to introduce.

MRS. SHEPHERD has gone to visit her old home in Evanston, Ill. The senior table misses her motherly presence, and will be glad when Thanksgiving time brings her back again.

THE Principal's brief talk on mastery of some one thing as essential to woman's success in her competition in the market of labor, struck the keynote. If women would know thoroughly the one thing, however trivial, she purposed to do, there would be less excess of supply over demand for women workers, and less inequality of wages between men and women.

IT is a pity there is no class in Phonography. Mr. Barnard is a splendid teacher. Some of the pupils in piano would wisely substitute phonography for their music.

THERE is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

Henry Burton.

MY DAY.

BY MRS. S. M. WALSH.

A DAY is born! Is born to me!
I take its veiled face to my breast,
And dare not ask if it shall be
A day of quiet, or unrest.
I only know that I must seek
Some wisdom other than my own.
My strength is small; my arms are weak;
I cannot bear this day alone!

The day is dead! Is dead to me!
But ere my arms relax their hold
I search its dimmed eyes wistfully,
And seek the lips now waxing cold.
And if about the fading face
Gleams some faint aureole of light,
If lips and eyes have added grace —
I bless thee on my knees to-night!

Christian Union.

MUSICAL NOTES.

JOSEPH SERVAIS, the famous violoncellist, is dead.

Nilsson has been passing the summer in London.

Mr. B. J. Lang has returned from Europe.

Nilsson recently astonished a Paris audience by appearing in silks of the Swedish national colors — blue and yellow — while on her neck, from shoulder to shoulder, blazed Swedish, Austrian and Russian orders, set in diamonds.

Mlle. Marie Heimlicher has decided to remain in London another year.

Bilse talks of locating in Liegnitz.

Geistinger has decided to retire from the stage next spring.

Nevada wears an elegant brooch presented to her by the Prince of Wales.

We learn that Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg has decided to locate permanently in Boston.

Ole Bull's famous violin has recently come into the possession of an amateur, the Baron von Creytz, who acquired the relic at an auction in Brussels for the sum of 4,000 francs. This interesting instrument was the work of Gasparo de Salo, and its finely carved deck is attributed to the hand of none other than Benvenuto Cellini himself.

A base ball club and an operatic troupe got badly mixed up on a railway train the other day. "Are you the first base?" excitedly exclaimed the manager of the match, buttonholing a slim young man. "First bass! Do I look it? No, sir: I am *prima tenore assoluto*." — *Mus. Herald*.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Virginia Democrats are reported to be badly frightened at the political outlook in that State, and express fears that Mahone will secure the Legislature.

THE Marquis of Lorne, the Queen's son-in-law, is the Liberal candidate for Hempstead in the parliamentary campaign. He went to a place a short way out of London the other day to deliver a campaign speech, and while he was addressing the electors a mob assaulted him with rotten eggs, and gaining the platform smashed his hat over his head. It is now evident that the campaign will not pass off without serious rioting in many quarters, as party feeling, which already runs high, daily grows more bitter.

The Russian government have issued a decree making the Greek Church the established religion of the Baltic provinces.

The New York Mercantile Exchange passed a resolution deprecating the coinage of silver dollars.

Mrs. Grant denies that her daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, has applied, or contemplates applying, for a divorce from her husband.

ART NOTES.

THE shrewd manager of Mary Anderson has engaged in a little "art" enterprise as a side show, to help business at his theatre. He has hired a room at Haines' piano store in Union Square, and will exhibit there, for an admission fee, what appears to be a statue of the actress. In point of fact the "statue" is nothing but a life-sized "carbon print," made in three pieces, neatly joined and artistically touched up in monochrome, by Mr. Van der Weyde, an American well known in London as the first to take photographic portraits by electric light. The mock "statue," as it is set between two real plaster casts from the antique, is wonderfully deceptive, and the success of the trick is enhanced by curtain drapery, mysterious lighting, and a guard-rope set at a proper distance to keep the visitor from going too near the object. In London the white glare of the electric light aided the illusion; but here gas is to be used.

The Parisian civic authorities have been making a valuation of the art property in their charge. The churches are said to contain works of art to the value of \$1,500,000, and among other items are \$276,800 for the sculpture of the Hôtel de Ville, and \$66,500 for the monument upon the Place de la Republique.

Every painter should practise modelling. The strongest painters have been modellers, from Michael Angelo down. Most of the strong sculptors of the day are good painters. The arts are twins, and each assists the other.

The best art is not always the most striking, any more than loud talking is always the most sensible.

A curious theory was that of Johann Hoffman, who first set up the comparison between color and sound. Light he compared to noise, darkness to silence; the primary colors to whole and the mixed to half notes, in music. The setting of a palette he found similar to the tuning of an instrument; and he went so far as to compare certain colors with certain instruments. Thus, indigo reminded him of a violoncello, ultramarine of a violin or viola, yellow of a clarinet, vermilion of a trumpet, purple of a hunting horn, and so on. A lively water color he found the equivalent of a piano concert, and a solid picture in oil of a symphony.

It is not generally known that Jean Paul Marât, the monumental monster of the French Revolution, contributed to the science of art a couple of treatises on light and optics valuable enough to secure the approval of the discriminating and critical Goethe. Written by any other man, they would probably have been popular and widely read.

EXCHANGES.

The *Colby Echo* is the first on our table, and is a very readable sheet. We welcome it, and always look forward with pleasure to its visits.

We find the *Brunonian* among our exchanges again this year. It is, as usual, a very interesting journal.

We are glad to welcome again the *Williams Fortnight*. It is one of our best exchanges, and comes, as usual, filled with good matter.

We find quoted, in one of our exchanges, the following from Raleigh: "Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

We think the Queen's answer far eclipses the remark: "If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all."

We next notice the *Dartmouth*. It is a well-gotten up journal, and deserves the success it has attained.

We are also in receipt of many other exchanges, among them, the Vassar *Miscellany*, Doane *Owl*, Doane College, Neb., the Trinity *Tablet*, Hartford, Conn., High School *Review*, Newton, Mass., Bowdoin *Orient*, the *Polytechnic*, Brooklyn, N. Y., the University *Cynic*, University of Vermont, the *Crescent*, New Haven, Conn., College *Transcript*, Delaware, O., College *Rambler*, Illinois College, the Harvard *Advocate*, Oberlin *Review*, the *Beacon*, Boston University, the *Argosy*, College *Cabinet*, Yale *Courant*, the St. Mary's *Sentinel*, St. Mary's College, Ky., Kent's Hill *Breeze*, Kent's Hill, Me., the *North Western*, Bates' *Student*, College *Argus*, the Troy *Polytechnic*, Swarthmore *Phoenix*, the *Tech*, the *Daily Crimson*, the *Aurora*, the *Tuftonian*.

OLD NUMBERS.

THERE are some copies of Vol. 8, October, 1882-June, 1883, excepting October; of Vol. 9, October, 1883-June, 1884; and of Vol. 10, October, 1884-June, 1885, excepting October, which we would gladly send to any old girls who would like them, for fifty cents per volume. This offer will be open until Dec. 1. We could furnish some sets of Vols. 3, 6 and 7, but not many.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

It is said that the obelisk in Central Park, New York, is surely but slowly crumbling away. Particles of stone varying from the size of a pin's head to that of a coffee-bean are constantly falling from it, and flakes may be picked from its surface with the fingers. Near the base is a crack nearly three feet long. It is now proposed to treat the obelisk with melted paraffine wax, after warming its surface to insure absorption.

A PRESSED paper chimney about fifty feet high has been built for a Breslau manufactory. The material has almost perfect powers of resistance to fire.

A BALLOON railroad is to be constructed in the Austrian Tyrol. The balloon will have grooved wheels on its car, and these will run on nearly perpendicular rails, the gas providing the lifting power. Gravitation will be utilized on the down trips.

WE did not realize that timidity was so great a fault of the Lasell girls; but if they will look at the article headed "Curious," on page 2, of this number, they will see that this firm, which they have doubtless often honored with their presence and orders, remains in ignorance of this important fact. It seems that but *one* girl has had the hardihood to declare herself from Lasell. Are the rest ashamed of their colors? This is one of the best stores in Boston, and is certainly well known to us all; and that their statement concerning the suitability of their goods to our needs is true, many of us know from pleasant experience. — PUBLISHER.

It WOULD be difficult to imagine a more attractive announcement than that which the YOUTH'S COMPANION has issued for the coming year. No periodical in the world has a more distinguished list of contributors, and many new ones have been engaged for the next volume, including Wilkie Collins, who has written some intensely interesting articles on "The Victims of Circumstantial Evidence"; the Queen of Roumania, who gives traditions of the country over which she reigns; Christine Nilsson and Clara Louise Kellogg, the famous singers, who have both contributed articles on the cultivation of the voice; and the Marquis of Lorne, who writes of "The Opportunities Boys Have in America." The celebrated historian Mr. Froude will describe "Dramatic Scenes in English History"; Gen. Francis A. Walker will show what our future is likely to be, judging from the census; and Canon Farrar will write of

"Obscure Heroes." A series of four papers will be given, called "Advice to a Boy Entering College," by President Eliot, of Harvard University, President Noah Porter, of Yale, President Barnard, of Columbia College, and Professor Moses Coit Tyler, of Cornell. The serial stories will be by J. T. Trowbridge, George Manville Fenn, C. A. Stephens, and Charles Egbert Craddock; and sketches of travel, biography, and science, etc., will be supplied by Hon. S. S. Cox, James Greenwood, Lieut. Schwatka, E. V. Smalley, Prof. Richard A. Proctor, Col. T. W. Knox, Lieut. Greeley, Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, James Parton, Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming, Rev. J. G. Wood, Archibald Forbes, and H. H. Boyesen. All the articles and stories which appear in the COMPANION, whether by native or foreign authors, are written expressly for it, and do not appear elsewhere.

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VOLUME XI.

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NUMBER 3.

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THANKSGIVING has come and gone. We, who have the good fortune to claim a home, or friends, in New England, have torn ourselves away from the beguiling attractions of Lassell for a brief recess. We have returned to perpetrate venerable jokes about the family turkey, and the relations which we sustained to said fowl, and to gasp, "Perfectly lovely," to the eighty-seventh repetition of the question, "Had a good time?" And now Christmas is drawing so near that we can detect a holiday gladness in the very voices of the girls, "And many a cheek looks passing fair, because a merry heart shines through."

The rapidly diminishing days bring visions of "home and mother" to many waiting ones who ate their Thanksgiving dinner, and a good one it was, they say, at Lasell. To them Thanksgiving was a vacation hardly apprecia-

ted, but the holidays will be a veritable time of gladness.

"Grief hath no voice in the universe chorus;
Nature is ringing with music and mirth."

Mr. CASSEDY's domain has been extended, and now the little kingdom, over which he rules so tyrannically, is the most attractive in the building. There are two rooms. The outer one, where all the experimental work is carried on, is fitted up as a laboratory; it has long desk-like tables, containing basins with hot and cold water, where the student may sit or stand at her work. The inner room is the regular recitation-room, and has patent folding desks and chairs; while both have cabinets for the apparatus and the mineralogical treasures of Lasell. The rooms are very handsomely finished in cherry; and the wall paper is quite a "dream of beauty."

AGAIN we are at work in the adored gymnasium, industriously tugging away at the "pound-and-a-quarter" chest-weights, and swinging "fourteen-ounce" Indian clubs with an absorbing devotion, worthy of so great a cause. All are delighted with our new teacher, and the hour for exercise is hailed with joy. Every one is exhibiting an interest in her neighbor's muscle, and the girl who can vault is looked upon with wonder and amazement by the majority of the new girls, although by this time they are quite "old" and "worldly-wise."

The new dressing-rooms are very convenient, and since a mirror has been hung in the hall, the girls seem to appreciate them; they do away with the bother of going to the rooms to prepare for exercise, making the operation much quicker and easier. Each room is furnished with a stool, hooks, and locker for the suits.

THE lecture-room which takes up the space below the gymnasium, not occupied by the dressing-rooms, is quite an innovation. The seats are "the very newest thing in chairs," and will accommodate over a hundred; and the floor slopes in such a charmingly suggestive manner, that the success of all future lecturers at Lasell is already fully determined.

AND now we step down from the dizzy height, where we have striven in vain to appear

at ease, to resign our sceptre to our illustrious classmate. And with our prettiest bow and our sweetest smile, we wish you all, in parting, A Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

IN view of the widespread interest just now in Canon Farrar's visit to this country, our readers will take special enjoyment in reading the closing extract from his essay, prepared for the *Youth's Companion*, on "Success in Life," showing that it is dependent upon neither fame, nor power, nor wealth, but upon character:—

"Circumstances are not in our power: virtues are. It is not in our power to avert the bitter failure which the earth may inflict: it is in our power to win the high success which God bestows. 'The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing'; certainly, which is eternally, infinitely good. No man is a failure who is faithful and upright; no cause is a failure which is just and true. Yea, blessed are they who are defeated in the cause of righteousness, for theirs shall be the victory.

"There is but one failure; and that is, not to be true to the best one knows. To us and to our race, there is but one failure, and that is sin. Sin is a missing of the mark, a violation of the law, a swerving of the line. But he who walks in the narrow path, he who obeys the eternal law, he who aims his arrow at the goal, cannot fail. Young men, you can do this.

"You may be poor; you may lead lives of struggle; your occupations may run counter to many of the natural delights of youth; you may live in the midst of a complex and exacting civilization; you may see no relief, no outlook to a tedious and dull routine. Well, bear it all and bate no jot of heart or hope; for, in spite of it all, you need never fail. For all of us an inexorable limitation, an inexorable weariness, lie at the bases of life. Yet you may succeed better than many a mighty king; and you need never fail, because you need never become the fettered thralls of sin.

"Be good and do good, and you will have won something better than a fortune or a coronet. To do this may not save you from abuse,

or opposition, or earthly loss; but if this and a thousand other calamities come upon you, you will be at the promontory, at whose base the tide waves break in vain. Look, I say, at the cross of Christ, and study all that it means, and you will understand the meaning of your life."

"THE MIDNIGHT SUN."

MR. AND MRS. BRAGDON have decided, if nothing special prevents, to take the trip to Europe heretofore spoken of. They will take a very unusual route, giving girls a chance to visit parts seldom seen, even by experienced travellers. The route is not yet quite ready to be put into type, but will take the places mentioned below, and probably in the order named. There will be two sections of this party, one to be called the Northern section, the other the Italy section. Both will go together to Paris, like this:—

Leave New York, June 19.
Arrive at Glasgow or Liverpool, June 29.
June 30, Glasgow.
July 1, the Trossachs, Stirling.
July 2, Edinburgh.
July 3, Melrose and Abbotsford to Dryburgh.
July 4, to London.
July 4, night train to Paris.
July 4 and 10, in Paris.

Here, the first section will diverge to the north, while the second will continue with Dr. Loomis's party to Berne, Switzerland, Italy, coming back via the Semmering, Vienna, Munich, and rejoining the first at Frankfort. First section goes to Hamburg, Kiel, Copenhagen, Christiania, Trondhjem, making hence the eight days' excursion to the North Cape, the most northerly land in Europe, during which five or six days and nights are passed within the Arctic circle with the "Midnight Sun!" Returning to Trondhjem, we go, perhaps, to Bergen, Gottenburg, Gotha Canal to Stockholm, Finland, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Berlin, Dresden, and find our comrades of the second section at Frankfort. Hence together down the Rhine to Cologne, Antwerp, Amsterdam, the Hague, London, Windsor, Oxford, Leamington, Warwick, Kenilworth, Carlisle, Glasgow (Ayr, if possible), and home.

Expect to sail for home Sept. 1, and arrive in New York, Sept. 11.

The cost for section two will be \$600; for section one, \$725 or \$750. Those who join Italian section will be with Mr. Bragdon as above; and for Switzerland and Italy, with Mrs. Loomis and Dr. C. S. Loomis. Those in the northern section will be all the time with Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon and Dr. L. C. Loomis. Those preferring may go June 12, and return

Sept. 4 (New York arrival), making precisely the same trip, but in a little different order. Only twelve will be taken in the north section, Mr. Bragdon would like to know soon who expect to go. Circulars soon.

WE don't believe Carrie will complain if we publish her letter in full. It is so good and "newsy."

MILLBURY, NOV. 11, 1885.

DEAR PROF. BRAGDON:

Last evening I received a letter from Anna Curtis Beaver, in which was a little newspaper scrap about her wedding.

I thought you might be interested in it, and possibly you might like a part of it, at least, for the LEAVES.

Anna seems very happy. She is now boarding at Canaan Four Corners, where the larger of the two churches of which Mr. Beaver is pastor is situated.

She says she feels very like the Anna Curtis of old. If she makes as charming a minister's wife as Cora Tilton, I think Lasell may well be proud of her daughters.

I am at home, and find enough to fill my time with various household duties, my Sabbath-school class of six little girls, some church work, etc.

I spent a pleasant week not long since with Bertha Childs, at her home in Lawrence. Bertha is as busy as ever, is much absorbed in her music; she has several music scholars. She has lately joined a musical club, which is a new institution, but which promises to do good work.

While in Lawrence I called upon Bertha Harris. She has become quite a fine artist. Her studio is prettily arranged with her own work,—flowers and landscapes in oil, some water-color pieces, etc. She is expecting some pupils in painting after Christmas.

I wish you could see Edith Flint Barker in her new home in Worcester. Such a cunning little house as she has, and so many pretty things that she hasn't room, I believe, for all. She is exactly the same as when we were at school.

Ida Sibley visits her often, and every time she comes she says, "Well, Ede, you're not changed a bit yet!"

Do forgive such a long letter. It is so pleasant to talk of the girls that I forget myself.

I hear from you all through the LEAVES, and also through Sadie Corey.

Love to all whom I know in the dear old "Sem." I am afraid almost all are gone,—I can't realize it is so long since I was there. But I shall feel at home, at least, so long as Miss Carpenter and you are there.

We are so glad that you did not go to Baltimore. Yours affectionately,

CAROLYN WATERS.

FIGURE IT FOR YOURSELF.

PAID by American people yearly for necessities of life, viz., bread, meat, and clothing, \$1,250,000,000. For drink and taxes on it, \$1,400,000,000. For drink more than for necessities, \$150,000,000. If working people want to know what makes "hard times," let them look these figures over awhile.

If school-girls want to do good, let them inform themselves so as to be able to talk intelligently about this great waste as well as crime.

NEW BOOKS.

WITHIN the last few weeks there have been added to the library these books:—

LILITH. By Mrs. Ada L. Collier.

WIT OF WOMEN. By Kate Sanborn.

W. SWINTON'S SIXTH READER. Biographical.

DON'T: A manual of mistakes of speech and manners.

THEISTIC CONCEPTION OF THE WORD. By B. F. Cocker.

A Revised Edition of the Bible.

A copy of Cæsar's Gallic War.

INSECTS AT HOME. By J. C. Wood.

GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF INSECTS. A. S. Packard.

TWELFTH NIGHT (Shakespeare). W. J. Rolfe.

AS YOU LIKE IT (Shakespeare). C. E. Flower.

SHAKESPEARE'S DREAM. By William Leighton.

STUDIES OF THE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE. By J. Bullock.

CRUCE'S SHAKESPEARIANÆ. By B. G. Kinnear.

NEW READINGS AND RENDERINGS OF SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES. By H. H. Vaughan.

OUTLINES OF THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE. By J. O. Halliwell Phillips.

The last seven books upon Shakespeare are gifts from Prof. Rolfe, and not the first which we have received. The "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare" is especially valuable, and contains the author's autograph.

The two books upon insects were left to the library by our late beloved and lamented Prof. J. C. Burke. His name is written upon the fly leaves, and besides their intrinsic value, which is great, these books will have a tender and pathetic interest to all who knew the faithful teacher who died so young.

"Lilith" has already been noticed as the gift of the author, once a pupil at Lasell. The library is indebted to its friends, and renders grateful acknowledgment. It needs help, and hopes to be often remembered. Seldom can gifts of books be better bestowed.

VACATION.

THIS article, a plain statement of the festivities at Lasell during the Thanksgiving holidays, is intended as a thorn in the flesh to all the misguided young women who chose to spend this season of revelry by night some otherwhere than within these walls. May they turn from the evil of their ways, after a due season of gnawing remorse.

A dance in the gym. on Wednesday evening, followed by numerous spreads, was simply intended as a prelude to break the fall, and remove the "taken-from-a-country-jail" feeling, which usually overshadows the first hours of a vacation. Beginning with Thursday, the regular business of the vacation was carried out by the observation of the following pre-arranged schedule:—

THURSDAY. Breakfast, 8 A.M. Banquet, 2.15 P.M. Grand merry-making in gymnasium. Country lunch, 7 P.M.

FRIDAY. Breakfast, 8 A.M. Lunch, 12.30 to 1.30, *sans souci*. "State" dinner, 5 P.M. Tableaux and Grand Olio in lecture-room, 7.30. "Temperance drinks."

SATURDAY. Breakfast, 8 A.M. Lunch, 12.30 to 1.30. "Swell" dinner, 5.30. Grand Olio, Exhibition and Dance, gymnasium, 7.30.

SUNDAY. As usual. Evensong, 7.30.

MONDAY. "Oh, dear! I don't want to," 7 P.M.

The event of Thursday was, of course, the banquet, which was "too perfectly swell for anything," even the menus partaking of the general inflation. On the outer pages were an indication of our true Thanksgiving, and an appropriate stanza from Gray. On the inside, confronting each other, were:—

THE PURITAN'S MENU, Thanksgiving-day, 1662. Six Kernels of Corn. Water. And,

THE LASELLIAN MENU, 1885. Oysters on half shell. *Soups*. Consommé; Mock Turtle. *Fish*. Cusk à la Crème; Smelts; Tartar Sauce. *Roast*. Turkey, Chestnut dressing. Salmon Salad. Dressed Lettuce. Olives. Cheese. *Game*. Stewed Quail, Celery Sauce; Venison Cutlets. *Entrees*. Boned Chicken, in Jelly. Fillet of Tongue. *Dessert*. Frozen Pudding; Biscuit Glacé; Banana Ice; Crystallized Ginger; Angel Cake; Lady Fingers; Fruit; Confections; Figs; Blanched Almonds. Coffee.

Ample justice was done to both these menus, all remaining at the table until seven o'clock. With coffee came the toasts, given by Miss Etta Stafford as toast-mistress. There were nine toasts, as follows:—

The Pilgrim's Feast, "An infinite deal of nothing"; response, Miss Day. The Lasell Famine, "A joke"; response, Miss Anderson. To those who were obliged to be absent to-day, "Alas, how sad a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes"; response, Miss Hammond. To our Prince, and our Pre-

ceptress, "The dual monarchs of this fair domain"; response, ——. The East, "Our nation's cradle"; response, Miss Bubb. The West, "Westward the star of empire takes its way"; response, Miss M. Stafford. Our Country, "*E Pluribus Unum*"; response, Dr. Cramer. Music, Heavenly Maid; response, Miss Sherrod. Mr. Shepherd, "A man may smile and smile, and be a villain still"; response, Mr. Shepherd.

After the long but delightful dinner, the merry-making in the gymnasium was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Friday was mostly given up to a recuperation from the effects of Thursday, but all were again above the weather by evening, and enjoyed the tableaux, illustrating Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven," and the olio of magic-lantern views.

Saturday was another field day. The dinner was properly named, as "he who runs may read," from the menu which forms the centre of this page. The olio was a series of fine views in Washington and in Rome. Then Miss Etta Stafford, Miss Jennie Brown, and Master John Bragdon exhibited Mr. Edison's latest, the Phunnygraph, Spellograph and Téléphone combination. A quartette consisting of Misses Hollingsworth and Munger and Messrs. Davis and Shepherd gave some fine songs, and then came the grand surprise. A Cheshire Cat Grin, disguised as a hand-organ artist, had been privately stationed in the visitors' balcony of the gym., and he suddenly struck up a waltz on his barbaric instrument. As soon as the general surprise was a little calmed, a dance was inaugurated to the "soul-inspiring strains." The fun waxed fast and furious, even reaching a game of foot-ball, to the imminent danger of the personified Grin, who was the target for more than one well-aimed shot. During the evening, a lunch of candy, nuts, and popcorn went the way of all such.

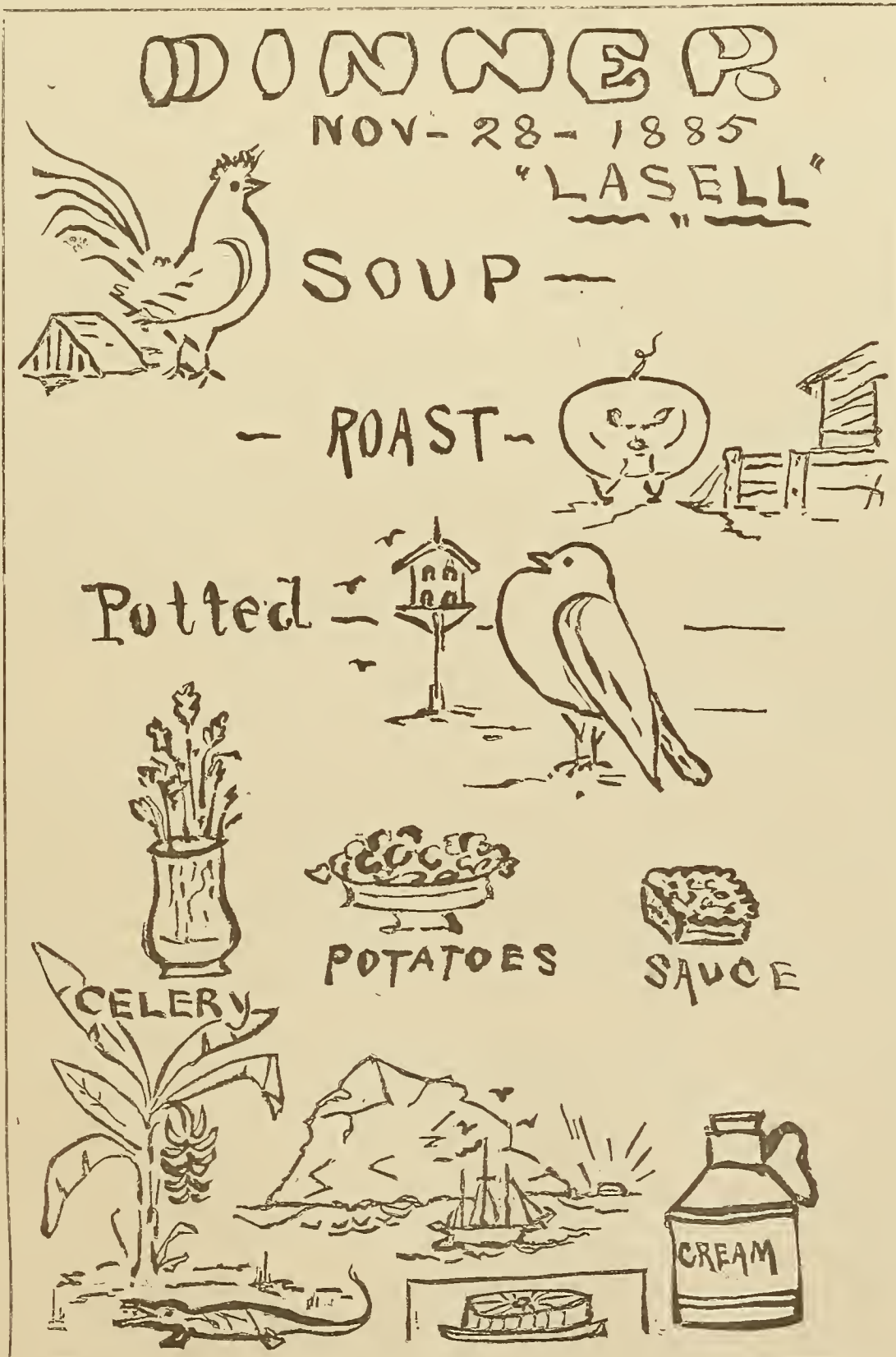
Sunday and Monday were spent much as usual, except for the added zest of vacation times. The six-o'clock dinner Monday was certainly unique in its way, as is apparent from the menu:—

GRAND FEAST AT LASELL, in honor of the Prodi-girl's Return, November 30, 1885. Soup à la Skeletonio. *Roast*, Meat (hash). *Vegetables*, Baked Pumpkin. *Entrees*, Vegetable Tops. *Dessert*, Ice (cold). Corn Cake. Tooth-picks (if you bring 'em). Welcome,—A bountiful welcome to your adopted Home.

Monday evening, when the chapel bell rung for study,

the "Oh dear! I don't want to" of the schedule was loudly echoed by all, especially those who had so enjoyed the hospitality of Lasell during the holidays.

"A MAN who works" in a New York distillery claims to have seen a ghost." A man who works in a distillery is liable to see supernatural things—unless his mouth is closed with a padlock.—*Norristown Herald*.



PERSONALS.

EDIE FLINT BARKER says that Ida Sibley is teaching a "tin shop" in Warren, Mass., and having a good time at it; and Emma Sibley Guilbert has moved to St. Paul, Minn., where her husband is a "digester of law," or something like that. It seemed quite like old times to have Edie here; wish she'd move down and live here.

She says, "Now, Mr. Bragdon, what *did* you tell my father that I wrote that about my house-keeping for? I didn't want him to know it."

Ah, Edith, one must not try to keep things from one's father.

Edith looks as if her (husband's) arduous labors agreed with her. She is at present specially interested in a pet dog.

LILLIAN MIRICK lives at 109 Ellery Street, Cambridge, and is taking the Teachers' Course under Dr. Sargent, German at the Berlitz school, and voice lessons under—I've forgotten who her teacher is; looks well and seems happy at her work.

MRS. HARRIS, of Evanston, Ill., made a brief call on her sister, Edith Gale; she enjoyed the little hills of Auburndale, the beautiful slopes and homes, and was glad she came.

REV. WM. KIRKLEY, of Colchester, Conn., called upon his friend and neighbor, Miss Day. He seemed charmed with everything about Lasell, and said he'd like to send fifty daughters here. His enthusiasm warmed us wonderfully as it must warm his church and people, wherever he comes. If he could only have stayed longer. He will be welcome always.

MARTINA GRUBBS has only just come from Kentucky pastures. She made Lasell an early call. Glad to see her looking so well.

WE are indebted to Miss Harris for some Indian relics from Marblehead. She says there are still quantities of them in the vicinity.

HO FOR THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—I have decided not to buy the "Second Lasell" in Pennsylvania, and to go—if nothing unforeseen prevents—to Norway, Sweden, Russia, etc., for the summer vacation trip. Now let us hear from those who think of going. The cost will not be far from seven hundred dollars, I guess.
C. C. BRAGDON.

CALLED upon Mr. Bragdon at Evanston, Ill., two old Lasell girls, Mrs. Skinner, of Chicago, and Mrs. Fry, of Evanston, formerly Harriet and Mary Sheldon, here in Mr. Briggs's time from Vermont. They remember with much interest the old school days, and the former plans to send her daughter next year. To look at her you would not think she could have a daughter old enough.

MINNIE and BIRDIE ROUTT are delighted with their new school, and regret that they cannot remain more than two years. After they graduate they expect to go to Europe, not for study, but for a good time.

THE Misses Flint have been compelled to remain at home for an indefinite period, on account of the illness of their niece. We hope they will return soon.

AVA LOWE, of '84, is spending her winter in St. Louis.

LILLIE FULLER is teaching this winter; she has four French scholars and one arithmetic scholar. She also belongs to a club, and goes to "singing schule."

MARY STEBBINS has her hands full this winter. She is going on with her music and painting, and intends to take up German. She also belongs to a literary club, and has a class of twenty-five girls in embroidery.

ABBIE HILL is spending the winter in Berlin, Germany, devoting herself to the study of German and music.

MR. LUQUINS, whose increasing work at the Institute of Technology, Boston, deprived us of so good a teacher, has prepared a valuable reader of "Popular Science" for use in technological schools. The selection of material is admirable, and the notes are full and carefully prepared. The book will supply an actual want, and supply it well.

MAMIE MARSHAL expects to come East next January. We hope to see her at Lasell.

BESSIE MERRIAM, always dear to the memory of her Lasell mates, is still studying at an art studio in Boston, and her artistic talent is rapidly developing. She makes frequent visits at Lasell, and always brings a sunbeam with her.

GERTRUDE PENFIELD met in the Boston and Albany Depot, in Boston, the other day, Ida Sibley, Mabel Wetherel, and Nellie Parker. We wish they would come and see us.

MARY S. GOWING, who was a Lasell girl in 1878, was married Nov. 24 to Arthur G. Richardson. The "new home" is at 227 Clarendon Street, Boston.

LIZZIE WHIPPLE beamed upon us a week or so ago. She says she is working hard. Shouldn't wonder if Lizzie, after all, escapes the spoiling that rich people's children usually get.

WE were pleased to hear the other day from Mr. Dole, who is still at his home in Keene, N. H., and who keeps busy writing more or less every day. Though necessarily confined somewhat to the house, during the cold season, he writes cheerfully, and has lost none of his old interest in LASELL.

GERTRUDE PENFIELD spent Thanksgiving with Jessie Hayden, at Hartford, Conn. Jessie did not return to graduate this year, but is pursuing her study of short-hand, begun at Lasell, and in which we are quite sure she will sooner or later distinguish herself.

MRS. BURKE has kindly presented to Lasell a large and fine collection of plants and flowers made by the Professor during his college course, and much enlarged since and used by him in teaching, also some valuable minerals, etc. The collection of plants will be known as "The Burke Herbarium," and consists of some two hundred and fifty species of our common New England plants, and will be a valuable addition to our collection. Especially interesting are the iris, fern, and club moss families. Our thanks to dear Mrs. Burke.

WE are very sorry to know that Lydia Starr has had trouble with her eyes since leaving school, having been confined to a dark room for some weeks. Too much dissipation after graduation, Lydia! You never were so while plodding along here.

MR. CARL CUSHING, son of the former principal of Lasell, made the "old home" a little visit, Nov. 14.

 PROGRESS.

SINCE history began, a ceaseless throng has been emerging from the depths of space, passing swift through the space of time and on toward the goal, ever following a pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night. The first song that rose from the marching host was jubilant as creation's morn, yet it breathed a holy calm, as if hushed by the presence and pervaded by the essence of a great soul. The matin bell mingled its worshipful tones. One omnipotent hand ruled every heart; one idea tinged every mind; one tie bound every soul. That was the reign of unity, of paternity, of theocracy.

But, mingled with the enrapturing strains, a discordant note here and there told of a being into whose soul had entered the demon of discontent. A minor strain told of a blighting touch of unbelief, of a letting go of the hand of God, of a prostrate form before an image of stone, of a race born to rest on the breast of God, yet forbidden to touch the hem of his robe. But though the host might not scale the holy mount, its ruler might stand upon the rock-riven peak, might receive the law amid thunder and cloud, and speak to the people waiting below.

Next came the rule of the ideal republic. Born amid the thunder of Sinai, crowned upon the hills of Palestine, the halo of divine presence upon its brow, the Hebrew statute book in its hand, uttering its stern warnings from

gnarled cliff and desert sand, yet tenderly stooping to trellis the trailing vine of affection that blossoms within the home; meting out justice in a popular assembly, yet in a city of refuge providing for mercy; emancipating a slave by limiting his service; preventing accumulations of land by agrarian law; gathering into its storehouses its wealth of grain, yet with sweet forgetfulness leaving a sheaf for the poor; calling on a prophet as a statesman of God, or inspiring a Miriam with song.

But soon the cry of distress rang sharp upon the sin-laden air; vice skulked among the dens of iniquity; unity disbanded into independent confidence; power became concentrated; and the broad spirit of communal democracy was merged into the exclusive spirit of a landed aristocracy. Then men said, "Surely, this form of government is the image that fell down from Jupiter; we will cherish it. It will give us a high standard of morals and manners. We will swing it in the hammock of luxury; we will fan it with the breath of kings; we will curl its powdered hair, while its massive brain, free from grosser cares, shall mature Utopian schemes of government, comprehending and transcending our Liliputian interests and aims." Fine theory; but there are two things that can mount to the top of a pyramid,—the eagle and the serpent. Men found that they had given to that massive brain leisure to legislate in its own behalf.

Opposing currents meet in whirlpools. From the vortex where the current of aristocratic interest met the opposing interests of an outraged people, a cry rang for some strong hand to take the helm, some iron will to breast, to break, to roll back the flood. So from social dissolution and political dismemberment, from perjured aristocrat and frenzied populace, monarchy was born.

Then men sank into the arms of indifference, only to be aroused to new frenzy when they should find their trust betrayed, their individuality crushed, their souls enthralled by the king-born tyrant on the throne. With demon yell they leaped to anarchy and the reign of terror began. In the war, the strife, the wild rage of madness, military despotism came, for none but a despot could quell the raging of that billow-tossed sea. But beside the sea of human passion a despot is a puny being. Though he may command peace when the tide wave is ebbing, the next wave will sweep him from the strand and bury his tracks in the sand.

Then followed a long reign of terror and gloom, when thrones trembled and despot hurled despot to his doom. The host marched slowly over the bodies of its dead, and men looked at each other with ghastly faces and an unnamable dread. Then the heavens

rolled back as a scroll, the dove of peace descended, a voice said, "This is my beloved Son. Hear ye him!" Then the dirge closed in a triumphant burst. The vaulted heavens rang. The pillar of cloud rolled into a pillar of flame and bathed the world in its holy light. But the light must creep slowly. Shooting a lambent flame here and there, purging the floor of an old institution, twining a pillar, creeping on a rafter, sheathing a dome, catching a spire, till all is enveloped in a flood of glory, rolling heavenward in fire-fiend fury. Onward and upward treads the mighty host, zigzagging its way through burning brand and shifting sand, to-day writhing under the pitiless sway of a ruthless despot, to-morrow crushing to atoms the yoke of his power; to-day bowing to the throne of a mighty monarch, to-morrow tossing him like a toy into the nearest abyss; to-day swearing fealty to a powdered aristocrat, to-morrow sweltering in the arms of a bloody revolution; to-day chanting pæans to democratic liberty, to-morrow struggling in the death grip of a tyrannical majority; to-day glorying in the sovereignty of a royal people, to-morrow—what?

To-morrow—what? It is the cry of the young Republic, as she swiftly shoulders the burden of her own government and rises under it like a giant Atlas, glorying in the strength of her strong right arm. To-morrow—what? she asks in bated breath, and the voice of prophecy makes reply: To you has been intrusted the emancipation of the race. In your fidelity the hopes of the nation lie. To you has been given a land of promise—a second Canaan—a Gerizim to bless your loyalty to God, an Ebal to curse your perfidy to heaven. To-morrow—what? To-morrow enemies will come. You may not know a conqueror's joy until you have known his woe. Your land will groan 'neath its weight of grain, and you will forget to leave a sheaf for the poor. To-morrow you will seek the refinements of wealth, and obtain the effeminacy of luxury; you will arouse the spirit of enterprise, and crown the tyrant of monopoly; you will ask for the co-operation of classes, and secure the encroachment of power. To-morrow you will educate the mind, without the heart, of your masses, and put a sword in the hands of a maniac. You will clasp in your arms the nationalities of the earth, and die by the dagger they will plunge into your breast; you will repudiate national debts and impale national honor; will live intensely, die prematurely. Your cheeks will glow with the flush of health and your eye will flash with the fire of youth, while your lungs are consumed with gaunt decay. To-morrow the shriek of the Shylock will be heard in the land, and many will mistake it for the signal of progress. Politicians will sit by the

cesspool of corruption and ward off the angel of agitation, when it comes to trouble the stagnant waters and bring healing to their flow. To-morrow there will be maddened mobs and hungry mobs, and they will march through your streets with banners unfurled, and on them will be written, "Hunger knows no laws." "Up with the red flag." "Labor must be crowned king, if it wade knee-deep in blood." To-morrow you will confer citizenship upon an oath of allegiance that swears, "Heretics, schismatics, and rebels to the Popery. I will to the utmost persecute and destroy." You will awake to find there is a giant on the Tiber, whose arm stretches across the Atlantic and whose fingers play the keys of American politics. To-morrow that grand old flag, riddled with traitor's bullets, will be lowered to half-mast in honor of a traitor's death. You will cherish in your bosom a frozen adder, that only awaits the genial warmth of sunny prosperity to sink into your breast its poisonous fangs.

All the predictions of deep-read philosophy, all the protection of ancestral integrity, all the assertions of boasted security are but "foam bells that weave garlands of phosphoric radiance for one moment round the eddies of gleaming abysses; mimicries of earth-born flowers, mixing with the ravings and choir voices of an angry sea." These are the warnings of Ebal.

But beyond, to-morrow,—a promiseful to-morrow,—for Gerizim will answer, pointing to an uplifted cross, "By this thou shalt conquer. For eighteen hundred years it has stood, a lighthouse upon the Rock of Ages, casting a pathway of light over the sea of strife, where nations have thrown up their blood-stained arms and gone down to their doom. Clasp close the cross and let torrents roar!" This is the horoscope of our young Republic. Through intricate process and special creation, through forced migration and struggle with environment, through annihilation of the weakest and survival of the fittest, we have attained perfection of force. Systems of government come and go, but they must keep pace with the giant strides of a sovereign people.

The banyan-tree of American influence is destined to grow and shelter the world in its forest of shade. A hundred years will see the South American republics confederated, an empire of states in the wilds of Africa, and Asia rising vivified to the dignity of her destiny. Then Europe must come, for the stirrings within her of a young, new life will move her dry bones and clothe them with flesh. Artificial barriers will be swept away, and upon the flood tide of American influences will be ushered in the reign of universal federation. Then we may hope for a congress of nations, whose

national difficulties will be settled by international law; where the object of legislation will be the interests of humanity, and the goal to be obtained the progress of the race. The host is marshalling for the final march. A subtle, restless expectancy pervades the very air we breathe. The flash of revelation shows intelligence quickening, knowledge maturing, conscience developing. With hungry, eager faces, men are peering into the future, whose radiant light they may just descry. Theocracy, democracy, aristocracy, monarchy, despotism; despotism, monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, theocracy. Yes, theocracy must come, and upon Mount of Olives must be enthroned the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Prince of Peace. Glorious reign, that will gird the earth with its golden chain, and bind the nations in the bonds of peace! Glorious reign, when the bell of liberty will ring freedom to the race and the anthem of unity proclaim it one! When heart will answer heart in oneness of emotion, sentiment, passion, and impulse; and mind transcend mind in infinity of conception and vastness of view! Where the rose of love and the lily of peace will bloom in the garden of God! Where the mirror of poetry will reflect the sanctuary of the soul, and the genius of humanity reach the summit of its power!

Glorious reign, when no longer "Our Lady of Tears," with her bunch of keys, unlocking every heart; no longer "Our Lady of Sighs," with drooping head, muttering to herself in lonely places, in ruined cities that are desolate as she is desolate; no longer "Our Lady of Darkness," approaching those whose heart trembles and whose brain rocks 'neath conspiracy of tempest without and tempest within; no longer will this trinity of woe crush the souls of men; but over broken hearts and tear-stained faces, over giant wrong and down-trodden race, over marshalling host and desolate home will fall the shadow of a great peace, and the voice of humanity, as the sound of many waters, will cry, "Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts! The earth is filled with thy glory."

H.

LOCALS.

By the way, *where* is that bath-room?

THE other day in the literature class, one of the young ladies gave a quotation from Wordsworth. Upon being asked from what poem it was taken, the bright student replied that it was from "Ibid." She had been especially interested in the "Book of Quotations" in the library.

THANKSGIVING morning, Prof. Cassedy took a party of girls to see the "Little Wanderers" eat their Thanksgiving dinner. After visiting the children, they saw the old North Church

and Faneuil Hall. As they did not then have time to inspect the relics of the church, Professor kindly consented to take them again to the communion service on Sunday morning. On their second visit, they were shown many interesting relics of colonial and Revolutionary times, among which was a communion service presented by King George II.

WE cordially extend our pity to that girl in the ancient history class, who could see no difference in meaning between *confederacy* and *conspiracy*. We are also sorry for the girl who thought *oystercism* was such a nice custom!

THE entire school is engaged in making Christmas presents for the "dear ones at home." In every room we enter we find an excited "sewing bee," making all sorts of fancy articles, — chiefly *mouchoir* cases or pink slippers.

ONE homesick girl is so anxious for vacation to come, that on each of her *eight* calendars she crosses out every successive day.

FROM THE SENIOR TABLE.

A Senior tells a pitiful tale she has just heard of a poor woman dying in consumption. A soft-hearted "Annex" begins to weep copiously. "What are you crying for, Louise?" asks her left-hand neighbor. "Oh, I want to do something for the poor woman." [Seniors visibly affected.]

FROM THE FRENCH TABLE.

Hungry Junior to neighbor: "Voulez-vous pass the beurre!" *Neighbor, too accustomed to "that sort of thing" to mind it much:* "Oui, certainly."

PERSONS travelling to any point in the West do well to buy their tickets at Fogg's, 277 Washington Street. They not only get them at reduced rates, but receive with them a very neat little pocket blankbook, bound in imitation alligator skin, with an inner pocket for stamps, etc.

MUSICAL NOTES.

LISZT will pay another visit to Rome.

MR. LEOPOLD LICHTENBERG plays at the Apollo Club concerts, Dec. 26 and 27.

PIATTI, the 'cello player, is recovering his health, and will soon be able to appear in public again.

MISS JENNIE DICKERSON is now Mr. Carl Rosa's leading contralto, and is very popular with English audiences.

A NEW opera of "Faust," music by Prof. Zöllner of the University of Dorpat, will shortly be produced.

THE "Mikado" may well be called a fantastic opera. — *Musical Record*.

WAGNER's "Parsifal" is to be produced in New York by the Damrosch German Opera Company, March 3.

"NANON" will succeed "The Mikado" at the Hollis Street Theatre. Boston's new playhouse is to be devoted entirely to musical pieces.

MME. LILLIAN NORTON will sing in the Boston Handel and Haydn's performance of Gounod's "Mors et Vita," Jan. 24.

A BOY of ten years, Friedrich Kreissler by name, has obtained the first violin prize at the conservatory in Vienna.

It is said that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will make a tour of the country next spring, with Mme. Lillian Norton as soloist.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI will be married to Signor Nicolini in June next; that is to say, in the legal period of ten months after her divorce from the Marquis de Caux. Nicolini's real name is Ernest Nicholas, and he belongs to a humble French family. His wife, from whom he has just been divorced by mutual consent, and from whom he had been separated many years, is an Italian lady named Maria Annata.

THE VIOLIN.

AMONG all the musical instruments now existing, the violin seems to hold the first rank, not only on account of the beauty and equality of its tones, its variety of expression of light and shade, which cannot be so perfectly obtained by any other instrument, but principally on account of its fitness to express the deepest and most tender emotions. There is no instrument better suited than this to a lady's hands. All that is feminine is required for its mastery — grace, tenderness, lightness, swiftness, and dexterity. Camilla Urso, who has won a world-wide reputation by the force of her musical genius, has the power to touch the heart by an exquisite pathos, and to read the intellect by a subtle appreciation of the highest and noblest attributes of the great prophets of violin music. Madame Urso's power may be best illustrated by her interpretation of the Andante of Mendelssohn's concerto, in which every note is a tear, not of mere weakness, but expressive of a high, noble, and profound sentiment.

THERE is no harm in being stupid so long as a man does not think himself clever; no good in being clever if a man thinks himself so, for that is a short way to the worst stupidity. If you think yourself clever, set yourself to do something; then you will have a chance of humiliation — *Mary Marston*.

ART NOTES.

THERE is good reason for the belief that the ignorant policy of Congress in heavily taxing imported works of art will, before long, provoke such retaliatory legislation abroad as will bring the matter to a climax. Since the increase of the tariff here, Italy has put a duty of thirteen per cent on works of art leaving that country, and there is a well-founded rumor that it will be raised to fifty per cent.

A brutal argument of this character is about the only one which will made any impression on the dense cranium of the average Western congressman, to whom we are indebted for a tariff which classifies pictures with pig-iron.

A NOTED English portrait painter, being behindhand in a commission recently, had a photograph of his sitter thrown upon the canvas, and he worked diligently over it with his pigments without the client ever suspecting what he had done. At the close of each sitting, the canvas was turned, as is the custom, with its face to the wall. An artist of reputation never allows the first stages of his work to be seen, and the observance in this case of what is a point of professional etiquette saved the painter a good deal of trouble.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S lectures on painting are excellent reading for the student, — a library in one volume.

ALL great art requires a central and commanding purpose dominating every other. One must have a fixed end in view to do any work above the ordinary. Rembrandt strove to solve the mysteries of shadow, and Turner, of light, and they produced masterpieces.

ONE who has recently seen "The Mikado," in New York, accompanied by a Japanese gentleman, says: —

"It is by no means safe to accept as accurate the local coloring of that amusing fancy of Gilbert and Sullivan. In fact, the mistakes in scenery, costumes, and manners are innumerable. Ko-ko's home, in the first act, shows neither the massive gate always seen with such surroundings, nor the inevitable *gain kan* or entrance hall. The gaudy coloring is not only un-Japanese, but ruins the effect of the beautiful costumes of which it is made the background. Ko-ko's garden in the second, with its architecture, is a queer jumble of things, as much Hindoo and Chinese as Japanese. The posts in the foreground, for instance, decorated with bells, are purely Chinese, and so with the pagodas in the distance, which are never seen in Japan. My companion found the costumes of the women nearer correct than those of the men, but he laughed at the use of the fans by way of hair-pins. Yum-Yum delighted him, both in cos-

tume and movement, which he found very similar to what he remembered in girls of rank in Japan. Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo he also found very natural. He was amused at Ko-Ko coming on with a big sword in his left hand; for he said a Japanese never would do such a thing, although when the sword is not drawn it is carried in the left hand. He remarked, too, that when two swords are worn, the short one is always to the right of the long one, with the edge up instead of down, as Pish-Tush wears his. The costume of Pooh-Bah, it appears, is not that of a nobleman at all, but rather, of an old, retired wrestler. The Mikado's attire is fairly correct, but the plume on his head should not stick up; but probably is wrong intentionally, for the sake of the comicality of the thing. The masked guards of the potentate are historically correct, but have long since been a thing of the past. The one genuine Japanese song in the opera is the chorus on the Mikado's entry. It is a well-known national march. I asked my companion why Japanese rub their knees and breathe a long sigh on meeting, and he told me that it is a mark of courtesy; and the more anxious one is to show deference to person he encounters, — if, for instance, the latter is one of a superior rank, — the longer and deeper will be his inspiration, his aim being to avoid offending him by letting him come in contact with his breath. The Japanese truly are a most polite nation."

POLITICAL NOTES.

VICE-PRESIDENT THOMAS A. HENDRICKS died very suddenly, Nov. 25, at the age of sixty-six. He was buried at his home in Indianapolis, Ind.

KING ALFONSO XII., of Spain, died on Wednesday morning, Dec. 2, in El Pardo, of consumption. The funeral took place Dec. 10, at Madrid. He will be succeeded by Princess Mercedes, his five-year-old daughter, under the regency of her mother, Queen Christina.

THE present Congress, which met on the first Monday in December, is the forty-ninth. The members elected are forty-one Republicans and thirty-four Democrats.

PRESIDENT GRÉVY, of France, is very rich and very miserly. It is said of him that he eats plain food because he is too stingy to buy dainties. How much he is worth no one knows, but it is said that it cannot be less than \$7,500,000, a large part of which is in his Paris houses.

SECRETARY OF STATE BAYARD is affecting quite the English air. He was seen on the street the other morning, dressed in a blue

flannel suit, with a short sack coat; and he has a walk like a New York semi-English dude. He pays considerable attention to such English celebrities as come to the capital, and during the past year or two he has attracted notice by entertaining Henry Irving, and lunching with Lilly Langtry in the Senate restaurant.

MR. PARNELL will visit New York next month, and a public reception is proposed.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

So rapid has been the development of the usefulness of the water-gas discoveries that the following summary will be a surprise to most of our readers. It will also be of special interest to many who have seen Prof. Lowe in his visits to his daughters here. The list is from the official catalogue of the Novelties Exhibition: —

1. Gas works complete for the manufacture of water gas for incandescent lighting and heating purposes by the system of Prof. T. S. C. Lowe.

2. Fuel gas carburetters for converting non-illuminating into illuminating gas. These works have a capacity of 5,000 cubic feet of fuel gas per hour. The tank in which the gas holder is floated contains 180 tons of water. This fuel gas is used to drive gas engines, bake bread, crackers and all other kinds of cooking, working iron, annealing, soldering, etc.

3. Large portable oven in operation, capable of baking twenty-five barrels of crackers daily, or about 20,000 loaves of bread in twenty-four hours heated with Lowe fuel gas.

4. Large family ranges in operation for cooking in the restaurant with fuel water gas.

5. Heaters, furnaces, open fires, stoves, reverberatory cooking ranges, bakers' ovens, etc. These ovens are lighted internally by the Lowe incandescent gas light, so that the progress of the cooking can be observed through plate-glass windows.

6. An ornamental combined radiator and illuminator, in the form of a column, at the top of which the fuel gas is applied; first for incandescent lighting, after which the products of combustion by a down draught heat the radiators and warm the room.

7. Domestic heating and lighting. An overhead fixture lighting a store by incandescence, the heat arising from which passes through radiators overhead for heating rooms above.

8. Water gas reverberatory fire. Will be kept in operation for warming and ventilating the room in which it is situated.

9. Various forms of fixtures for incandescent gas lighting.

10. Various sections of the building are lighted by incandescent gas lamps, rated from 200 to 500 candle-power each.

11. One avenue is lighted with 100 candle-power lamps using Lowe fuel water gas, carburetted, as well as the same gas through the ordinary burners.

12. Lowe Argand regenerative gas burner. For the use of coal gas and carburetted water gas, of various sizes, rated from 100 to 500 candle-power each.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

THE seeds of things are very small. — *George Eliot.*

THE last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines. — *Dr. Ferrolld.*

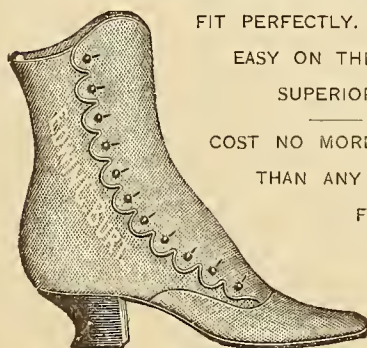
THERE is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose. — *Goulburn.*

HABITS of sin, even when put to death as habits, leave many evil legacies behind them.

IF God be among us, we must sometimes cease, for the sake of peace, to adhere to our own opinion. — *A Kempis.*

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NUMBER 4.

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1886. It has a strange look to us ; it seems almost like an intruder ; we have had hardly time to become acquainted with '85 ; and now it is time for it to go and give way to '86. Time is one of the few things in this life that waits for no man. It glides along at an untiring rate, overcoming all obstacles, making so little fuss that we are not aware of its progress until it is too late ; it is beyond our grasp ; it is gone, never to return.

THE coming of the new year gives us all another chance to make good resolutions and "swear off" on all our bad habits. When we look over the past year and see what we have

done, and then think what we might have done, we feel like saying with Whittier : —

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

Who, fifty years ago, would have imagined a young ladies' seminary where cooking and law were taught. Mrs. A. L. Lincoln, of Wollaston, Mass, has succeeded Mrs. Daniell, our old teacher, as instructor in cooking. She is trying to impress on our minds that there is science even in cooking, and that it is not mere drudgery. The lessons are given, this year, in our new lecture-room.

The lectures on common law are given, this year, by Alfred Hemenway, A. M., of Boston, who has been giving lectures on the same subject for some time at Lasell. Which profession we will follow, that of law or cookery, we *have not all decided*.

We were fully persuaded of the truth of the old saying, "Where there's a will there's a way," by listening to Mr. Short, blind from birth, who lectured to us on Shakespeare. He showed by his lecture that he was well acquainted with his subject, reciting many of the most beautiful passages *verbatim*. All the knowledge he has, he received from listening to what was read to him, and by remembering it. Most of us find it a little difficult to remember what we ourselves read, and if we had to depend for our knowledge on what was read to us, I am afraid it would be a sorry lot for most of us.

THE lists were read as usual at the close of the term. There was some talk of their not being read until after the vacation, but we girls would not listen to this, for how could we enjoy our vacation with such a weighty question unsettled? So they were read, but, alas! some of us were destined to be disappointed, while others had their wildest dreams realized. And now we no longer see the girls collected in the halls around some teacher, asking with longing eyes, "Will I be self-governed?" The old girls may be interested to hear that the standard of the lists has been raised, and that the present self-governed girls consider themselves just a little better than the self-governed girls of yore.

COURAGE, girls, only five more months, and then home again.

THE DAYS OF MARTYRDOM HAVE NOT ENTIRELY PASSED.

THREE young converts of the Nyanza Mission of the English Church Missionary Society were recently bound alive to a scaffolding, under which a fire was made, by means of which they were slowly roasted to death. Their persecutors mocked them and told them to pray to *Isa Masiya* (JESUS MESSIAH), and see if he would rescue them. They adhered to their Christian faith and profession, and even sang hymns in the midst of the fire. One of their persecutors was so impressed by their calm courage and fidelity, that he determined to learn to pray to their GOD. So, as of old, "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." Christianity will yet reign over all the Dark Continent ; and this persecution is by no means one of the least of the signs of its approaching triumph. — *Exchange*.

SOCIAL LINES IN CHICAGO.

THE Chicago newspapers constantly refer to Boston, in the language of graceful compliment, as the centre of culture and elegance, but we are obliged to confess, however unwillingly, that there is in the Western metropolis a degree of refinement in certain matters, of which we effete Bostonians have little or no conception. For instance, in Chicago, the words "man" and "woman" — vulgarly used to designate the male and female of the human species — have been erased from the polite vocabulary, and "gentleman" and "lady" have been substituted.

So thoroughly, indeed, has this happy change been effected, that it may now be said that there are no longer any men and women, all are ladies and gentlemen. Even the man who collects second hand bones and grease is called the "soap-fat gentleman," and the woman who removes the garbage is the "swill lady." Of course it is necessary that there should be certain terms of distinction, and of these a sufficient number are provided, which it must be said, convey far more delicate shades of meaning than the words formerly in use. A woman of good manners and irreproachable character is a "perfect lady." He, simply, yet admirably, that expresses the id

A well-bred woman is a "refined lady." If she dresses handsomely, she is an "elegant lady." If she is both cultivated and well dressed, she is an "elegant, refined lady."

In like manner, a well-behaved and honorable man is a "perfect gentleman," a well-bred man a "refined gentleman," a well-dressed man an "elegant gentleman," and a combination of the last two an "elegant, refined gentleman," or "gent." as it is sometimes abbreviated. But beyond all this there is a superlative, which is reserved for the complete expression of all that is desirable in civilized man or woman, and this is the phrase "perfectly elegant, refined gentleman" or "lady."

It will readily be seen that this reformed methods renders it possible to convey with accuracy the subtlest distinctions. It is quite evident that a "perfect lady" is not in every case an "elegant lady," nor is an "elegant lady" necessarily "refined." For frequently, indeed, it is the case that the most elegant lady, who keeps a carriage and dresses in silks and satins, is less refined than the lady who presides over the culinary department, and whose title is unadorned by an adjective. How seldom is it, alas! that the term "elegant, refined" can be conscientiously applied.

Likewise, the most refined gentlemen are not infrequently far from elegant. It may be that they are well-bred, but they do not possess the added charm which dress alone can give. Thus if we call a man a "refined gentleman," it is usually with a mental reservation to the effect that his clothes do not fit him.

To render the new system, if possible, more complete, the set of terms above described is supplemented by another equally comprehensive, which divides gentlemen and ladies into classes.

A "first-class lady" is exactly equivalent to an "elegant, refined lady." A woman, who is elegant but not refined, is a "second-class lady," while a "third-class lady" is one who possesses refinement, but does not exhibit much gorgeousness in her attire.

First, second, and third class gentlemen take rank in similar manner. It thus becomes apparent that, in Chicago, refinement is regarded as less essential than elegance, and, in fact, the propriety of this idea is becoming every day more widely recognized in this country.

This reform in language does not come to a stop with the eradication of those objectionable words "man" and "woman," so offensive to ears polite. It is gratifying to be able to state that the word "house" has also been done away with, and, in place of that vulgarity, "home" has been substituted. It is no longer considered *le fromage* to speak of visiting a person at his or her house. A refined

gentleman will say, "I am going to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Snooks, at their elegant home on Michigan Avenue," or "Mr. Simpkins's ornate and refined home on the North Side was filled, last evening, with a brilliant company of elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen."

In so short an article it is, of course, impossible to give anything more than a very imperfect description of this new system, which is universally used in first-class society in Chicago. It is to be hoped that Bostonians will not be backward in seconding the efforts of people of culture in the West to purify the language. — *Boston Herald*.

REVERIES OF A SCHOOL-GIRL.

WE have all read the "Reveries of a Bachelor," let us now consider what are the dreams of one of ourselves. We girls do dream, and our dreams are as often fulfilled as those of the men.

I am sitting in my room; a bright wood fire crackles and snaps on the open hearth; the soft glow of the setting sun is just disappearing from the snow-clad hills; it is too dark to study or read; I have dropped my Prescott into my lap; and, as I push my toes nearer the cheery fire, I allow my thoughts to drift away into the future. I dream that I am self-governed; that Miss C. has found that my mischief is but the bubbling up of my animal spirits, and has overlooked my transgressions. I see myself advancing in rank among my classmates; graduating time has come, and with it I think I see myself among the number who are to receive diplomas. And, oh, girls that dress, the one I graduate in! You should see it as it reveals itself in the fire; white, fluffy, falling about me in such lovely folds, and it has a train, a real train. I can see myself trying to learn how to handle it. And then Commencement day, come and gone, and I am a young lady now. The days come and go, and the first summer is gone, and I have done none of the work I vowed to do when I left school; but, instead, I have drifted through the long sweet days of summer. And not alone have I been in those languorous days. There has been by my side, whether in ramble in the woods or through the fields, another — a man. And, as the harvests are gathered, I wake to the realization of the fact that I am in love. Ere the Christmas bells ring out their song of joy, I learn that I am beloved. Then, stealing through the embers of my fire, I see the days of mutual love, and the interchange of thought, and the preparations for the wedding. When the roses are again in bloom, we are married. The honeymoon is over. We are in our house, creating a new home.

I wish you could have seen that house as it rose in the fire. Its walls, the flame; and its furnishing, the smoke. And now I am sitting by the fire in my home, and await the coming of him who is my life. I hear his step, the door flies open, and I am in his arms. And — the fire goes out. I rub my eyes and am aware that it is after my light should have been out, and I am "Crazy" again.

VACATION AT LASELL.

SCHOOL closed Tuesday noon, and by Tuesday evening the majority of the migratory girls had taken their departure, and the twenty-five left at Lasell had time to congratulate themselves and shed a few tears for their misguided sisters who were gone.

Wednesday, Miss Carpenter and Prof. Bragdon and family departed, leaving us to the tender mercies of Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd, who did everything in their power to make the time pass as pleasantly as possible.

After prayers Christmas morning, we were invited into the parlor to see the tree, which our kind friends had prepared. It was very beautiful, and bore abundant fruit for all present.

Saturday night we were favored with the finest candy pull of the season.

The intervening time between Sunday and New-Year's day was spent by the students in walking, riding, roller-skating, and shopping expeditions to Boston. A few, more hilarious than the rest, visited the Battle of Gettysburg and the "Wizard" show given by Prof. Anderson. However, none were so debased as to attend the theatre.

New-Year's eve all the students remaining at Lasell were invited to the house of Mrs. Latimer to spend the evening. Mrs. Latimer was assisted in receiving by Dr. and Mrs. Cramer, and the evening passed very agreeably in conversation and admiring the handsome pictures, of which Dr. Cramer has a fine collection.

The following evening an art exhibit and fancy dress party took place at Lasell.

Saturday, Jan. 2, Prof. Bragdon returned, looking as if he had been having a "splendid time."

NEW BOOKS.

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN. 2 vols. By Paul B. DuChaillu.

PARADISE FOUND, A Study of the Prehistoric World. By Wm. F. Warren, D. D., president of Boston University.

QUALITATIVE CHEMICAL ANALYSIS. By Silas H. Douglas, M. A., M. D., and Albert B. Prescott, M. D., F. C. S.

PERSONALS.

GRACE A. SMITH and Isabel Brown made their Lasell friends a little visit, Dec. 7.

FANNY GREGG, here in '83-'84 is at the Home School, Natick, Mass., preparing for Wellesley College, which she intends to enter next fall.

WHILE shopping a few Mondays ago, it was very pleasant to meet Annie Webb, who is now living in Bradford, Mass. She says, as she sees the girls from the Seminary in that town, it reminds her of old Lasell, and wishes she were back.

DURING the last vacation, Lu Hammond enjoyed a visit from Maggie Corcoran, who still keeps up her practising on the banjo, and is as jolly as ever.

WE are sorry to hear that Miss Alling and Miss Hanscome are obliged to cease studying for a while, on account of ill health. We shall miss their beaming countenances, and already wish they were back.

MAUDE OLIVER is obliged to stay home awhile, on account of the illness of her brother.

LEE LUFKIN has decided not to return. Why is this, Lee? We hardly know what we shall do without you.

FANNY HAWES felt rather lonely when she came back without her sister.

MISS SMITH is happy now she is home. We are sorry that she did not return.

MOLLIE COE spent the Christmas vacation with Grace Durfee, in Marion. Grace is well and enjoying her music, which still continues to be the all-absorbing interest with her, and she is the same patient, faithful worker as ever. She wishes to be remembered to all the old girls.

LOU FRIBLEY is, as usual, finding lots of fun in life, — painting, visiting, etc. We hope to have a call from her before the end of the year.

BERTIE STEELL HYDE, of 1126 Catherine Street, Omaha, reports, after two weeks' married life, that "her lad's a king," and herself as happy as she can stand. We were glad enough to hear again from her. She had a siege of typhoid fever from last July to November, after which she gained fifty-five pounds; from which one may conclude, first, that she was pretty sick, and second, that she is well recovered. Her father is happy on a ranch in Dakota, and prospering. She reports Fanny Dillrance as busy with her music, and the same Fanny Dillrance as of old. Now,

Roberta, if you will bring Lawyer Hyde to see Lasell, you will make us and him happy. Do it!

LUCY CURTIS did n't become greatly fond of Florida in her three months' stay there. She must have had an orange grove! She says that Cora Flint shares her opinion of that sunny land of alligators and consumptives. The trouble is, Cora had too nice a home in Fall River to be enthusiastic over any other. Lucy says Meda Watson, of —, has married S. Rienzi Thomas, of Delaware. Surely, Meda, Alma Mater should not have had such news at second hand! Our congratulations nevertheless! Lucy has two brothers in Reading, Pa., with whom Miss Rhoads is acquainted. Thus Lasell girls find common ties the world over! Lucy reports herself as very fond of German, which she is studying. She promises to bring many "old girls" to Lasell at Commencement time, which promise we earnestly exhort her hereby not to forget!

MAMIE MARSHALL is back from the mountains (or springs) and established at the Windsor, Denver, where she will be delighted to entertain Lasell schoolmates. She finds it odd to be at home and not at Lasell at this time of the year. Dear Mamie! she is loyal to Lasell, and we would be glad enough to see her in her old place were it best. She depends much on "THE LEAVES" for news of school and mates. She practises a good deal and reads history some. The best of all is, she promises us a visit some time this winter. She will be welcome, and the mother too!

NELLIE CHAMBERLAYNE, of — what year was it? — reports herself as very busy over not-much-of-anything at her home in Utica. Says Mollie Starks is in motherly raptures over "Edith Starks Brownell" which infant is "too sweet for anything." Says she has her opinion of Annie Bragden Winslow, which is a good sign, for we all know Nellie *was* not the kind of a girl to have "an opinion" about anything! Expresses friendly hopes about Miss Blaisdell, and wants to know about everything. Belongs to a choral club, and Grace Church Guild, for making pillow-cases to go to Timbuctoo, etc. Right, Nellie, make 'em strong!

THE Principal received Christmas tokens, beautiful and delightful, from former pupils, — Nellie Chamberlayne, Sarah Belcher, Anna Beach, Laura Folger, Alice Linscott, Helen Winslow, and two others. With one of these there was, so far as he could find, no card or name, and the postmark was illegible. With the other he thinks there was a card, but in the haste of opening ail together, — he was away Christmas, so these awaited his return, — with sundry other parcels and packages, it was

lost. He greatly wishes that the girl who sent the first will let him know who she is, and that the one sending the second will pardon his carelessness and repeat the identification, and begs you all to accept his wondering thanks, — wondering that in the multitude of your cares in providing for nearer friends at the happy, but busy time of the Christ-child's coming, you could think of your old pedagogue. May God bless you in all things!

THE Lasell Europeaners of '84 will be glad to hear of Miss Rowland's comfort, health, and happiness, and that Mrs. Alonzo Flint is "Queen of the Wave" as of old. Our thanks to both for the kind thought and its beautiful expression.

LONGFELLOW AND WHITTIER.

LONGFELLOW and Whittier are both typical American poets, and as such they occupy a place in our hearts that we cannot give to others, who may be greater, but do not belong so entirely to us. We are proud of our two national poets, — proud of their genius, and proud of their nobility of character. In this respect they are alike and equally great. Puritanism was opposed to beauty and sentiment, but these poets showed the people that "loveliness and righteousness go together."

The early surroundings of our two poets could hardly have been more unlike. The circumstances of Longfellow's birth and education were propitious. He was the child of cultured and refined parents, and came from a family of no little distinction. He graduated from Bowdoin College when he was eighteen. After spending some time in Europe, studying, he returned to be made Professor of Belles Lettres in Harvard College. After remaining there fifteen years, he retired to his old home in Cambridge, of which he speaks in his poem, "The old Clock on the Stairs": —

"Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat;
Across its antique portico,
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw."

He had health, friendship, ease, — everything to encourage him in the life he loved. He was born a poet and he lived for poetry. But no storms ruffled *his* seas. Sorrow he had, but there were no fierce hand-to-hand conflicts with adversity, no struggles with wrongs to be righted, to embitter him. He lived a life almost ideally happy from his birth.

Now let us turn to our Quaker poet of the kindly "thee and thou." He was a farmer's son, born on a small farm on the banks of the Merrimac River. His father and mother were Quakers, and the boy grew up with the silent, thoughtful nature said to belong peculiarly to

that sect. He was surrounded by a pure and religious atmosphere in his home, but not by one of culture and refinement. While Longfellow was at college, with everything about him conducive to mental growth, Whittier was working away on the rocky farm, dreaming his poetry, but living a hard, unsatisfactory life, cramped and fettered. His world was the little farm; while Longfellow, the favorite of fortune, had travelled in foreign lands with leisure and wealth at his disposal.

Whittier worked on at home till he was twenty-three, when, together with George D. Prentice, he began to edit the *New England Weekly Review*, published at Hartford. Soon after this, and just as his name was beginning to be known as a poet, he joined the Abolitionists. By this step he lost his increasing popularity. While Longfellow was living his pleasant life among books, writing when he pleased, sure of success, Whittier was throwing everything aside to become a hated and despised defender of the slave. For a few years he edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, in Philadelphia, and then retired to his home in Amesbury, where he has lived quietly most of the time since.

Longfellow has been called a poet of nature, and some of his shorter poems are, in this respect, very lovely; among these are his "Flower-de-Luce," and the one entitled "Flowers," while "Evangeline" has many charming pictures in it. But it is a noteworthy fact that the descriptions of scenery that he knew only through his books were just as beautiful as of that which was familiar to him.

He writes of Nature's phases as they affected his spirit. The rain and mists, the twilight, all are treated subjectively.

Though Whittier may lack the imagination which gives such a charm to Longfellow's poetry, yet his pictures of country life are wonderfully fresh and genuine. Could anything be more true to life than "Snow Bound"? We can see the wide stretch of snow-covered fields, "a fenceless drift what once was road," and the old-fashioned farm-house almost buried from sight; we see the sun set, "a snow-blown traveller"; and then the family, each member brought vividly before us,—

"Shut in from all the world without,"
gathers around the great fire.

"Between the andiron's straddling feet
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples spluttered in a row,
And close at hand the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood."

We can feel "the hearth-fire's ruddy glow," as Whittier must have felt it when he wrote the lines.

This description of Whittier's home life in "Snow Bound" has not been surpassed for power and feeling by anything Longfellow has

written. "Evangeline" has, to be sure, some quaint pictures of home life, and the "Hanging of the Crane" is exquisite.

"The light of love shines over all,—
Of love that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine."

But, on the whole, Whittier's verse has here the most genuine ring. Yet Longfellow is pre-eminently the poet of childhood. Countless pretty anecdotes are told of him with children, and no one has ever written sweeter things of them. His "Children's Hour" is among the best known of all his shorter poems. In the one entitled "Children," he says:—

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

And in "Weariness" he writes tenderly:—

"O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary thinking of your road!"

Whittier has nothing of the kind equal to this, though "In School Days" is a pretty little picture of something more than childish fancy. "The Barefoot Boy" is a child contemplated by a man. It is not a real child poem.

Whittier's poems of slavery have made him famous. He has thrown his whole soul into them with a fierce intensity of feeling that makes some of them "ring like clarions." He was the more thoroughly national of the two, interesting himself always in national affairs.

Longfellow has written some slave poems that are well known, his translations far exceed in number his poems on American topics.

We can call both poets religious teachers. Could anything be more beautiful and sympathetic than Longfellow's "Resignation"?—

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps."

How quietly, peacefully he speaks of death in "Evangeline":—

"And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the
consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart had healed it forever."

Longfellow's religion was gentle and mild. He had not had the struggles with doubt; he did not feel the temptations that Whittier had met and conquered. So, in this respect, Whittier is the stronger, because he shows how he has risen above all his doubting, and has come to a perfect faith and trust in God. Whittier's struggles have made him greater by their very difficulties, and he can sympathize with other doubting souls, and feel the depth and gran-

deur of God's love more earnestly than Longfellow, whose trust was never shaken. Whittier has written much more on religious subjects than Longfellow. "My Soul and I" is one of his best.

"Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest."

And in "Questions of Life" he says:—

"To him, from wanderings long and wild,
I come, an over-wearied child,
In cool and shade his peace to find,
Like dew-fall settling on my mind."

Longfellow's religious poems are more musical and more popular than Whittier's. Who does not know the "Psalm of Life"?—

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

But we find the depth in Whittier's poems that Longfellow's lack. The whole-souled heartiness with which Whittier answered all the demands life made upon him extended to his religion, and, in these poems particularly, we can feel the strong soul and the thoroughly human heart beating for the welfare of its fellows.

We owe much to each of the poets. Longfellow is the more imaginative, more graceful, and more generally pleasing, because he is a more cosmopolitan poet than Whittier. He writes easily, musically, always charmingly. He is not a poet of deep and subtle thought, but rather of deep and tender feeling. But there is a rugged strength about Whittier which compels our admiration. Neither is a great poet, but both have made "exquisite music" to which all humanity responds.

TO DISTINGUISH A PERFECT WOMAN.

It was a very old Spanish writer who said that "a woman is quite perfect and absolute in beauty if she has thirty good points." Here they are:—

Three things white—the skin, the teeth, the hands.

Three black—the eyes, the eyebrows, the eyelashes.

Three red—the lips, the cheeks, the nails.

Three long—the body, the hair, the hands.

Three short—the teeth, the ears, the feet.

Three broad—the chest, the brow, the space between the eyebrows.

Three narrow—the mouth, the waist, the instep.

Three large—the arm, the loin, the limb.

Three fine—the fingers, the hair, the lips.

Three small—the bust, the nose, the head.
— *Toledo Blade*.

LOCALS.

WHY, oh, *why*, does vacation pass so quickly?

THERE is a great deal of originality among all the girls. Every new-comer is hailed with, "Have you had a good time? Did you enjoy your vacation?"

ONE brilliant girl to another: —

"What are appliqué chenille rosebuds?"

"Those for which you make an application."

AN innocent "Freshy" at Miss Corey's table, while eating her purple slaw, calmly looked up and said, "With what do they color this?"

ONE of our *apparently learned* Juniors recently was heard asking one of the New Jersey girls "if Jersey cows came originally from New Jersey?" Upon being answered in the negative, a "grave, potent, and most reverend" Senior, standing by, exclaimed, "Why, don't they?"

THE poor unfortunates who used to play for the girls to do gym. exercises must be truly thankful for the arrival of the organettes.

WE should learn to economize in regard to curtains as well as in other things, as rumors are about that large sums were paid for some during the vacation.

THE officers who were elected in the S. D. Society at the last meeting before vacation, are as follows: *President*, Miss Coe; *Vice-President*, Miss Phelps; *Secretary*, Miss Gilmore; *Treasurer*, Miss Keith; *Critic*, Miss Bubb; *Usher*, Miss Butler; *Budget-Girl*, Miss Osgood.

ELECTIONS in the Lasellia Club, on Dec. 12, are as follows: *President*, Miss Stafford; *Vice-President*, Miss Ninde; *Secretary*, Miss Foster; *Treasurer*, Miss Woodcock; *Critic*, Miss Anderson; *Guard*, Miss Harvey; *Assistant Guard*, Miss Beckwith.

THE girls, through the auction, gave \$47 as a Thanksgiving offering, half to our old friends the Little Wanderers of Boston, and half to the Pomroy Home in Newton.

DR. PIERCE, editor of *Zion's Herald*, lectured to us Sunday, Dec. 13, on the Bible. We had some of us heard him before, so we knew what to expect, and we were not disappointed.

THE Lasell Missionary Society were fortunate in securing Mrs. S. L. Baldwin to address the school Sunday, Dec. 20. Her subject, "Missions: their Need, and their Success," proved very interesting to the listeners, both during the address in chapel and in the parlor conversation afterward. Her earnest words for the Chinese, among whom she lived so long, were helpful and inspiring.

THE day annually set apart by the Methodist Church on which to offer prayer for schools and colleges was observed at the Seminary by an address by Rev. Mr. Huntington of the Boston University.

The gentleman's interesting discourse was interspersed by music and prayer, and proved an hour of pleasure and profit to the students of Lasell.

MRS. J. K. BARNEY, of Providence, formerly president of the Rhode Island Temperance Association, now at the head of the prison department of temperance work all over the country, spoke to the young ladies of Lasell Seminary, Dec. 12, on the subject of temperance.

In earnest and well-chosen words, she presented the evils of intemperance, and emphasized the need of guarding against it on every side. Especially earnest was she in urging the girls to join the number of those who are determined, heart and soul, to combat this dangerous enemy of our country. For if the girls who are to be the women of our land shall band themselves together against this evil, a power will be exerted that shall lead speedily to the ruin of the liquor traffic.

A touching story of what one poor old woman was able to do in the war by sending all she had, a little bunch of pennyroyal, which, made into tea, was the means of preserving life in one of the hospitals till the coming of the physician, was used effectively as an illustration of the fact that no one of us is so weak or wanting in influence that we cannot help in a great work. The individual consecrated hearts make up the army that does the fighting and gains the victory.

An earnest speaker always reaches down beneath the surface to what is real, and the influence of such a talk as Mrs. Barney's on warm-hearted girls cannot be overestimated.

EPITAPH on a monument in Horseley Down Church, in Cumberland, England: —

"Here lie the bodies
of Thomas Bond and Mary his wife.
She was temperate, Chaste, and Charitable;
But
She was Proud, Peevish, and Passionate.
She was an affectionate wife, and a tender Mother;
But
Her Husband and child, whom she loved,
Se'dom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown.
Whilst she received Visitors whom she despised,
with an endearing smile,
Her behavior was discreet towards strangers;
But
Imprudent in her family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding;
But
At home by ill temper.

She was a professed enemy to Flattery,
And was seldom known to praise or commend;
But

The talents in which she principally excelled
Were difference of opinion, and discovering flaws
and Imperfections.

She was an admirable Economist;
And without Prodigality,
Dispensed Plenty to every person in her Family;
But

Would sacrifice their eyes to a Farthing Candle.
She sometimes made her Husband happy with her
good qualities;
But

Much more frequently miserable — with her many
Failings;
Insomuch that in 30 years of marriage he often
Lamented that

Maugre all her Virtues,
He had not in the whole enjoyed ten years of
Matrimonial Comfort,
At length,

Finding that she had lost the affections of her
Husband,

As well as the regard of her Neighbors,
Family disputes having been divulged by Servants,
She died of Vexation, July 20, 1768,
Aged 48 years.

Her worn-out Husband survived her 4 months and
ten days,

And departed this life Nov. 28, 1768,
In the 54th year of his age.

William Bond, Brother of the Deceased, erected
this stone,

As a weekly monitor to the surviving Wives of
this Parish,

That they may avoid the Infamy
of having their Memories handed down to Pos-
terity with a Patchwork Character.

Exchange.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

THE name Christmas arose from the fact that, in the primitive Church, an especial mass — the "mass of Christ" — was celebrated on that day. The other term which designates this greatest of feasts of Christendom, "Christ-tide," was coined by the Puritans, in order to avoid using the word *mass*.

The initial observance of the 25th of December is commonly ascribed to Julius, Bishop of Rome, A. D. 337-352. Previous to his time the Eastern Church had kept the 6th of January in commemoration of both the birth and the baptism of our Lord. Singularly enough, before the end of the fourth century, the East and the West had exchanged dates, the Western Church adopting Jan. 6 as the anniversary of Christ's baptism, and the Eastern Church keeping holiday on Dec. 25 in honor of the Saviour's nativity.

In common with many other church red-letter days, the cause that influenced the fixing of the festival at this period was the fact that most of the heathen nations of Europe regarded the winter solstice as the time when Nature took on renewed life and vigor. At this part of the year, too, the sun is nearest the

earth, and then occurred those hoary rites common among our rude ancestors, which had their origin in a species of sun-worship. The Germans, when they were Christianized, had a festival at this time.

Of course, Dec. 25 is probably not the true date of Christ's birth, which cannot be ascertained from the New Testament, nor from any other source. Nor for the first three centuries of our era was there any special observance of the festival of the Nativity. It was not till 220 A. D. that the Eastern Church commemorated the baptism of Jesus, and it is historically certain that the Christmas festival proper is of comparatively late institution. Not until the sixth century did the whole of Christendom unite in keeping Christmas on the same day.

As we have seen, the heathen winter holidays—the Saturnalia, the Juvenalia, and the Brumalia—were transmuted into and sanctified by the establishment of the Christian cycle of Christmas observance, and along with them were brought over a number of harmless customs, such as the giving of presents, the lighting of tapers, and so forth.

What may be termed the adjuncts of Christmas,—the boar's head, the mince-pie, the yule log, the Christmas-tree, the mistletoe and the holly, the carol and the Christmas-box,—the two latter especially cherished among our English kith and kin,—are all, save the mince-pie, of heathen parentage.

The boar's head was originally esteemed "a dainty dish" fit "to set before a king," and it was deemed most proper to serve it up at the Christian feast, which honored the birth of the King of kings. The smoking head was brought into the dining-hall ornamented with flowers and ribbons, an apple or an orange stuck in its mouth, and when it appeared the company received the "monarch of dishes" all standing, while a Latin ode was chanted in its honor.

Mince-pies were probably of partial Christian origin, at least; though they, too, may have been a remnant of the cakes consumed in such large quantities at the Roman winter sports. In time they came to be made in oblong form, like the shape of a manger, and the eating of them was a test of orthodoxy, seeing that the Puritans considered them to be a relic of popery, and would not touch them.

The dressing of houses and churches with evergreens, holly, and mistletoe is a relic of customs as old as the Druidic worship. The last-named plant was regarded as sacred by those ancient worshippers of the groves. Although the custom of kissing under the mistletoe bough is mentioned in the very oldest English and German annals, its origin is lost in the darkness of antiquity. The Christmas tree is of German birth and dates back to the practice of the early Christian missionaries to

that people. In order to convert the barbarians, they invested Christmas-tide with all manner of merry-making and songs, and adopted bodily the German custom of placing a green bush over the door of each hut at the mid-winter festival. The "Christmas box," equivalent to the Anglo-Saxon "handsel," a present of money to children or dependants, is another observance of this convivial season derived from the Roman custom of making presents at that time, while, of course, our own habit of making gifts to friends is a scion from the same root.

The yule log (from *huel*, a wheel) is a survival of the sun-worship of our ancestors. The luminary was termed "the fire wheel," and the burning of the yule, peculiar to the English Christmas from time immemorial, recalls the act by which they sought to typify the coming return of the warmth of spring and summer.

It only remains to mention the patron saint of Christmas,—the good St. Nicholas,—the Santa Claus of the Germans and the Kris Kringle of the Dutch. St. Nicholas was a saint of the primitive Church, the especial friend of children, and his festival was kept in Germany about Dec. 6, with joyful games and ceremonies. As time passed, the celebration of St. Nicholas's day and of Christ's nativity became merged in each other.

In no country is the Christmas festival celebrated more generally, or with more spirit, than in "the land we call our own." Natives of every clime bring here their traditions and customs, and whatever is beautiful and elevating in each is soon adopted by all. To-day, in Church and Sunday school and home throughout the nation, happy hearts are rendered happier by making and receiving gifts; while happy voices sing Christmas carols, or greet glad friends with words of loving cheer. Let us all keep the festival in our hearts,—thank God for his GREAT GIFT, and do our utmost to spread abroad the gladness and joy which first came into the world when the angels sang celestial carols to the Judean shepherds. — *Exchange*.

MR. BRAGDON invites designs for a Lasell badge,—a pin, perhaps, unless some other form suggests itself as preferable. We want every Lasell girl to have a badge she will like to wear after leaving here. Will former pupils interest themselves and send designs and suggestions?

LONDON TRUTH says that very few people at the Huguenot anniversary at Cape Town knew what Huguenot meant, and that one gentleman proposed that "the memorial should be a statue to Huguenot, with extracts from his works inscribed around the base." How very odd! We thought everybody knew that Huguenot killed St. Bartholomew.

MUSICAL NOTES.

"THE Mikado" has conquered the land.

EUROPE wants American singers.

It is said that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will make a tour of the country next spring with Mme. Lillian Norton as soloist. Mme. Norton has a brilliant future, especially in the field of oratorio.

BOSTON enjoys English ballad concerts.

STRONG disappointment was expressed at Mine. Nillson's appearance in Berlin. The critics found fault with her voice, singing and selection of songs from the old Italian and French operas. Nillson expects to make one more tour in the United States, and then possibly retire from the stage.

WAGNER's "Parsifal" is to be produced in New York by a German Opera Company, March 3.

TERESINA TUA, the eminent young violinist, is soon to make a tour of America. She is a young lady of much personal attractiveness, who has passed a childhood of great hardship, but become a true artist.

THERE is no great difference between the average musical young lady and a squeaking toy. Both have to be pressed to sing.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THERE is great excitement in England over the Irish question. There has been an attempt to blackmail the Prince of Wales.

THE Senate and House have voted a \$5,000 pension to Mrs. Grant.

THE death of the Mahdi and the evacuation of the Soudan have not made matters any better in Egypt. Running away from the Arabs has not proved a good way to get rid of them. It has simply changed the question of defending the Soudan to that of defending Egypt. A new Mahdi has arisen in the form of Caliph Abdulla, who is continuing the operations of his predecessor with great vigor. This order for every man over sixteen years of age to join the army has been obeyed. The Egyptians have a force of only about 6,000 to defend their frontier against this army, and the English have been obliged to send reinforcements in haste.

THE top of the statue of "Liberty enlightening the World," the gift of France, to be erected in New York Harbor, will be thirty-five feet higher than Brooklyn Bridge.

THE armistice between Servia and Bulgaria has been extended to March 1.

PUPILS' MUSICAL REHEARSAL.

On the evening of Dec. 21 the Seminary chapel was well filled by the scholars and friends of the school to listen to the term concert, instrumental and vocal, given by the pupils of Profs. Hills and Davis.

Each number was well received, but especially the song "Holy Night," by the semi-chorus, who responded gracefully to an *encore*.

Much to our disappointment we were obliged to do without Miss Alling's solo, owing to her illness, but her place was admirably filled by Miss Munger.

Otherwise, the programme was as follows:—

- Chorus — "Presage of Spring" Hollander.
Orphean Club.
- Piano-Forte — "Intermezzo" Merkel.
Miss Oliver.
- Song — "Thine Eyes so blue" Lassen
Miss Lowe.
- Piano-Forte — "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai." Merkel.
Miss McEchron.
- Songs. { a. "Forget me not" Hoffman
b. "Last Night" Kjerulf
Miss Penfield.
- "Holy Night" Lassen.
Semi-Chorus.
- Piano-Forte — Sonata, Op. 14, No. 2. Beethoven.
Andante and Scherzo.
Miss Bailey.
- Solo — "Religioso" Goldner
Miss Alling.
- Part Song — "A Canticle to Apollo" Carmichael.
Misses Hollingsworth, Alling, Penfield, and Munger.
- Piano-Forte — "Minuet" from Op. 78. Schubert.
Miss Tidd.
- Chorus — "Peasant's Wedding March" Soderman.
Orphean Club.

At the close of the exercises, Prof. Hills made a felicitous speech in presenting Prof. Bragdon with an elegant gold watch and chain, the gift of the teachers and scholars. Professor was completely surprised, but in a few words returned his thanks to the donors.

WHAT TO TEACH GIRLS.

GIVE your daughters a thorough education. Teach them to cook and prepare the food of the household. Teach them to wash, to iron, to darn stockings, to sew on buttons, to make their own dresses. Teach them to make bread, and that a good kitchen lessens the doctor's account. Teach them that he only lays up money whose expenses are less than his income, and that all grow poor who have to spend more than they receive. Teach them that a calico dress paid for fits better than a silken one unpaid for. Teach them that a full healthy face displays greater lustre than fifty consumptive beauties. Teach them to purchase and to see that the account corresponds with the purchase. Teach them good common-sense, self-trust, self-help, and industry. Teach

them that an honest mechanic in his working dress is a better object of esteem than a dozen haughty, finely dressed idlers. Teach them gardening and the pleasures of nature. Teach them, if you can afford it, music, painting, etc., but consider them as secondary objects only. Teach them that a walk is more salutary than a ride in a carriage. Teach them to reject with disdain all appearances, and to use only "Yes" or "No" in good earnest. — *Exchange*.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

Why are the girls so injudicious in their toleration of dissipated young men? It is very often the case that a thoroughly good girl will deliberately marry a man who makes no secret of his bad habits. What can she expect but misery to ensue? A life-partnership should not be entered into without at least as much caution as men display in making business combinations for limited periods. No man selects his business partner from among men who drink much liquor, or have other bad habits. As for mere manners and the ability to make one's self agreeable, they have not of themselves influence enough among men to secure a dollar's worth of credit, or to justify any one in believing their possessor on oath. A girl who is not old enough or shrewd enough to have learned what are the standards by which men are tested, would be far surer of a happy life if she were to let her parents select a husband in the proudest manner imaginable than if she were to make her own selection in the manner peculiar to girls. A life-partnership is not easily dissolved. — *Home Companion*.

ART NOTES.

At a largely attended meeting of artists at the Academy of Design, recently, a resolution was signed by fifty-five artists to the effect that the use of their pictures by exhibition committees out of New York City would only be granted upon a suitable guarantee in the form of signed contracts between both parties, relative to rental, insurance, proper handling, and repair of frames. — *Exchange*.

MR. ROGER RIORDAN, of Messrs. Harper & Bros., has begun a series of articles on artists' homes by an illustrated description of the home of Mr. Harry Fenn, in the pleasant little art colony at Montclair, N. J.

MR. FRANK D. MILLET has scored quite a success with his two pictures, "The Granddaughter" and "His Amanuensis," at the Institute of Painting in Oil Colors, London.

THE exhibition of embroideries and ornamental work held by the New York Society of Decorative Art in December was one of the finest of the kind ever given in that city.

THE Salmagundi Club's eighth annual exhibition of works of art in black-and-white will be opened to the public in the galleries of the American Art Association, on Jan. 11, 1886. An exhibition of architectural drawings will be held in connection with it, and a committee of well-known architects has been appointed to take charge of this part of the display.

Subcommittees, in correspondence with the one in New York, have been chosen in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis. It is expected that this will be a most interesting exhibition. — *Exchange*.

THE Society of American Artists feel much elated over the arrangements which have been concluded, whereby their next exhibition will be held in the spring, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

DEPARTMENT IN WORSHIP. — Ko Kum-Hus, the late professor of Chinese in Harvard University, attended a place of worship. He described the congregation in this way: Bowing his head upon the table, with closed eyes, he said, "Some do so." Then, sitting up and covering his eyes with one hand, he added, "And some so." Then, rising erect and gazing around with eyes wide open, said, "Some do so; I suppose they are not born of the Spirit." Was not the Chinese professor right in his estimate? Did not an irreverent and unloving soul create an irreverent body? — *National Baptist*.

CALENDAR ON YOUR FINGERS.

THIS is the way that an old-timer manages to keep the days of the week that months open with. It will be found correct and interesting to people who have a memory for such things:

"What day of the week did January come in on?" asked Grandpa Martin. "If you can tell that, I can tell you the day that any month will come in on by help of a little lingo I learned from my father when I was a boy. Monday, did you say?" and grandpa held up his hands preparatory to counting his fingers. "Now, April is the fourth month, let us see — 'At Dover dwelt George Brown, Esq., good Christopher French and David Frier.' We go by the first letters of these words — 1, 2, 3, 4 — at Dover dwelt George — G is a letter, and it is the seventh in the alphabet. January came in on Monday, you say. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, seven: April comes in on Sunday. Take February — second month at Dover. D is the letter, and fourth in the alphabet. Take Monday again as the starting point — Monday, one; Tuesday, two; Wednesday, three; Thursday, four; February comes in on Thursday.

"If you make no mistake in using the rule, it will give you the answer every time. Leap

year requires the addition of one day for the last ten months, to allow for the 29th of February.

"I never knew anybody outside of my father's family," continued grandpa, "who knew this little lingo and how to use it. He taught it to his children, and I have tried to teach it to mine, but they seem to forget it, and I am afraid it will get lost. When father used to go to presbytery, fifty years ago, it often happened that a question of dates and their relation to days would come up, and no almanac at hand; in fact, the question might be as to some day of the next year; but almanac or not, my father could always find the fact wanted with just the little key of the first day of the year."

—*Exchange.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE venerable Prof. Villanora secured the indorsement of the International Geological Congress, at its last session, to the project of a polyglot dictionary of definitions and technical terms.

He himself cannot do more than supply the Spanish-French part of such a work, but he hopes others will take up and supplement his work, until a cyclopædia of the sciences is produced, in which any man can readily find exact statements of the facts in his own language, and their equivalents in all other languages. It is an important work, and the congress and all geologists will doubtless aid him to the extent of their powers. — *Exchange.*

AN Italian ship has been sheathed with glass plates, cast like iron ones, so as to fit the hull, to take the place of copper sheathings. The joints of the plates are made water-tight by the use of water-proof mastic. The advantages claimed for glass over copper are its insensibility to oxidation and its exemption from incrustation.

THE new balloon constructed by the Mendon aeronauts will be directed, says *Nature*, by a steam engine, as advocated by M. Henry Giffard. Electricity will be quite given up, owing to its want of power for continuous action. From the reports to be published in the next number of the *Comptes Rendus*, it appears that a velocity of six metres per second was obtained.

GLASS shingles are now used, and bid fair to become popular. They are strong, durable, and cheap.

BLASTING PAPER. — The latest thing in explosives is blasting paper. Dynamite, it is claimed, is nothing to it; and it can be made at so small a cost that the present condition of the dynamiters' treasury would suffice to furnish enough of it to blow the whole country into

"smithereens." It is a patent of a Viennese by the name of Petry, and is now coming into use in excavating for building purposes. It is made of common blotting paper, the sheets being dipped in a boiling mass consisting of six substances combined in the right proportion. The sheets are then dried, cut into strips, which are rolled into cartridges, and the article is ready for use.

EXCHANGES.

THE first exchange which comes to our notice is the *Yale Courant*, and it was with difficulty we refrained from perusing the entire number, the bits we nibbled at had such a spicy taste. The literary notices are especially good. We notice no mention of exchanges, however. Perhaps the *Courant* is conscientious, and says nothing rather than criticise another paper.

The *Tech* is now offering a more interesting paper than ever. Its illustrations are, at times, very good. An artistic little sketch of wintry woods graced a holiday number. We noticed quite an effort in the line of amateur illustrations by Hopkins, '88. We would inquire if the lady was suffering from rheumatism?

The *Vassar Miscellany* has some very interesting literary articles in its December number. George Eliot seems to be a subject for universal study at present, and the *Miscellany* offers a very interesting article on George Eliot's "Idea of Success." We hear the students held an indignation meeting not long ago, and tried a teacher for listening at the key-hole. It seems improbable, for in the first place Vassar girls respect their teachers, and then the teachers have too much respect for themselves to stoop to so undignified and sneaky an action.

The *University Cynic* does not belie its name in its remarks upon exchanges. We would like to say, "pleath thir," that the LEAVES is very thankful for the patronizing notice it received.

We hear that the only rival of the *Harvard Lampoon* now is the *Police Gazette*. We know little regarding the literary merits of the latter, but conclude its editors must stand as the head ranks of journalists to be compared to those of the *Lampoon*.

There is a benighted exchange by the name of *Student Life*, which hails from Missouri, and which sends a letter addressed to Mr. LASELL LEAVES. It encloses a bill for ten years' subscription, and expects us to remit. We were not aware it was customary to pay for exchanges, and beg leave to withdraw the LEAVES from the list of the *Student Life's* "subscribers."

The *Argus* of Wesleyan University would be one of the most enviable of college papers if it was not continually obliged to repudiate base slanders, which arise because of its numerous Western Wesleyan namesakes. It is a fine paper, but it labors under disadvantages.

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ONLY a few months ago delegates from most of our leading colleges met at Brooklyn, for the purpose of considering the question of physical culture. It was their unanimous opinion, expressed with the greatest enthusiasm, that gymnasium work ought everywhere to accompany mental training, and they rejoiced in the extent to which this has been already realized. This convention is but one of the many evidences of the increased attention that physical culture is receiving. In the time of our great-grandfathers, no provision was made for the body; it was despised, and the mind alone was thought worthy of atten-

tion and cultivation. "To keep the body under" was constantly the endeavor. Hard beds, ice-cold water, and meagre fare were recommended as particularly suitable for the student. But large quantities of midnight oil were allowed.

But after some years it began to be thought that it would be well to devote a little of one's time to the body. A few of our most enterprising colleges built gymnasiums, but, there being no system, spasmodic effort was the result. A young man on entering college would often be quite ambitious to become a good gymnast. For the first day or two he would work hard, and probably take ten times too much exercise. Soreness being the result, he would become disgusted and give the whole thing up. After a month or two he would try it again, very likely with no better success. Is it any wonder that gymnastics carried on in that way did no good?

It has only been since the Sargent system has been in use that gymnasiums have been doing such good and effectual work. This system aims at individualizing. It finds out what each individual needs, and then its chief work is to help this need which it has discovered. Heretofore people have indulged almost exclusively in their favorite forms of exercise; so that while some of the muscles were strengthened, others were left weak and flabby. But this system proposes to develop the muscles which are weakest, and then promote health by a systematic exercise of all.

It is now generally conceded that a great mind cannot do half as much nor half as good work, if it has a weak body to contend against. Every college is apt to have men who overtask their brains with hard study, and the consequence is that they are struck down in the prime of life, before their real life's race is half over. Instead of the old idea that feeble and sickly children are the ones to be sent to college, as they are unfit for any kind of hard labor, we now think that of all people those who propose to work with their brains ought to be the healthiest. In a few cases, genius has been known to exist in a weak body, but how much greater the work accomplished by that genius might have been if his mind had possessed a capable servant to do its bidding. In

order to make a permanent success in any of the learned professions, physical vigor is absolutely necessary. "The prizes of life will be to the one who is able to bear the largest amount of discipline, and, of two minds equally ready to profit by the discipline, the one supported by the healthiest body will gain the prize."

We do not mean to say that gymnastics are a sufficient means for obtaining health and strength. On the other hand, we think that there are other things equally necessary. "All work and no play," as Mother Goose says, "makes Jack a dull boy." Now gymnastics are not always play; they are often hard work. We are obliged to work hard to accomplish what we desire and are striving earnestly after; what we sometimes need is entire relaxation from everything that is like work, and here is where play comes into use. Herbert Spencer says: "That gymnastics are better than nothing, we admit; but that they are an adequate substitute for play, we deny." Lawn tennis and other out-door games do one much good, for one has pure enjoyment without any labor, and at the same time is breathing the fresh air.

Relaxation, fresh air, daily exercise of the muscles, and plain food at regular hours, will give us that "*mens sana in sano corpore*," which will make work a delight.

[Written for the Christian Advocate.]

LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY GOING AWAY TO SCHOOL.

My Dear — : I want first to tell you how glad I am that you are going away to school. To be thrown among new surroundings, to think and act for one's self, are a healthful experience for these home-sheltered girls.

Self-reliance may not be in the catalogue, but believe me, it is not the least of your subjects, and because it will teach you to trust yourself, will help you much for the future.

One of the first experiences is the leaving of old friends and the gaining of new ones. The friendships which abide are found in school days before we barricade ourselves with the formalities which society raises; therefore, it is of importance that at this crisis you choose wisely. Do not decide upon your friends the

first day nor the first week. Those whom you would choose are not those who surround you on your arrival as a stranger. It will be easy to treat all politely without receiving them into your confidence, and soon those whom you wish for friends will seek you. Though a fun-loving, merry-hearted school-girl, you may still be a lady, and if so, you will feel like one, and will look like one so unmistakably that all will know it.

Do not get discouraged if you fail to enjoy yourself or do not succeed as you expected. It must, of necessity, take a while to slip into the routine, to get acquainted with your teachers and their methods. Do not allow yourself to think that you are in the wrong school. You will be looking out for its weak points so intently that you will fail to take advantage of its helps. I speak of this because some students have wasted a precious year in regrets that they were not elsewhere.

Quite likely you will have an experience of home-sickness. The first attack is most severe, but don't let it rout you. A good medicine is to double your diligence. If possible, try to comfort some one similarly afflicted, and regard it as you would any minor ailment,—inevitable, uncomfortable, but never fatal; indeed, bringing its good lesson, if it teaches us to value home and its dear ones the more.

Dress plainly. Both because it is an expression of good taste that will commend you to the teachers and real students, and because the less you have to distract you, the better work you can do. Plain, warm, substantial clothing is especially appropriate.

Take daily out-door exercise. In some institutions they require it. I hope in your school they will trust you, at least occasionally, to take a walk where you choose with a friend. This exercise of the whole school, like prison convicts in proper columns, always strikes me painfully, but it is better than none.

Be scrupulous about obeying the rules. Do not let yourself think that because they seem exacting and unreasonable you are not bound to observe them. Not so much for the sake of the school as for your own sake, because good obeyers make good commanders, and the discipline will help you. Hold yourself to strict account in this particular. You will find that it is possible for you to enjoy yourself thoroughly, to frolic and have genuine fun, and all the time keep within the limits.

Do not strive for popularity. I am glad you want all to like you, which is of itself a laudable desire; but when we get to thinking of it and longing for it, we shall almost unconsciously begin practising petty deceits and flatteries, and so learn to despise ourselves. Respect yourself, do good, honest work, and popularity will come.

Genuine worth is nowhere better appreciated than in our high-toned literary institutions. The insignia of rank is brain. Are you not glad there are places where wealth and social position and personal attraction are secondary considerations?

I am not sorry that you are not a brilliant student. The teacher will value the plodder above the genius any day. It is no uncommon thing for the genius to burn out like a meteor, while the success of the plodder is assured. There is no substitute for downright every-day work. Spasms of industry cannot have results.

Education means so much; more than you can appreciate now. Young people are so often admonished, "Youth is the seed-field of time," that it comes to sound trite. Believe me, it is eternal truth, that will force itself upon you more and more.

Did ever you hear an ex-student say, "I did good work in school and how bitterly I regret it"? Just recently I was with some young ladies who had fairly passed the school age, and oh, how heartily they were mourning the pouring-in processes, the aimless selection of subjects, the careless preparation of just enough to get through an examination, and the skimming of languages which now they long in vain to acquire! They declared themselves face to face with life and no preparation for it.

Therefore, be thorough. Both because of the satisfaction to yourself and because you may be obliged to turn it to practical account. Even if you never have to use it again, it will be an immense satisfaction to you to feel that an emergency will not leave you helpless. In many cases the education which was intended for the ornament of life has proven to be the bread winner. Learn the "whys," as you may be called to answer them some day. That you may not over-work and ruin your health, do not attempt many subjects. Better one, thoroughly, than humming-bird sips at half a dozen. If you have but two years at school or college, it is better to select the studies you enjoy, and devote yourself to those, rather than to enter the regular course. Master them to the extent of your opportunity, and see how strong it will make you feel. Do not choose your studies in a blind way, because somebody else will take this or that, but have a purpose in view.

Do not hesitate to pray for success in your studies. Not as a substitute for work, but as a complement of it. Following the plan of the minister who prepared his sermon as thoroughly as though he expected to go through it alone, and then relied on Divine help as trustingly as though he had made no preparation.

I have in mind a lady who entered a medical college as the only lady in the class. It was a

trying place, this treading the unwonted path of a medical education right in the face of prejudice and sneering criticism. She said that often, when called out for a blackboard exercise, her fright would drive out from her memory every word of the carefully prepared lesson, but she would take her place, breathe a prayer for help, use every thought that came to her, until speedily the answer would be wrought out. This young lady led the entire class in scholarship.

Remember that you may touch these other lives in blessing. A school-girl whom I know organized a missionary society among the students. They had their regular meetings in the room of one of the girls, their programmes and missionary letters, and by and by one of the girls went out from that school to represent them in a foreign field.

Not long ago I heard the principal of a school regretting the loss of a student. "Why," he said, "she has been worth more to me in her quiet, beautiful influence over the students than I can tell you. I do not hesitate to say that she has done as much for the school as it has done for her."

I remember to have seen a picture from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," some years ago, which impressed me much. An old man is busily raking together bits of wood, hay, and stubble. So absorbed is he in his task that he fails to see the shining angel just behind him, who is holding a radiant crown above his head. Do not, I pray you, be so engrossed with the good times, the friendships, the environment of your new home, that you shall fail to see the shining angel of wisdom awaiting to crown you.

He who is so interested in your life that he gives you these opportunities designs them as stepping-stones toward his purpose for you.

Yours faithfully,

A YANKEE, guiltless of any tongue but his own, was haranguing on a German railway platform a porter who was in the same predicament. An Englishman, seeing the expenditure of words with no corresponding result, offered his services as interpreter. "No, thank you, stranger," said the gentleman hailing from the land of the Stars and Stripes; "I guess English is the language of the future, and he's got to understand it." — *Exchange*.

"THERE!" said Mrs. Gummidge, putting aside her paper, "Good for Lillie Devereux Blake." "What has she done, my dear?" "She says Shakespeare was a brute, and that the play, 'The Taming of the Shrew,' does woman gross injustice." "Well, I think myself it would have been truer to nature if he had n't a-tamed her." — *Chicago News*.

OUR SLEIGH RIDE.

ON Saturday evening, January 16, the whole school, except a few hapless victims of sore throat and symphony tickets, enjoyed a sleigh ride, to which all the choicest adjectives in a school-girl's vocabulary might be applied. Mr. Bragdon was the host, and we went to Boston, two facts which would insure success to *any* "evening out." We went in six large barges, and by the lovely Brighton road; which, by the way, we had no sooner struck than some book fiend complacently remarked, "This is where Silas Lapham drove his fast horse, you know." Copies of the obituary poem will be furnished to friends of the family on application. Please enclose two-cent stamp, and sign full name, not necessarily, etc., etc.

On our arrival in Boston, we went to Cook's restaurant, on Avon Street, where we had our supper, in sole possession of the premises. A slight excitement was caused by the appearance of a *man* at the door, but all fear subsided when we learned it was a *Herald* reporter. We immediately assumed our most killing, before-the-camera look, for which we reaped a just reward by our later appearance in the *Herald*, under the flattering and alliterative title of "Lovely Lasell Lassies."

After our lunch we started gayly on our homeward way, which we enlivened by singing all the songs we knew, and some we did n't know. When these were exhausted, we sang the health of all our friends, beginning, of course, with Mr. Bragdon. We *were* going to sing the health of all our enemies, but here we got into trouble. A heated discussion arose as to which enemy was worse, clocks or the rising bell, which was only cut short by our arrival "*chez nous*."

This was voted "The most delightful sleigh ride I ever had" by every one, from the Maine girl, who has had them all her life, to the Sandwich Island girl, who never saw snow until this winter.

THE VOICE.

SHAKESPEARE says: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman."

I wonder if she articulated and pronounced clearly and distinctly. If she did, how delightful it must have been to listen to her! Let us suppose that she did, and then what a beautiful model we have to copy! She must have unconsciously known in what a "perfect voice" consisted; but I very much doubt whether she could have put that knowledge into words. If she repeated "Jack and Gill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water," I hardly think she realized that to say this correctly all the "resounding cavities and vibrating solids"

within her should form an "elastic unity." Therefore, *we*, knowing what comprises a "perfect voice," should certainly try to acquire that most "excellent thing in woman." If we remember that the voice is a kind of mirror for the soul, we might then realize more fully how necessary it is to make it a perfect mirror. When I look at myself in a poor piece of glass I always exclaim, "I never knew I was quite so homely as this!" and I leave the glass, disgusted. Now, suppose I look into the mirror of my soul, my voice, and discover the same disappointment, for it is a great disappointment to find that one is homelier than one thought. I ought to be equally as disgusted.

But the question is, Why does the first mirror receive so much more attention than the second? It must be because we do not realize how homely we look in our soul mirror, or rather, what a poor piece of glass we use to reflect our soul.

If we have a pretty dress we do not wish to mar its beauty by wearing with it some inharmonious color; and likewise in regard to our voice, which expresses the thought of the soul. When we have a pretty thought we should not allow it to be marred by inharmonious speech,—speech which does not express the thought and, therefore, deprives it of all its beauty.

Of course, we can express a pretty thought by words badly enunciated and incorrectly pronounced, but I am sure the thought would sound even prettier than we think if we speak the words which express it clearly, correctly, and understandingly. Then we shall not be disappointed when we look into our mirror.

After we become used to finding and correcting the faults in our soul mirror, as we do when we find anything amiss upon looking in our "looking-glasses," we shall speak as we should, and say what we mean.

Would we not feel pleased if we should have it said of us, as Shakespeare said of Cordelia, "Her voice is ever soft, gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman"? So let us try to acquire an "elastic unity of all the resounding cavities and vibrating solids in the human body," so that we may have a *perfect voice*.

THE DIFFERENCE.

'T is easy to be brave,
When the world is on our side;
When nothing is to fear,
Fearless to bide.

'T is easy to hope,
When all goes well;
When the sky is clear,
Fine weather to foretell.

But to hope when all's despaired,
And be brave when we are scared,—
That's another thing, my dear!
And will do to tell.

ANTHONY MOREHEAD.

HENRY NORMAN HUDSON.

THE recent death of Dr. Hudson came as a sudden shock, since none of us had known of his illness. He was for several years our teacher of Shakespeare and Wordsworth, and there are still a number in our midst who remember his enthusiasm in his work, his marked individuality, his earnestness and mental vigor, and the kindly humor which brightened his face and manner. The crayon portrait which hangs in our reading-room is a good reminder of his strong, shrewd face, but it cannot give the keen glance and sudden smile which continually changed the expression. His death follows soon upon that of Richard Grant White, and, like him, Dr. Hudson will be much missed in the field of letters, especially as a student of Shakespeare.

He was buried on Wednesday, January 20, from St. Peter's Episcopal Church, in Cambridge. It is the church of which he was a member. Prof. Bragdon, Miss Carpenter, and two other members of the Faculty were present as representatives of the school, and sadly joined in the ceremonies that consigned our friend and teacher to his last resting-place. We append a notice of Dr. Hudson, which appeared in one of the Boston dailies of this week:—

"Rev. Dr. Henry Norman Hudson, LL. D., the well-known Shakespearian scholar, died suddenly at his residence in Cambridge, Saturday, aged seventy-two. The cause of his death was exhaustion, resulting from a surgical operation. Mr. Hudson was born in Cornwall, Vt., Jan. 28, 1814. As the son of a farmer he had no advantages of higher education beyond those at reach on the farm. In his eighteenth year he was bound out to learn the trade of coach-making, and, though he served his three years' apprenticeship faithfully, it was apparent that his appetite for books was fast leading him beyond the workman's bench. He had the privilege of using extra hours to earn additional wages, and the money thus earned was spent at the village bookstore, the bookstore of a university town, in purchasing works of an unusually solid character. The first book that took hold of him was Abercrombie on 'The Intellectual Powers.' Then came 'Butler's Analogy,' 'Plutarch's Lives,' 'Milton,' and books of that character. He never read novels. He determined to obtain a collegiate education, and accordingly he fitted himself to enter the freshman class in Middlebury College, where he graduated in 1840. He first taught school in Kentucky and Alabama, and, during these early years prepared a series of lectures on Shakespeare, which showed ripeness of thought and mastery of language. In 1844 Mr. Hudson came to Boston and immediately began lecturing upon his favorite sub-

jects. He became intimate with many leaders in literary society, and his acquaintance with Dr. William Crosswell, rector of the Church of the Advent, led to his admittance to the diaconate in the Episcopal Church in 1849. He was still more or less engaged in literary pursuits, and in 1852 became, and continued for nearly three years, the editor of the *Churchman*, a weekly religious journal then published in New York. Subsequently he originated the *Church Monthly*, which he edited a year or two. His only parochial charge had been that of St. Michael's Church at Littlefield, Conn., assumed in 1858 and retained until 1860. It was in 1851 that his first edition of 'Shakespeare's Plays' appeared, and this, properly speaking, was the first time the poet's text had been edited in this country. For three years during the war Mr. Hudson served as chaplain in the regiment of the New York Volunteer Engineers. In this period he was put under arrest, and, in consequence of that, afterward published a pamphlet entitled 'A Chaplain's Campaign with Gen. Butler,' in which he was very severe upon the General. For a few months he was editor of the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*. In 1870, Ginn & Heath, as his publishers, brought out his 'School Shakespeare' in three volumes. In 1872, he put forth Shakespeare's 'Life, Art, and Character,' and later on a volume of sermons. The 'Text Book of Poetry' was his next publication, and then he set to work upon a text-book of English prose. In 1877, the 'Classical English Reader' was issued. The Harvard edition of Shakespeare was his latest work of prominence. From 1865 he resided principally in Cambridge, frequently officiating in parish churches on Sundays, but principally devoting himself to the teaching of Shakespeare and other English authors in Boston and the immediate neighborhood. He was for a long time a lecturer on English literature at the Boston University. A few years ago he received the degree of LL. D. from Middlebury College. Personally Mr. Hudson was said to be a man of marked peculiarities. He cared little for the opinions of others where they were at variance with his own, and would not have been troubled if he had had to stand against the world. He had the courage of his convictions almost more than any other man of his time. In appearance he was thought to resemble Carlyle. His life work had been primarily the study of the one great subject of Shakespeare, and his English text-books were a vigorous protest 'against putting young students through a course of mere nibbles and snatches from a multitude of authors, where they cannot stay long enough with any one to develop any real taste for him or derive any solid benefit from him.' In 1852, he married Emily S., the eldest daughter of the late Henry Bright, of Northampton. His son is a merchant in Omaha.

LOCALS.

COASTING is all the rage now!

WHO was the smallest man in the Bible? Peter, because he slept on his watch.

THE practice class in cooking began its session in Handiwork Hall, on Saturday, January 16, but will hereafter use Thursday afternoons. Mrs. Bragdon gave them some tasks to test their knowledge of ordinary cooking, and thinks the class promises well. It is a pity there are not five or six such classes. In about five years, girls, you will wish you had given less time to some things and more to cooking, and your husbands, poor fellows, will echo amen!

EVERY one knows the trials of a church organist, but few can appreciate what patience is required in one presiding at the Chapel organ at Lasell. The playing of hymns, however, is the easiest duty devolving upon the school accompanist. She plays for a chorus class; and what is more difficult than reading part songs at sight? Miss Jennie Ninde has for some time, with cheerfulness and ability, performed these duties, and in acknowledgment of her faithfulness, the girls presented her with a handsome set of the Waverley Novels, in twenty-four volumes. It was delightful to see how very much pleased she was with the gift.

THE other day, in one of the table clubs, one of the girls wanted to know "Why Mr. Bell (the inventor) married a deaf and dumb wife?" After pondering a moment, a bright girl remarked: "To experiment on, of course!"

NIGH fifty years have come and gone since Hon. John C. Park wielded the gavel in the Charitable Irish Society of Boston. And yet, the other night, that ripe old Roman — almost the connecting link between the past and the present — was on hand at the society's annual dance, filled with as much youth and fire as most of the younger members of that venerable organization. We consider Judge Park, in many respects, a most remarkable man. Past eighty, his mind is not perceptibly impaired. Resembling a patriarch — which he is — in appearance, his step is that of youth. A natural lover of justice, he early became the companion of Garrison and of Phillips, and by speech and pen did yeoman's work to rid the land of barbarism. At the bar, just back of those who now occupy the legal forum, for more than forty years he occupied a leading place, whether as counsel or as prosecuting officer. In his mellow old age, this venerable and honored man fills, with rare felicity, the position of judge of the police court at Newton. Asked to name the finest, ripest, rarest, best type that has come down from a long

passed epoch, we should point to Judge John C. Park, of Newton. Long may he live!

THE other day one of the girls, after having the new books belonging to Jennie Ninde shown to her, said: "But these are Waverley's novels, and I thought you were to have Scott's works."

OUR honor lists are like the weather: various "sudden and unexpected" changes remind us of the mutability of all earthly things.

PROF. CUMNOCK, of North Western University, Evanston, Ill., read selections to us on the evening of January 27. He was warmly welcomed by those who remembered him from last year, but he was not the less welcomed by those to whom he was as yet known only by reputation. The anticipations of all were more than realized, for Prof. Cumnock held his audience spell bound from beginning to end, carrying them with him suddenly from the ridiculous to the sublime in a masterly manner. Prof. Cumnock is a reader of such high standing that it is not necessary to do more than mention his readings. As his readings are always enjoyed greatly at Lasell, it is to be hoped that we will hear him again in the near future.

A MASSACHUSETTS man was giving me these points about Mr. Long, when a man passed by us slowly, of whom I said: "That looks like a typical schoolmaster of New England." My companion said: "So he is, and he is also an example of the same thing that happened to Gov. Long. There is a great deal of wealth tied up in such marriages in New England. The gentleman is J. H. Lasell. He lives at Whitinsville, and is one of the heaviest manufacturers of cotton machinery in America. The business was started by John C. Whitin, who was also a heavy manufacturer. There were three brothers of that name. They began in that line very soon after the Slaters. John C. Whitin was the wealthiest one of the three brothers, and had a son and a daughter. The son is dead. The daughter was attending Lasell Seminary, which was founded by Mr. Lasell, who just passed us. He married his pupil, and is now worth at least \$2,000,000. He runs the business that was started by his father-in-law, who has since died, and is in every way a worthy gentleman. — *N. Y. Tribune*.

A PROGRAMME has recently been received of the toasts given at a banquet held at the Lorimer House, in Dubuque, Iowa. The banquet was in honor of some literary association probably composed of both sexes, as the toasts are about equally distributed between ladies and gentlemen. Mrs. Ada L. Collier responded to "Poetry and Art." It will be remembered that Mrs. Collier was once a pupil of Lasell, and is the author of "Lilith." The occasion

is said to have been a brilliant success, and it is mentioned particularly that the ladies spoke "quite without notes." Probably that does not mean absolutely without previous preparation; that would be surpassing the gentlemen who have been "to the manner bred," but it argues a good degree of self-possession and ready wit, and we congratulate those ladies on their skill. Of course, such readiness is becoming a custom in the East; at least, it is not infrequent. We wonder whether our Western friends have read the account of our last Thanksgiving dinner, and remember the ease with which our toast-mistress and her coadjutors expressed themselves? By the way, some of these were Western girls. It all comes of practice, and who knows how proficient some of us may become in the graceful art of after-dinner speaking?

MANY of the older pupils will be pained to learn that Auntie Bragdon, Annie and Eva's mother, so long our most competent and faithful colleague and valuable assistant in Lasell's prosperity, died Friday, Feb. 12, at her son's home in New York City. She was sick only a week, endured heroically much pain, was delirious most of the time, but conscious at the last and comfortable.

Further notice will be given next month.

THE INFLUENCE OF BOARDING SCHOOL ON A GIRL'S CHARACTER.

THE influence of boarding school on a girl's character varies greatly in different girls. As in many other things, what is suitable for one is perfectly unsuitable for another. What may supply for one just what was needed for enlarging and broadening her character, may act in a directly opposite manner on another. Most girls are sent to boarding school, primarily, to acquire a degree of self-reliance and independence of thought almost impossible to attain in their own homes. Of course, knowledge of different branches of study occupies a very prominent place in the parents' minds. Few, however, are so situated that the mere knowledge of books cannot be gained very near their homes. But those elements so essential to the character of a true woman require a very different school for their growth. Some girls enter boarding school with the idea that it is a kind of prison, where all their rights are to be taken from them. Their teachers they regard as their harsh keepers and sworn enemies. In this state of mind, they, of course, feel bitter and rebellious when reproving words or needed discipline are administered. Determined not to see the necessity for the merited rebuke, and equally determined to regard their teachers as harsh and

unjust, these girls are apt to become hardened and reckless. They readily find others of the same mind as themselves. By much talking over of their imagined injuries, these, from merely trivial things, come to appear to them veritable mountains. They grow to consider themselves the most ill used girls in the world, and are quite likely to make up their minds to obey the rules no more than is absolutely necessary. They generally determine also to have as much fun, legitimate or otherwise, as possible. These girls go home at the end of the year benefited neither mentally nor morally. Another sort are those of weak, yielding dispositions, who come to school simply because they are sent, and having no definite minds of their own, follow in the footsteps of some one stronger than themselves. If the path tends in the wrong direction the weak one becomes weaker still, as far as sense of right is concerned, and she may sustain irretrievable injury. Far better would it have been for both of these classes to have remained at home. But, on the other hand, many girls come who receive almost untold benefit. These come with more correct ideas concerning the true relations between teacher and scholar. They accept discipline in a spirit which enables them to profit by it, and receive great good. Violent tempers are placed under control; unpleasant dispositions are sweetened, and hearts are often brought into sweet communion with God. This class are usually the students, and at the expiration of a comparatively short time they are hardly recognizable, so much have they improved in all particulars. For if once honestly started right they will continually see flaws in their characters, which they set about to remedy, and at last come out noble women. Some poor, weak characters have also received untold benefit. The risk in sending them, however, is great, as they are as likely to go wrong as right. If they are fortunate enough to follow the lead of some of the grand girls, who are sure to be in all schools, well it is for them. The weak, in contact with the strong, noble one, imbibes, almost unconsciously, strength and nobility of character. Although boarding school, undoubtedly, is harmful to some, there are great numbers who owe much to its influence; and, were the doors closed all over the country, the coming generation would suffer sadly from the lack of these home schools.

MRS. DE CRÆSUS RYAN (who has just returned from her first visit to Europe, to the horror of her daughter, whom she has brought back from a convent in Paris): "Well, I enjoyed as much as anything there the statu'ry, and of all of them give me the Apoller Belladonna and the Dying Gladiolus." — *Exchange*.

"ELEGANT."

To the Editor of the Transcript: "Is n't this moonlight perfectly elegant?" said a young man to a girl friend of mine. "Yes," she answered demurely, "it really is very stylish." The youth stared for a moment, then took the joke, laughed, and it is to be hoped never afterward used the word *elegant* when he meant *beautiful*.

Why, oh, why, will Americans perpetually make this mistake? It is true one never hears it among people in the very highest classes of society, but yet I have often heard it among those in whom I have noticed no other mistakes, either of language or manners.

The word is doubtless a good word in itself, provided it is used correctly and elegantly, but let us see what is its correct use. We turn to Worcester's Dictionary, and there we find this definition: "Elegant. Having elegance; refined; polished; graceful; genteel; accomplished."

Now, which of these meanings does the young lady intend to convey who tells us that she has seen "an elegant sunset," eaten some "elegant peaches," had "an elegant time," or met a young man who was "just elegant"? — *Elegance*.

TO THE GIRLS.

ABOUT three years ago Miss Cleveland, the present mistress of the White House, who is an active temperance worker, wrote an article for the *Youth's Temperance Banner*, which closed as follows: —

"I wish some strong, bright angel stood before you, just now, while you read, girls, to flash before you, as no words of mine can, the power you possess to help or to hinder the cause of temperance; to make you feel your responsibility, because you are girls, in this matter; to shudder at its weight, and to never cease trying to fulfil it! Doubtless you have heard a great deal about the value of your smiles; but do you know the value of your frowns? I wish I could make you feel the value of your frown and the importance of knowing just what to frown upon. What a man must do by a blow, a woman can do by a frown. When the time comes that the young man who now shares his time in your society and the saloon, who jokes about temperance in your presence, and takes a glass socially, now and then, is made to feel that these things cannot be if you are to be his companion at party, ride, or church; that good society cannot tolerate these things in its members; in short, that this kind of man is unfashionable and unpopular, then alcohol will tremble on his throne, and the liquor traffic will hide its cancerous face." — *Exchange*.

PERSONALS.

THE MISSES OSWALD and their parents are in Los Angeles, spending the winter.

STELLA A. SMITH, who was at Lasell in 1876, was married, Jan. 21, to James Preston Strong, of New Haven, Conn. The new home is No. 9 Library Street.

MISS ANNIE WHITE and MISS SANFORD made us a call January 16, lunched with Mr. Bragdon in his private rooms, admired the new pictures, took a sleigh ride with Miss Carpenter, and renewed their youth generally.

CAPTAIN and MRS. WOOD, of New Orleans, paid their daughter Mamie a very pleasant, but too short, visit last month. The Captain's other business North was to give the Committee of Congress on River and Harbor Appropriations information upon the condition of the Father of Waters. Their genial presence was like a breath from their orange groves, which, by the way, they reported seriously frost-bitten during January's cold wave.

MISSES FORD and BURNHAM were obliged to discontinue their studies for a short time, on account of ill health. We are happy to see Miss Burnham's smiling visage with us once more, and hope that we will soon be able to welcome Miss Ford.

ANNA DECATUR PARSONS, here in 1883, from Rye Beach, N. H., made Lasell a call lately. She seems to have grown since leaving us. Reports that three beautiful children grace the board of her sister, Ella (who was here in 1878) Freyer. We send our congratulations to our former pupil, and remember with pleasure her call when she came to bring Anna.

MOLLIE DAVIS, of Providence, is just now living in Boston, to be near Abby, and is teaching in one of Mrs. Shaw's kindergartens. She looks well and strong and enjoys the work. Come out and see us, Mollie.

ANNA BRIGGS, here in '79-'80, from Newtonville, is growing a comely lass. She lives in Newtonville part of the time, and travels part. Just now she is in Newtonville, taking music lessons in Boston. She is interested in the European trip.

WE clip the following from *The Christian Advocate*. It must be the mother of our Jennie Phœbus, who has been taken from that family of which Jennie is the eldest. Our sympathy is with you, dear girl, and your father. May our Father "supply all your need" in this great loss: "Mrs. Virginia C. Phœbus, wife of the Rev. George Phœbus, of the Wilmington Conference, died in Brooklyn, Jan. 16. She was a voluminous writer for Sunday-school papers, a lady of great ability and energy, and a devout Christian."

MISS ANNIE KIRKWOOD is soon to go to Cincinnati, to visit her former room mate, Miss Ebersole, of '85.

MISS LIZZIE S. PENNELL, of Portland, has gone the way of so many other nice girls. There are not many here among the pupils who will remember her, but she was one of our number a very few years ago. She is now Mrs. Wm. H. Sanborn, and was married Wednesday, Jan. 27. We congratulate the happy pair.

MRS. STAFFORD, of Fall River, sister of four Lasellians, and herself of the Lasell European party of 1884, made us a very brief call. She reports Ida Sibley as enjoying her school, Mrs. Edith as *enjoying housekeeping*, and herself as enjoying her visits all around.

MISS LUCY TAPPAN, former teacher at Lasell, as a few of the girls can remember, passed a day and a night with us last week. During the three and a half years she has been away from us, she has spent a year in Europe and the East, evidently having profited greatly from her travels and studies.

THE second concert of the Schumann Glee Club was given on Tuesday evening, at Union Hall, Allston. A large and fully appreciative audience were assembled, and heartily applauded the first-class tone and rendering of the selections. The Club gave the music of Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, "Loreley," in which Miss Gertrude M. Price (of the class of 1881), in her character of Lenora, received rounds of perfectly deserved applause. Her soprano solos were of the finest and were fully appreciated. The chorus, which is under the able instruction of Mr. A. B. Hitchcock, showed marked improvement, even in the short time which has elapsed since their first concert, at Warren Hall.

ALICE FOX is spending the winter at Pasadena, in Southern California, the land of roses and orange blossoms. A friend of hers gives this little glimpse of the view from the ranch where they are staying:—

"We look first over the green town with its gardens and orange-trees, then over five or six miles of plain, dotted with farms, and beyond that, on the northeast, the Sierra Madre Mountains, rising up like a gray wall, with a thin coating of chaparral and a little more greenness in the valleys. Far off in the southeast we can see the snow-covered peaks of San Bernardino and San Jacinto."

From half-past nine to four it is warmer out of doors than in the house, and they spend their time "mostly in walking, driving, botanizing, or sitting in the sun." Meanwhile, we have been busy with the toboggan and the "double-runner"!

MARY SHELLENBERGER, who was with us in 1882, was married Jan. 14, to Walter W. Herkness. The new home is 611 N. 18th Street, Philadelphia.

Our hearty congratulations upon this event:
GREENVIEW, Ill., 30 Nov., '85.

Heute frueh wurde uns ein gesunder Junge geboren.

Heinrich Wernsing und Frau Anna,
geb. Marbold.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

ACCORDING to *La Nature* of January 2. an interesting ethnological discovery has just been made at Dampont, near Paris. An ancient burial place of the polished stone age has been there exhumed, and found to contain various portions of skeletons, implements, pottery, etc. Three crania had been trepanned, and so skilfully that it appears like the work of a surgeon.

THE extremely cold weather at the South during the present season has strengthened the popular impression that the region in question is subjected to greater ranges of temperature and a less equable distribution of rain-fall than formerly. With a view to testing the correctness of this impression, the Alabama weather service has collected, from the early Spanish, French, and colonial records, a mass of reference to the weather. This record of the weather goes back to 1701, when it was recorded by one of the French officials resident in Louisiana that "the weather has been so intensely cold that water poured in a tumbler to rinse it froze instantaneously." The records of 1711, 1718, and 1723 refer to destructive floods in the Lower Mississippi; and in 1732 a hurricane is reported in Louisiana which "destroyed the crops, resulting in extreme scarcity of provisions." A number of references to hurricanes are given in the record; but, in all probability, they were of the same local nature as the tornadoes of the present day. The record is published as "Special paper of the Alabama weather service No. 1," and is evidence that the service is desirous of doing its share toward adding to the valuable meteorological literature of the day.

THE University of Basle, Switzerland, possesses a human skeleton prepared in 1543 by the founder of anatomy, Andreas Vesalius. It is the only known relic of this greatest of all known anatomists, which fact, together with its great age, makes it especially precious. In the times of Vesalius, the dissection of the human body was permitted by the authorities only with the greatest reluctance, and the history of the present skeleton, as recently given by Prof. Roth, is particularly interesting. On

the 12th of May, 1543, the body of one Jacob Karrer, who had been beheaded, was handed over to the University for dissection by Vesalius. Not for two years had such an opportunity occurred, and one can imagine the interest with which, for many days, the students and teachers followed the words and demonstrations of the great master. At the completion of the dissection, the skeleton was prepared by his own hands and presented to the University. It was in this year that his great work on human anatomy, the foundation of the modern science, appeared. Who knows how much we are indebted to this very subject for the discovery of much that is taught to-day, — discoveries for which the author was condemned to death, and escaped only to die in exile from starvation?

For many years the exorbitant tax on salt in India has oppressed the lower classes, almost extinguishing some branches of industry. The Indian government has at last become alive to certain objections to the present rates of the salt tax; namely, that cattle are stinted of a supply of salt, and that the same duty is charged on salt employed in manufactures or agriculture as for that used for other purposes. Experiments, for some time unsuccessful, have been prosecuted with a view of discovering a process whereby salt, while still useful for manufactures and agriculture, could be rendered unfit for human consumption. The government has now offered a reward, not exceeding five thousand rupees, to the inventor of a process satisfying the following conditions: First, that its cost shall not exceed four annas per eighty pounds; and secondly, that the preparation shall be such that edible salt cannot be extracted from it by ordinary processes used by native salt-workers.

EARLY HISTORY OF BANK-NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Times* writes: "In the article on Mr. Del Mar's 'History of Money in Ancient Countries,' I read that the first paper money was issued 140 years before Christ. There is a Chinese bank-note issued 1399 B. C. preserved in the Asiatic Museum at St. Petersburg, and, according to Mr. Pearse, the Scotch antiquary, paper money was issued at a much earlier date even than that. He says the earliest bank-notes are the 'flying money, or convenient money,' first issued in China about 2000 B. C. These early Chinese 'greenbacks' were in all essentials similar to the modern bank-notes, bearing the name of the bank, the date of issue, the number of the note, the signature of the official issuing it, indications of its value in figures, in words, and in pictorial representa-

tions of coins, or heaps of coins equal in amount to its face value, and a notice of the pains and penalties for counterfeiting. Over and above all was a laconic exhortation to industry and thrift: 'Produce all you can; spend with economy.' These notes were printed in blue ink on paper made from the fibre of the mulberry-tree, as is also the one in the Asiatic Museum at St. Petersburg." — *Exchange*.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Secretary of the Navy has received information that another revolution is threatened in the Isthmus of Panama.

SENATOR SHERMAN has introduced a bill to continue the coinage of silver dollars, and to substitute in place of such coinage the purchase by the treasury of an equal amount of silver bars, upon which may be issued coin certificates having the same legal qualities as the present silver certificates.

TWENTY-THREE alleged Nihilist conspirators were arrested in St. Petersburg last week.

MRS. BAYARD, the wife of the Secretary of State, is dead. Her health had greatly improved since last summer, but the death of her daughter caused a shock which resulted in brain trouble.

THE French government has appointed a permanent commission to examine into questions in relation to the monetary standard at home and abroad.

LAST week Mr. Gladstone was summoned by the Queen to a conference at Osborne in regard to forming a cabinet. On his journey Mr. Gladstone was greeted with enthusiasm. He received the personal command of the Queen to form a cabinet.

THE text of the treaty between France and Madagascar has been submitted to the French Chamber of Deputies. French property in Madagascar is to be inviolable without the sanction of the French consul. Complete amnesty is to be granted to the prisoners taken on both sides during the recent war.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE Boston Ideals are rehearsing several operas new to them. They are having splendid success.

THERE is to be a Wagner opera festival at Bayreuth in July and August. It will be the grandest given since the composer's death.

GOUNOD is now in his sixty-seventh year and is composing a mass in honor of Joan of Arc.

THOMAS has an orchestra of seventy pieces for his "American" opera.

ANNIE CLIFFORD has made a brilliant *début* and promises to take a high rank as a soprano concert singer.

MISS CURRIE DUKE, of Louisville, Ky., a beautiful girl of nineteen, achieved a brilliant success by her violin solo at the New York symphony concert.

NILSSON is to make her *début* as an authoress, having engaged to write for the *Youth's Companion*.

THE hymnology of the present day shows a vast improvement over many so-called hymns sung in the regular services of orthodox churches. We stumbled awhile ago on the following in one of Newton's hymns: —

"The kine unguided went
By the directed road,
When the Philistines homeward sent
The ark of Israel's God.
Loving, they passed along,
And left their calves shut up;
They felt an interest for their young,
But would not turn nor stop."

This is worthy of being remembered with Isaac Watts's verse: —

"He spake, and straight our hearts and brains,
With all their motions rose;
Let blood (said he) flow round the veins,
And round the veins it flows."

Exchange.

HORSESHOES OR WATCH-SPRINGS.

THE following from *The Christian at Work* is just as good for girls as boys, and we commend it to the careful thought of the audience of the LEAVES: —

A boy is something like a piece of iron which in its rough state is n't worth much, nor is it of very much use, but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth \$5 in its natural state is worth \$12 when it is made into horseshoes, and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles its value is increased to \$350. Made into penknife blades it would be worth \$3,000, and into balance springs for watches \$250,000. Just think of that, boys; a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material!

But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating, and rolling and pounding, and polishing; and so if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron does n't have to go through half as much to be made into horseshoes as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs, but think how much less valuable it is. Which would you

rather be, horseshoes or watch springs? It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood.

Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time without any intervals for fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I should be very sorry to have you grow old before your time, but you have ample opportunity for study and play, too, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter.

NOT A BOY.

SOME one lecturing about the Algerians recently in Paris told the following suggestive incident:—

"Some of the ladies, seeing our admiration of the Moorish children, surprised us by the visit of a splendidly dressed and lovely little girl of seven or eight. 'The child is lovely as a rose,' I said to her father. 'Does she read and write?' 'No,' said he, 'my daughter—why, she is a girl.' 'And because she is a girl thou teachest her nothing?' 'Nothing, for a woman is happy only when she knows nothing.'

"'But she cannot read the Koran, which speaks of Allah, who made her so beautiful!' 'So much the better; my daughter has nothing to do with the mysteries of the Koran.'

"'But I believe, with the great prophet Christ, that she has a soul, even as you and I.' 'Ah,' cried he desperately, 'my daughter is not a boy!' " — *Heathen Woman's Friend*.

ART NOTES.

PRANG'S valentine cards this year show, among flower designs, combinations of moss roses and azaleas; of geranium, balm, and bridal wreath; of landscapes and marine views surrounded by eglantine and arbutus, figures of children in the midst of buttercups and sweet peas; ideal heads on satin *sachet* with stained-glass effects.

WILLIAM PAGE, one of the greatest American artists of this century, who has recently died, always painted in a southern exposure. This gave him the warm light which enriches all his works.

THE *Chicago Tribune* says: "The best dinner giver in New York is Mrs. Lawrence Turnure, who really copies Vibert's pictures in the arrangement of her dinner-table. Her tablecloths are of lace and linen intermingled, her service of gold and silver, her glass studded with gems, her flowers magnificent, her decanters of real Benvenuto Cellini workmanship, her china and porcelain priceless. She is a very elegant hostess, and is fond of wearing superb red velvets and satins."

THE Paris Society of Lady Artists will hold its fifth annual exhibition of painting and sculpture on the 12th of February.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Oberlin Review* is one of the few college papers from co-educational institutions where ladies appear on the editorial staff. We think each sex should be represented in every college of the kind; Wesleyan and Cornell Universities would do well to follow the example of Oberlin.

THE *Hillsdale College Herald*, we fear, does not know "whereof it speaks" when it claims to have the largest circulation of any college paper in the country. It rests its claim on a circulation of 1,200. *The Academy News* from Orchard Lake has a circulation of 10,000, to say nothing of such papers as the *Yale Courant* and the *Harvard Lampoon*.

THE *Newton High School Review* presents an unusually interesting view of its school life this month. We like the spirit of the paper.

WE have an amendment to offer regarding the article on *Student Life* in our last issue. A satisfactory explanation has been offered by the business manager of the paper, and "burying the hatchet," as our Western friends have it, we again heartily welcome the *Student Life* as one of our exchanges.

THE *College Message* for January presents the old-fashioned idea of school-girl life of playing jokes and having a good time. We find a great deal in the local column about "love" and "sweethearts." The information there obtained must be especially interesting to the sterner sex. It has such a fresh and girlish sound.

THE *Colby Echo* and the *Rockville Seminary Magazine* seem trying to "out-compliment" each other. The *Echo* is unqualified in its praise, pronouncing its fair Western sister the best young ladies' paper in the country. Has the *Vassar Miscellany* lost its reputation, or does our esteemed friend from *Waterville* refuse to echo the universal opinion of the college world? We are proud of the *Rockville Magazine*, however. It shows what Western schools can do, and puts to shame some of its "Down East" exchanges.

THE *Varsity* is a very readable college paper. It disposes of such subjects as the Marking System and the Use of the Exchange Column in a very sensible and forcible manner.

WE noticed several good articles in the last *North Western*. The subject of gymnastics seems to be going the round of college papers. We like the view the *North Western* takes. It is a subject especially interesting to such seminaries as Lasell.

Zion's Herald not long ago published a very masterly article on the Chinese question. It was written by Mrs. E. E. Baldwin, who has been a missionary to China, and is a hard blow at the way civilized America treats the heathen Chinese.

JAMES F. C. HYDE,

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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WE can hardly realize that it is almost time for our spring vacation. The long winter term is about to draw to a close, and with it many of the things in our school life which seem dull and uninteresting. The coming term has many pleasures to offer, tennis and boating being prominent among them, and, besides, it is the shortest term in the year, a thing which is in itself well worth considering.

I DOUBT if we all fully appreciate how much of the reputation of the LEAVES is due to its first editors. We do not mean to say that the LEAVES have not improved since they were first

started, for that would be a sad state of affairs. But what we do mean to say is, that if the first editors had not worked, the LEAVES to-day would not have the reputation which they now enjoy. We do not quite agree with Juliet, that there is nothing in a name. The first editors worked for a name; they made one, and we to-day are enjoying the results of their labor. It is a question raised in some of the schools and colleges, whether it pays to have a paper, if the time that is spent in preparing the paper might not be better employed some other way. It is of course a question that has more than one side, but we think, on the whole, the time spent in editing a school paper is a real help to one, — more help than one would be likely to get in the same time spent any other way. We feel quite like saying this, as we have now finished with our editorship of the LEAVES, and as we want to encourage our successors.

THE girls that expect to go to Europe this summer are beginning to be very anxious for the time to come when they will be on the briny deep. When the time does come, they may perhaps wish themselves back at Lasell, or in any place else, rather than the one in which they are. Prof. Bragdon recommended to the careful perusal of all who were going with him, the book on "How to ward off Seasickness." The question that agitates some of the girls is, whether they will take the northern or the southern trip. The attractions are strong either way, — the Land of the Midnight Sun in one direction, and Rome in the other.

HON. JOHN C. PARK, of Newton, lectured to us on the evening of the 24th of February, about the socialists and the communists. He told us the way in which these people talked, how they reasoned, and what grounds they had for such reasoning. It is a question all of us ought to be thoroughly familiar with, for it is one that engrosses much of the attention of the public mind at this time. Judge Park has many admirers at Lasell, and he can never come too often to suit them.

WE think it would be a good plan if the boat clubs, we mean one just as much as the other, would waken up and "pitch into hard

work," as the boys say. What we need to set us to work is a motive, for it is true of rowing, as well as of other things in this life, that if we have some end to accomplish we can work much better than if we had none. A boat race is what we need; we want one of the clubs to challenge the other; and then, having this race to work for, there is no doubt but that by next June we would all be first-class rowers.

HOW MEN AND WOMEN WALK.

THOREAU once said that "it requires a direct dispensation from heaven to become a walker." If he meant by this that only those men whom heaven has specially favored love to walk and can walk well, he was no doubt correct; for, in our time, at least, mankind is characterized by a great dislike for using its legs, and seldom takes the trouble to learn to use them skilfully. And as men devote almost no attention to how they walk, what is more natural than that their ways of walking should depend on their habits of life? If you do not train the vine it will grow as wind and wall and its own nature lead it. So if you do not train the legs, they will move as home and work and brain and soul impel. Therefore it is that a man's walk is an index of his character and an exponent of his life. A man's legs often write his autograph.

Seneca knew this when he made the wife of Hercules say of Lychas: "His mind is like his walk." You know many a man of whom you can say this. If he be a man of pompous mind, you can tell him by his strut. If he be a man of powerful mind, you can tell him by his stride. The nervous man moves along nervously, almost jerkily. The boorish man stamps along regardless of where he plants his heavy feet. Does it not give you a clearer insight into the character of Catiline to read of that trait which Sallust distinguishes, "his walk, sometimes slow and sometimes hurried"? Can you not conceive just how Uriah Heep sneaked about?

Watch the passers-by on the street, and see how their walk betrays their position in life. Why, we even talk of "the walk of life" that a man is in. Here comes a countryman, trudging along as he would in his corn-field; there goes a laborer, whose vocation is not hard to

tell, even if he has left his hod by the brick-pile. This fellow you know is in college, for he has the traditional "Harvard swing." That man slouches along as if he had been cuffed and buffeted about the world so much that he feared the hand of every man he passes. Those merry girls, with sprightly, springing steps, have not yet had their buoyancy stolen by late hours at balls and parties. This woman's weary steps show her to be one of the great army of American invalids. That woman's haughty gait betokens her an aristocrat, and close behind her is one whose very walk is shoddy. And here is one in whose every motion there is "the purity of grace."

Many a wise man has read character in a woman's walk. Remember how old Isaiah, the prophet, preached at the feminine vanities of his time: "Moreover, the Lord saith, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mimicking as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet," etc. It was Juno, the type of queens, who, complaining of her injured dignity, exclaimed: "Shall I be treated in this manner—I, who *walk* the queen of the gods, the sister and the wife of Jove?"

Petrarch counted the carriage, or walk, of his immortal mistress, Laura, as one of the four principal charms that rendered him so enamored. Leigh Hunt, who seems to be a connoisseur in the matter of female beauty, once said that graceful movement, an unaffected elegance of demeanor, is to the figure what sense and sweetness are to the eyes. It is the soul looking out. It is what one poet has called the "thought of the body." Recall how Venus let herself be known to Æneas. As Dryden translates it:—

"And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known."

This is the walk that Dante admired: "Sweetly she goes, like the bright peacock; straight above herself, like the lady crane."

Every man knows some woman of whom he can say, "Sweetly she goes"; but it is rare indeed that he can speak of her as "straight above herself." In fact, in these days of school desks and easy-chairs it is so unusual a thing to find a woman who stands and walks "straight above herself" that the unthinking are apt to speak of such a one as having "swallowed a ramrod." It would be a blessed good thing for America if all our women would straightway swallow ramrods, and by example teach their children to do the same thing. For, in truth, lounging in easy-chairs and stooping over desks are making sad havoc with the youth of this generation.

No military order is more worthy of obedience from every man, soldier or civilian, than that of "keep your chest out." He who al-

ways does this, and throws his shoulders well back, need never fear New England's most dreadful scourge, consumption. If you don't know what this order means, just take a cane the next time you go out to walk, put it through your elbows behind your back, and stand up as straight as you can. Keep this up, and you will soon find it so pleasant to walk erect and breathe full draughts of refreshing and strengthening air that never again will you consent to walk "stoop-shouldered." Perhaps you don't believe you are "stoop-shouldered." Just stand with your side to the light and look at your shadow on the wall. Perhaps you will be astonished. The best walker is he who swings his legs like a pendulum. To cultivate a good walk, bend your knees as little as possible, though of course don't walk stiff-legged, as the phrase goes. Swing the leg from the hip joint. This takes some of the strain off the calf and puts it on the stronger muscles of the thigh. The fast walker moves his hips a great deal, twisting the lower part of his body so as to get a longer stride. On the street this looks ridiculous, but on the race track it is a most desirable thing. Do not walk flat-footed. Come down on the heel and bend the foot as you move. A man can neither walk nor run fast when he uses his foot as if it were a block of wood. The smartest boy runs on his toes. The graceful walker uses his toes as a racehorse does the calks on his shoes, to push himself along.—*Boston Globe*.

THE TYPICAL SCHOOL-GIRL.

How shall I describe her? Shall I paint her as a dream of beauty, with complexion of richest hue, hair of raven blackness or the bright glow of harvest, with teeth, lips, eyes, form of the model of Titian's Venus? Or shall I show to you a gay and laughing sprite, nose *retroussé*, freckled face, brown hands, disdainful of gloves, ready to smile at the world upon a moment's warning? Or shall she be the counterpart of some university don, with stately mien, sober face, and a look as if she grasped the universe in her gigantic intellect? Or again, shall we show you the embryonic "old maid," strong-minded, despising man as a creature composed chiefly of conceit, smelling only of tobacco and rum, and living mostly in clubs and public houses?

There may be examples of each of these classes in every large school, and I know there are in Lasell. But none of these will do for our typical girl. Vassar may produce massive intellects and great strong-mindedness; Holyoke may send forth the accomplished cook or sewing maid; but the girl we are to depict is not from any one-sided institution. She is the product of our active American life, untram-

meled with the mass of hereditary conventionalities of her cousins across the ocean, and softened and mellowed by the benign influences of education and culture. In short, she combines all the excellences of the several classes named, and the result is a womanliness of character not inconsistent with learning, and a degree of housewifelyness which enables her to make home all that is meant by that sweet word. Flowers blossom at her touch; cares disappear beneath her fond caress; the hungry are fed by her, and earth approximates as nearly as possible to the Paradise of Eve. Does she need any further description? She conforms not to the type of beauty of artist or poet. It may be that she may lack all the points of beauty; yet her clear eye reveals a depth of purpose that is invincible, while it sheds a soft light of joy and peace. She is at home in the works of the masters of prose and poetry, and the sciences are investigated to establish her faith. The charity "which covers a multitude of sins" is hers, and enables her to reach and help the oppressed. Withal she takes pleasure in out-door life, and builds a firm foundation of health. Do you say that the portrait is that of a woman? I answer that women are but school-girls in a more advanced seminary, and my woman is my typical school-girl.

SHORT-HAND.

THIS most interesting and (when one gets fairly into it) fascinating study is resumed this term at Lasell, under the teaching of our former instructor, Mr. Barnard.

The class consists of eleven members, and has taken up the study with an enthusiasm that promises good results. During the formation of the class, it occurred to Prof. Bragdon to make inquiries of former Lasell girls who had studied short-hand while here, concerning their short-hand. Accordingly, Mr. B. wrote and mailed the following, the original being written in short-hand:—

LASELL, Feb. 15, 1886.

Dear Friend,—Please tell me what use you have made of short-hand since leaving school, in correspondence, memoranda, or business. Are you keeping it up? We send you greeting, and would be glad to get an answer in short-hand as soon as convenient.

Very truly yours, C. C. B.

Up to the present time several replies have been received.

Lillie Fuller writes:—

"I received yours yesterday, and hasten to reply to your inquiries as to the use I have made of my short-hand. I have used it only in correspondence thus far and find that I don't forget it nearly as much as I thought I should, and imagine that I could get up my former speed with but little study. I never refer to

rules or to logograms in reading or writing. Even if I never make any further use of it, I don't regret the time spent upon it, as it is, to say the least, a very pleasant accomplishment.

"Sincerely your friend."

Miss Fuller is at her home in Ellensville, N. Y., and, we think, is teaching French. Her short-hand is excellent, and is as plain as long-hand.

Eva Woodward writes :—

"Your letter in regard to my short-hand came while I was away, and so has not been answered sooner. After leaving school I continued my lessons in short-hand under Mr. B. for a while. Since then, I have used it only in correspondence. I hope, however, to make good use of it some time.

"With best wishes for yourself and school."

Miss Woodward writes from Waterbury, Vt., where she is spending the winter, together with her mother. She returns to Boston in about a fortnight. Her short-hand is *Ar*,—in fact, as good as an expert's, so far as accuracy is concerned. Miss W. is also an adept at *reading* short-hand, a thing which bothers some very good writers of short-hand.

Annie Williams sends us a good long letter written so accurately and plainly that "he who runs may read," in which she says, among other things :—

"Within the last month I have commenced to go into Boston to study short-hand again. . . . I find it as interesting as ever, and was surprised to learn that none of the Lasell girls had taken it up sooner this year. Where I am now taking it they use a text-book, but it seems to me that Mr. B.'s method at Lasell is to be preferred. News of Lasell reaches me now and then, by letter and through the *LEAVES*, and is always welcome. I am very glad that I spent a year at Lasell, and hope that all your girls will enjoy their stay there as much as I did mine.

"With kind regards for Miss Carpenter, Mrs. Noyes, and my former teachers, I remain."

Miss W. had the advantage of but few lessons in short-hand while here, and, as can be seen by her letter, is finishing the study in Boston, as the place most easily accessible to her home in Canton. We wish her the large measure of success that is due so faithful a student.

Dora Mayo sends us a characteristic letter, in which she claims to know nothing about short-hand ; for instance (in long-hand) :—

"I agonized through one short letter some time ago, in short-hand, to Lill Fuller, and was nearly driven wild over a long two-page one in return."

Again :—

"I occasionally receive a letter about one third short-hand, scattered judiciously through the written words. I answer, throwing in as often as I conveniently can the character for 'short-hand' and for 'between,' as they are the only ones I can write without stopping to think."

Take our word for it, however, Dora knows more short-hand than she will own to. For

example, among other things she says (in accurate short-hand) :—

"Really, I think short-hand is an excellent training for the mind; that is the good I received from it. I do think it is splendid mental training.

"Very truly yours."

Addie Johnson says :—

"I received your note and was very glad to hear from you. I have had but little practice in short-hand since leaving school; wish I could have had more, but found it difficult to get the time after leaving school. Please pardon my poor short-hand. I think you will do well if you make this out."

Miss J.'s short-hand is better than she thinks.

The short-hand class this year was a little late in starting, it having just begun. These testimonies from former Lasell girls ought to be very encouraging to those who are striving to learn this art.

THE FAIRY OF THE GUITAR TO HER MISTRESS.

As I rested listlessly with my guitar on my lap, after an hour's severe practice, I detected a slight sweet sound issuing from its strings, similar to those of an *Æolian* harp. I listened and soon heard: "Dear Mistress,—I have often tried to catch your ear and tell you my story. It is this: My mother, Harmony, has existed from the earliest ages, and was present when the spheres sang together at the creation. Though now far advanced in years, she still has as many lovers at her feet as she had in her girlhood. Her children are numerous, and she has placed one of us in every sweet-toned instrument in the world. She has been from the very beginning in a deadly contest with a hideous rival of hers, called Discord. Their conflicts have been carried on with various successes, but of late our mother has been quite dispirited about it, for some of her greatest favorites have declared that they thought that occasionally a little flirtation with her rival made them enjoy her society with a greater relish. All of which she thinks is a mere pretence, and a paving of the way for entire desertion.

"Strange as it may seem, with my slender waist and erect person, I am thousands of years old. My adventures during that time have been varied, and some quite interesting, for in many instruments at different times I have been the beloved companion of many masters and mistresses of all nations and complexions. For many years I belonged to a young Circassian; and while I lived with her, her lute was thought to be the sweetest-toned instrument in the kingdom. One day the poor girl fell desperately in love, and flew to me for consolation, she being in a melancholy fit. The air I breathed was unfortunately not in accord with

her feelings, and she threw me aside disgusted. For some time I was concealed in the smallest bell of the left castanet of a Spanish dancing girl, and then chimed merrily with her mirth in the dance. But she would grow old, and at length incorrect. One day she gave me, as a rattle, to her oldest boy (who, I verily believe, was a descendant of our enemy, Discord). He soon broke my residence, in a pet, and I took wing to escape his discordant bawling.

"Once in my life I had the honor of charming the ear of young Petrarch, and once I assisted at a serenade given by the lovesick Romeo and his gay associates. For a long time I lived in the bosom of the prima donna of the Italian stage, and often did I flutter my wings with proud exultation at the plaudits which she gained with my assistance.

"We are all of us, the whole sisterhood, blind. But nature has kindly given to our other senses greater perfection, and our sweet tones and delicate sensibility of touch in some degree compensate for the deprivation.

"But enough as to my past life. Do not think that because I am old, I have lost the warm sensibilities of youth; nor imagine that because I have had many partial mistresses, I must be less attached to you. I am a woman, and can forget the absent. Be assured that I never spring into action at your magic touch, and, leaning in your arms, feel the soft pressure of your flying fingers, without wishing to tell you how happy you made me. Whenever you leave me for a time (as you too often do), Discord comes and drives me from my dwelling, and, relaxing my strings, places there one of her children. I have formed, too, a sincere friendship for my sister fairy who dwells in your voice, and I hear the listeners say that they are charmed, when we unite our assistance to aid in giving expression to your feeling soul. Do not, then, long separate us. Above all, learn something for Sunday! I have lived much in France, and your Sunday is a dull day to me.

Lovingly, good by.

ARIETTE."

DEATH OF MRS. ELIZA B. BRAGDON.

THERE was time last month, before the *LEAVES* went to press, for only a brief mention of the death of Mrs. Eliza B. Bragdon, which occurred Feb. 12, in New York City, at the home of her son. Mrs. Bragdon was for so long time a member of the Faculty at Lasell, and a faithful coadjutor in every good work here, that a more extended notice is in every way fitting.

Mrs. Bragdon was the widow of the Rev. Erastus E. E. Bragdon, once professor at Genesee College, at Lima, N. Y. Prof. Bragdon was the uncle of our present principal.

At Lima, and in other institutions where Rev. Mr. Bragdon presided, Mrs. Bragdon superintended and graced a refined and most hospitable home, where guests gathered that were oftentimes well known to fame. It must have been a great change when the sudden death of her husband left Mrs. B. in limited circumstances, with the care of four children.

Her happy home had presently to be given up, but she was not disheartened. On the contrary, the native force of her character now showed itself. She would not suffer the education of her children to be arrested, though to increase her income it became necessary for her to make personal exertions. Her good sense and practical ability stood her in good stead. She accepted positions of trust, and in the course of a few years came to Lasell, bringing two of her daughters, Misses Eva and Annie, to share its instructions while she filled the position of matron. The school was then smaller and the duties more varied than now, but Mrs. Bragdon was equal to every demand, and continued the service after the time when the increased size of the school led to a division of the labor. In all, she remained with us nine years, accomplishing her work in every department with quiet, methodical efficiency. She was affectionately known in the school family as "Auntie Bragdon," and will probably be especially remembered by pupils who may have suffered some illness during her administration. A former student writes: "She was so good when any one was sick! B—— M—— said she was the nicest one to care for sick folks she ever knew." Her calm good judgment, kindness, and prompt executive power made her especially valuable in such cases. No doubt her wise precautions often prevented the serious illness which so seldom occurred here.

Mrs. Bragdon left us three years ago, to the regret of all concerned. Miss Eva and Miss Annie had both graduated, and were presently settled in homes of their own, and their mother divided her time with them and her other two children, continuing her good works as a devoted mother and grandmother.

She was cut off suddenly in the midst of her usefulness. It is a heavy blow to her children, to whom we give our kindest sympathy. And we are confident that many former pupils of Lasell, all over the land, will join with us in a tribute of sorrow and kindly remembrance to our friend and former coadjutor, "Auntie Bragdon."

AN electric motor is applied in an office in Paris to work two ventilating fans, one for removing vitiated air, and the other for drawing in pure air.

LOCALS.

IT!

THAT!!

THIS!!

SNOW ON March 9.

WHY are Mikado jokes not chestnuts? Because they are Koko-nuts.

K. Y. I was in bath-room K the other night getting some hot water after 9.30, which was a very risky proceeding. I had just turned on the water when I heard an awful crash!

Excited Listeners. Oh, what was it?

K. Y. Why, I looked over the bath-tub and there were four cockroaches skating on roller skates.

[*Groans.*]

The following is a part of a bill found pinned up in a certain room in Senior Hall:—

BLANK to Roommate, Dr.

To one pulling off dress sleeve	10 cts.
" one taking down hair	20 "
" one buttoning shoes	10 "
" two helping on with tight sleeves	20 "
" one buttoning tight collar	10 "
" winding clock and turning out gas	25 "
" closing and opening window	50 "
" abstinence from talking	5 00

DURING one of the days in the latter part of February, one of the girls inquired of another, what way she thought the wind was. To which her friend replied, "The Gale is behind you."

ONE of the Southern girls, on being asked what she thought of cowboys, replied with great dignity, "I never associate with them." A girl standing near by remarked: "No, they are very particular with whom they associate."

"BUT the court said 'No.'"

NEW pun just out?

MR. C. recently remarked that the meerschau pipes were generally *mere sham*. Audible groans from class.

JUDGE PARK said when he was watching the open fire in Mr. B.'s room, "There is one thing you ought to be careful not to let get into this building,—that is sparks." Wonder what he was thinking of? Speaking of the European trip, Judge Park said it might be hotter in St. Petersburg than in Rome, if we did n't have any passports.

ONE of the girls was directing letters to the Hawaiian Islands. Another exclaimed, "Why, I thought you lived in the Sandwich Islands! How far are they from the Hawaiian?"

INSTANCES of the brilliancy of science scholars: Professor: Is plumbago the same thing as that which people are afflicted with? And, again: Will you please tell me who Bella Donna is?

WHAT is the legal difference between a man's clothing and a travelling minstrel troupe? One is chose in possession, and the other is chose in action.

THE following is a list of the officers in the S. D. Society, elected Feb. 20: President, Miss Eloise Keith; vice-president, Miss Jennie Flint; secretary, Miss Caroline McEchron; treasurer, Miss Lina Jones; critic, Miss Jessie Flint; budget-girl, Miss Kittie Youngs; usher, Miss Bertha Simpson.

By the election of Feb. 13, the officers of the Lasellia Club are as follows: President, Miss Helen Davenport; vice-president, Miss Emma Russell; secretary, Miss Lillie Upton; treasurer, Miss Louise Hammond; critic, Miss Ella Race; guard, Miss Kate Morgan; assistant guard, Miss Mamie Wood.

It is skilled on the flute, we hear.

SOMEBODY tell us how Tennyson's handwriting is characteristic, from this genuine and excellent specimen lately framed for the library. To the uninitiated it is a puzzle.

"OF course I can't climb up there to dust; where's the use of the warning?" remarked Petrina, as she spelled out with difficulty some words about disturbing dust, in the quaint lettering of the photographic copy of Shakespeare's epitaph, set above the library shelves.

THE senior class has just enjoyed the annual course of lectures on "Evidences of Christianity," delivered this year by Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, of Lawrence, Mass. The subjects of the six lectures were:—

I. Historic evidences in place, monument, and art.

II. Prophecy and its fulfilment.

III. The Book.—Its characteristics and history.

IV. The Man, Christ Jesus.

Mr. Parkehurst makes his subject wonderfully interesting, not only by what he actually teaches us, but by his stimulus to further research.

WE, the undersigned, "relics of the past," do hereby earnestly protest against the establishment of a *pin* as the Lasell badge. We most heartily favor the adoption of a *ring* for four reasons, namely:—

1. As more conspicuous; every scion of Lasell should desire her light to shine.

2. As less liable to be lost.

3. As more convenient to be worn on all occasions. A pin one must remove every time she changes her attire.

4. As nearly every Lasell girl belongs to one of the societies and wears its pin, a second pin would be most undesirable.

We are so firmly convinced that a ring will fill the —— will satisfy a long-felt want, that we take this opportunity of expressing our sentiments, arise from our long sleep, and modestly speak our minds.

M. K. CHAMBERLAYNE.
ALICE LINSOTT HALL.

March, 1886.

"CUEY."

SHE is a wee small thing, hardly larger than Hop-o'-my-Thumb, black as coal, and saucy as only a vagabond, happy-go-lucky pickaninny can well be.

The first thing that one notices on seeing her are the great black eyes, that dart from one object to another with the rapidity of lightning. Nothing escapes her notice. She sees up and down and all around, while other people are getting ready to open their eyes. Her woolly black hair is braided in little pigtales that stand up all over her head, like so many interrogation-points. Her little flat nose turns up at the end and heightens the what-do-I-care-for-you expression that pervades her whole face. When she laughs her whole body joins in the mirth. Her pigtales wave, her eyes dance, her teeth gleam, and she bobs up and down like a cork in water.

I can see her now as she looked when I first made her acquaintance. She stood on one little bare foot, the other drawn up under her, one black hand supporting the back of her neck, the forefinger of the other pressed against her cheek, and her great eyes fastened with a yearning expression on a peanut-stand near by.

She may often be seen in this attitude, for she dearly loves peanuts, and has learned by experience that her wistful expression is very hard to resist. Some benevolent passer-by almost always buys a package for her, and then she goes munching on her way, perfectly happy.

She is very generous, and is always ready to share even her beloved peanuts with her mates; but, on the other hand, her "gimme some" is ever ready when she covets anything that belongs to another.

She is perfect mistress of the slang of the day, and has a noble scorn for grammar. April Fool's day was made for her, for she is never so happy as when playing some practical joke. She will stand on the corner and shout, "Mister, your wheel's goin' round!" and, if the preoccupied driver stops and looks at the wheel to see what is wrong, she runs away in a perfect ecstasy.

She is out at all times of the day and night, and when asked if she is not afraid to be alone in the dark, she answers, "I ain't afraid o' nothin'." And so she lives like a bird, gathering up her food here and there, sleeping almost anywhere, and taking not a thought for the future.

ART NOTES.

THE New York Industrial Education Association has planned a nexhibition of children's handiwork, to be held during the last week of March.

AN important discovery has been made at Bonn within the precincts of the Roman castrum. It is a bronze statue of Victory, standing on a globe. With the statue was found a splendid gold medallion set with rubies.

THE Paint and Clay Club cleared about \$500 on admissions to its recent exhibition.

THE latest cyclorama in New York is that of the combat between the Monitor and Merrimac, in the building corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. The work is done with great cleverness, and the effect of aerial perspective is especially striking.

A STATUE to Claude Bernard, the famous scientist, has been dedicated in Paris. It is placed at the foot of the staircase in the Collège de France.

THE exhibition of Paul Baudry's works will open in Paris on April 1, at the School of Fine Arts.

SOME of the crayon portraits of Mr. G. W. Harrington, Studio Building, are attracting the attention of both the press and the public.

THE thirty-fourth exhibition of the Boston Art Club, embracing water colors, work in black and white, and sculpture, will open Friday evening, April 9, with a reception by the members to their friends, and close Saturday evening, May 8.

MUSICAL NOTES.

JENNIE LIND will sing in London next summer.

THE four great pianists of the world are said to be Liszt, Rubinstein, Hans von Bulow, and Carl Baeman.

BY the death of Hamilcar Ponchielli, Italian opera loses one of its great modern lights.

NILSSON is beginning her farewells.

INQUIRER. — What is the real character of Scalchi's voice? As she gets over \$500 a night, we should say she was a "high" alto.

LISZT is now to leave Rome for an extended journey. Proceeding first to Pesth, he will then go to England, and afterward to St. Petersburg by invitation of the czar.

CAMPANARI has rejoined the Boston Symphony orchestra.

THE Italian and English methods of singing differ in that the Italians use the tremulo, which is no longer popular, the round, full, clear tone being demanded. Few good singers use the German method, which uses the throat

where the English use the mouth, thus avoiding the guttural tone.

JOACHIM has created a great furore in Paris.

THE seventh biennial musical festival of Cincinnati, Ohio, is to be held May 18 to 22, inclusive. There will be ten solo singers and a New York orchestra of one hundred musicians, led by Thomas. The principal works to be given are Bach's B minor mass, Hadyn's "Creation," Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel," and Berlioz's "Faust."

STOOPING SHOULDERS.

A CURE for the evil habit of stooping shoulders, all too prevalent among American children, is suggested by Dr. Dio Lewis, as follows: —

Unless you rid yourself of this crook while at school, you will probably go bent to your grave. There is one good way to cure it. Shoulder braces will not help. One needs, not an artificial substitute, but some means to develop the muscles whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect. I know of but one bull's-eye shot. It is to carry a weight on the head. A sheepskin, or other strong bag, filled with twenty to eighty pounds of sand is a good weight. When engaged in your morning studies, either before or after breakfast, put this bag of sand on your head, hold your head erect, draw your chin close to your neck, and walk slowly about the room, coming back, if you please, every minute or two to your book, or carrying the book as you walk. The muscles whose duty it is to hold your head and shoulders erect are hit, not with scattering shot, but with a rifle ball. The bones of the spine and the intervertebral substance will soon accommodate themselves to the new attitude. One year of daily practice with the bag, half an hour morning and evening, will give you a noble carriage, without interfering a moment with your studies.

THE THRONE OF WOMAN.

THE well-being of society rests on our homes, and what are their foundation-stones but woman's care and devotion! A good mother is worth an army of acquaintances, and a true-hearted, noble-minded sister is more precious than the "dear five hundred friends." The love we experience for domestic blessings increases faith in an infinite goodness, and is a foretaste of a better world to come.

Our homes, as one well observes, are the support of the government and the church, and all the associations and organizations that give blessings and vitality to social existence are herein originated and fostered.

Those who have played around the same

doorstep, basked in the same mother's smile, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken. Distance may separate, quarrels may occur, but those who have a capacity to love anything must have at times a bubbling up of fond recollections, and a yearning after the joys of by-gone days.

Every woman has a mission on earth. Be she of high or low degree, in single blessedness or double, she is recreant to her duty if she sits with folded hands and empty head and heart, and frowns on all claims to her benevolence or efforts at the welfare of others. There is "something to do" for every one — a household to put in order, a child to attend to, some parent to care for, some class of unfortunate, degraded, or homeless humanity to befriend. "To whom much is given, of them much will be required." That soul is poor, indeed, that leaves the world without having exerted an influence that will be felt for good after she has passed away.

There is little beauty in the lives of those women who are drawn into the gay circles of fashionable life, whose arena is public display, whose nursery is their prison. At home does woman appear in her true glory? In the inner sanctuary of home life can she be most like those who walk above "in soft, white light," and follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. — *Exchange*.

THE LAST TIME.

It must not be forgotten that Mr. B. thinks that he shall not probably take another party of pupils to Europe; therefore, those who "mean to go some time" with the school party, can only be sure of it by availing themselves of this opportunity.

The thing he meditates after this is that indefinite but not abandoned "Round the World in Eight Months" trip.

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY recently visited in England, the former home of Harriet Martineau, which now is occupied by a Quaker family. "I chatted with these Friends," she says, "in the drawing-room where Emerson, Garrison, Charlotte Bronte, and many of the other great souls of earth had come to honor Harriet Martineau in the days gone by. I sat at the table in her library where she had penned so many noble thoughts, looked into the chamber where she had slept, suffered, and died, and out at the beautiful landscape she enjoyed in those last sad days. In the kitchen the same range, dresser, table, and chairs stand there as she left them, and her favorite black and yellow spotted cat, now sixteen years old, still keeps faithful watch on the threshold."

PERSONALS.

MISS MINNIE ALICE HOLMES and Mr. P. DWIGHT ELLIS were married Tuesday evening, Feb. 23, at the home of the bride, 75 Allston Street, Cambridge, Mass.

EUGENE H. CONVERSE and ALVAH B. MATHEWS were married at Denver, Col., Feb. 25, and will be "At Home" after March 1, at Gunnison, Col.

MAY CLARK came, with Annie Seeley Springers, of Newton, whom she was visiting, to Lasell recently. May has kept the health which she seemed to regain so thoroughly in her Northern school.

CLARE COMSTOCK spent a Sunday here in February; her eyes still prevent study.

DORA WALSTON, — or was it Lou, — who invented the bean machine, will be glad to know that the girls are taking hold of the thing some days to the exclusion of the regular work in the gymnasium.

ELLA ELLIS made a brief visit here last month. She is still teaching at East Sandwich, Mass.

BLANCHE JONES HASKELL came with her husband, brother of Mamie C., to see her and the school, Feb. 22.

JOSIE FARNUM was made happy by a visit from her father, March 2.

JENNIE PHŒBUS's address is 53 Third Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CARRIE LANE, Hampton, N. H., sends a bright, cheery letter, says she is going to Europe with a Lasell party "some time," and remembers pleasantly her year here. "So do we," we say to the last; and to the other, "Better come now, there may never be another Lasell party."

In the quotation from the New York *Tribune* in last month's LEAVES, the name of Josiah Lasell was given, instead of that of Edward Lasell, as the founder of the Seminary. Mr. Josiah Lasell and his brother-in-law continued the work after the death of Prof. Edward Lasell.

LILLIE G. FULLER, from her home, Ellenville, N. Y., writes of private pupils and of successful practice in cooking lessons à la Lasell.

HELEN HOKE is reported as deeply engaged in household affairs, getting up dinners with the aid of seven cook-books, one of which must be ours!

JESSIE MACMILLAN writes cheerfully of her home and social life at Joliet, Ill.

LILLIE R. POTTER writes from 2448 Prairie Avenue, Chicago. Her mother has been very ill.

NELLIE ALLING is, with her parents, at Hot Springs, Ark., and hopes to be greatly benefited by the baths.

WE regret the accidental omission from the September number of the following sad intelligence: Etta S. Kendrick, wife of Walter S. Glover, died of pneumonia in July last.

Mr and Mrs. Glover were just settled in their new home near her parents, when death so suddenly came.

MRS. WAGNER and MRS. HAZLET, Minnie and Sadie Ranson, lately visited their sister, Mrs. Bragdon, and their old school. Both are settled in Williamsport Pa. Lucy Curtis came to meet them here, as many old girls would be glad to have done.

KATE MILLER and LIZZIE MCKEOWN made us a brief visit Feb. 8. Kate has been teaching music in the South, and Lizzie has been studying German at home.

MABEL COGSWELL says the "laboratory is lovely." Thought Miss Larrison had broken the girls of alliteration!

THE last barber cut Virginia Johnson's hair curly. Quite becomes her.

She and Mabel came to see us on that very stormy Friday, and left the very stormy Saturday A. M., 7 o'clock train. Surely, they showed their love for Lasell! They are looking well, and acted pretty well — for them. Jennie made Mabel and Cora a week's visit, and has now gone to Elgin again. There is talk of her coming East to live.

ALICE BANGS and BELLE BRACKETT looked in on us since our last issue. Alice is at home in Sandwich, Mass., and Belle is staying in Needham, and studying music at the New England Conservatory, Boston.

WE learn that Lutie Price has joined the "I. C." Club, of Denver University, of which Miss Anderson is a member.

BLANCHE BEST spent Sunday, Feb. 28, here with Jentie Johnson. She is staying in West Newton, and studying elocution with Miss Call.

DORA MAYO spent Sunday, March 7, at Lasell. She is still a student of "Christian Science," and has entered upon the "Normal Course."

AT one of the schools in this city recently the master, in a general exercise, wrote the word "dozen" on the black-board and asked the pupils to each write a sentence containing the word. He was somewhat taken aback to find on one of the papers the following unique sentence, "I dozen know my lesson." — *Newburyport Herald*.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY AT LASELL.

THE gymnasium presented a very gay and festive appearance on the evening of Feb. 22. Hardly a trace of the prosaic chest weights, dumb-bells, and Indian clubs was to be seen, beneath the hangings of blue, white, and gold. How "they" ever made it look so pretty was a wonder to the girls.

At half past seven the guests began to arrive, and were greeted by the seniors, through whose kindness they had been invited. As soon as the brilliant assembly were gathered, a short programme was given, consisting of a recitation by Miss Hammond, a vocal solo by Miss Penfield, and a violin solo by Miss Dietrick. The other numbers of the programme were unfortunately obliged to be omitted on account of the shortness of the time.

Then came the grand march, led by the Misses Stafford and Penfield, who walked either side of an immense box, it appeared to be, with gayly decorated sides, and beneath which protruded a pair of feet. (By the way, girls, does any one know to whom those feet belonged?) At the close of the march, Miss Stafford stepped up to the box and announced that it was a valentine, and forthwith presented the most prominent of the guests with a valentine which she literally "peeled" off from the centre. After the presentation the rest of the evening was occupied with dancing, which was heartily entered into. After a few dances, at the invitation of Miss Stafford, the guests seated themselves, "accordin' to their feelin's," and partook of something in the "eatin' line," which was also very much enjoyed.

All sorts of characters and nationalities were represented in the brilliant throng. As the dancers whirled by, you might see Maud Muller, a nun, a fairy, Josiah Allen's wife, a baby, an Indian, a gypsy, with a plentiful sprinkling of Kate Greenaways, Spanish students, Lady Washingtons, Revolutionary gentlemen, and fashionable ladies of this day and also of a former day.

When the evening was over, all were loath to leave, and pronounced the party a decided success.

"PA, what is England sending more troops to Egypt for?" "To rescue Wolseley, my son." "What is Wolseley there for?" "To rescue Gordon." "What for was Gordon sent there?" "To restore peace." "Who was fighting?" "Well, nobody was. The Mahdi had an army raised, though." "Pa, do the British own that country?" "No, my son." "Then they are campaigning in the wrong ward, ain't they?" "It looks that way, Johnnie. Now run along and carry in that coal for your mother. You're too inquisitive." — *Chicago Herald*.

A CHARMING French lady, who passed through the painful days of the siege of Paris, was relating in her graceful way to a friend some of her experiences. She said that rats and mice, however disguised by intelligent cookery, became quite distasteful: the fattest cats palled upon the palate. If, however, a stray pigeon happened to settle upon the roof, the street instantly became full of people seeking to entrap the delicacy. It often happened, however, that the pigeon turned out to be a messenger bird, and hence as sacred as the ibis of Egypt. "In fact," said the story teller, "this was so often the case, that to this day I can never bear to eat a pigeon. I always feel as if I were devouring a postman." — *New York Graphic*.

POLITICAL NOTES.

A TREATY of peace between Serbia and Bulgaria was finally signed at Bucharest, on Tuesday, March 2.

WHILE the Cabinet at Washington is considering the question of indemnity to the Chinese who have suffered from mob violence in the far West, the situation is growing more rather than less serious. As soon as the public excitement subsides over an outbreak in one section, an outrage is perpetrated in some other place. It is estimated, as one result of this, that there are now 20,000 more Chinamen in San Francisco than there ever were before, and the number is constantly growing. Already there is great suffering and destitution among them, and thousands are said to be on the verge of starvation.

THE Senate has appropriated \$250,000 for a monument to Gen. Grant in Washington.

THE Eastern question appears to have quieted down in all its relations. The Porte has appointed Alexander governor of Roumelia for five years, with provision for renewal. He now has a country larger than Belgium, with an army of 100,000 men. He holds an official position in the Turkish army, and is bound to protect her in case of war. It is suggested that the sultan may insure his future in this way. Serbia has become tired of hopeless bluster, and has suspended her warlike preparations. Greece, also, finds it expedient to accept from Gladstone what it refused from the Salisbury government, and agrees to obey the order of the powers, not to attack Turkey, though she submits to force under protest.

THE firm attitude of the government toward Mormonism is not only having its effect at home, but also abroad, in discouraging Mormon emigration to this country. The superintendent at Castle Garden states that there has not been a single arrival since last November.

OLD TIMES.

A LITCHFIELD COUNTY (Conn.) correspondent of the *Hartford Courant*, writing of manners and customs in that region fifty years ago, says that "common people did n't own stoves then; they rented them of the rich for twenty-five cents a month. Dr. Catlin, of Litchfield, had quite a number that he rented. We well remember seeing him staff around for miles to collect stove rent. There were no clocks in schoolhouses; the teachers had noon-marks on the window-sill; when the sun struck the mark it was noon; if cloudy, they guessed noon. There were clocks in but few families in those days."

A CLEVER ARGUMENT.

SAYS a lawyer writing to one of our exchanges: "Why should not women be admitted to practise at the bar, if they want to, and save some of the arduous and costly labors of the other sex? Their arguments are apt to be practical and most persuasive. For instance, she was suing the other day for some wire-cloth mosquito-bars, required since the rising of our last mill-pond. I maintained, quoting Davy's lamp, that wire-cloth would shut out air as well as gas and insects. Presently, biding her time, by artful but strictly legal management, she got the judge to stoop and look through a wire-screened opened window, where the March wind was blowing in like a hurricane. Then, grabbing the Court around the neck and exclaiming, 'Is n't there air enough for you!' she won her case."

MR. BRAGDON proposes to take a small party of pupils to Washington during the near vacation, leaving Boston on the evening of March 31, and reaching it, on return, on the morning of April 6th or 7th. It is a good time to visit Washington in the midst of the brightness of spring flowers, and while Congress is in session. Those going to European capitals ought first to see their own. The expense will be, at special rates, \$20 for railroad ticket and berth for the round trip; hotel board, say five days at \$2.50 per day, \$32.50. This, with the addition of expense to Mt. Vernon, horse-cars, etc., need not be over \$35 or \$36 for the entire week's trip. Any old Lasell girls who would like to go are invited to join. Send names at once.

DOCTORS say that roller skating will kill off our girls. This seems too bad; but perhaps it will solve the problem of the preponderance of the female sex in Massachusetts. — *Lowell Citizen*.

SCENE AT A SPIRITUALISTS' MEETING.

MR. GREVILLE sat silent, and his aged, wizened face was as emotionless as a mask. Suddenly the medium grew excited, and said to the old gentleman: "A female form is bending over you. Oh, the extraordinary likeness!" Greville sighed. "She lifts her hands to bless you." Greville sighed again. "It is your mother!" "Ah, poor thing!" said Greville; "I am glad!" "She smiles; she says all is well with her!" Greville sighed again, and said: "I'm delighted!" "She says she will see you soon. You are old, and you must meet her before long." Then Greville quietly observed, "That's very true! I'm going to take tea with her at five o'clock this evening." Tableau! His mother was then, though ninety years old, hale and vigorous. — *Exchange*.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A "ONE-THIRD silver" alloy is much employed in the factories of Paris for the manufacture of silverware. It consists of one third silver and two thirds of aluminum, and is worked to great advantage by reason of its low price and its great hardness. It is more easily pressed and engraved than silver-copper alloys.

HERR PH. CARL, of Munich, has devised an appliance for giving warning of a stoppage of the circulation of the water in an Otto gas engine. It consists of a piece of metal so arranged in the discharge pipe that, while the water is flowing, the electric current is broken, but when the flow ceases contact is established and a bell is rung.

LAST spring, ice in the Atlantic Ocean penetrated very far to the south and east in consequence of northerly and northwesterly gales, and several icebergs formed even in the Gulf Stream. From extensive observation it is asserted that the first recession northward of Atlantic ice is towards the end of June, and that it remains longest between the banks and the east coast of Newfoundland.

BIRCH's device for utilizing compressed air for purposes of the artist and the draughtsman is very ingenious. A supply of compressed air is provided by a foot pump, and this air is led by a small pipe to an instrument held in the hand and containing a jet nozzle near the end of a small trough holding ink or color. In the trough a needle reciprocates, its point projecting more or less at every reciprocation. The point thus carries a small quantity of ink or color, which is blown off by the air jet. Very striking and delicately shaded drawings are produced by the aid of this instrument, in a surprisingly short time.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Williams Fortnight* is among our well-read exchanges. It is especially interesting for its collection of intercollegiate notes, but has made a slight mistake regarding a Lasell item. The lecture courses in law and cooking are among our time-honored institutions. In fact, Lasell was the first seminary to discover the need of such lectures and to introduce them.

THE *College Cabinet*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, and several exchanges which have made mention of "Reveries of a School-girl," in the January LEAVES, may be surprised to hear it was not written by one of the fair sex. It was a "handsome, bearded youth," subject, we think, to "weird seizures," who presented the article, and it seemed a pity not to let girls know how young men theorize regarding them.

THE *Tech* for March 5 contains an admirable article on a new method of squaring numbers, — a somewhat new departure, but one eminently in keeping with the object of college publications. Such subjects should be considered more often; for in the wide circulation which many college papers have, and the discussions which would result, much good would be done, and many new laws discovered.

THE *Harvard Advocate* for March 5 contains some very interesting articles, that of E. E. Hale on "Compulsory Chapel" being the best on the subject that we have seen.

THE *W. T. J.* speaks in enthusiastic tones of its prospective gymnasium. While visiting other gymnasiums in the country, its committee should not forget Lasell, whose gymnasium is pronounced one of the "most complete in New England, and the best in any ladies' seminary."

THE *Crescent* comes to us with a good exchange column, and one which might be followed by other papers. Exchanges are too apt to criticise unkindly, forgetful of the little story about "people who live in glass houses."

THE *Doane Owl*, though hailing from the far West, ranks well with its Eastern contemporaries, though they are supposed to have the advantages of longer experience.

THE February *Critic* shows a tendency to the sensational in its Rocky Mountain story. We have heard of yellow-covered literature, and think the article in question would appear to better advantage in such a binding. The "Growth of Mormonism" is very well written, and valuable for reference.

THE *Argus* is ever welcome. Its well-written editorials and graceful poems have always aroused our admiration.

"A MAN who works in a New York distillery claims to have seen a ghost." A man who works in a distillery is liable to see supernatural things — unless his mouth is closed with a padlock. — *Norristown Herald*.

TOO YOUNG FOR SUSPICION. — *Edith* (contemplating her face in the mirror.) — "Mamma, me fink Katie Jones is berry pretty." *Edith* (five minutes later). — "Mamma, me fink me berry much like Katie Jones." — *Harvard Lampoon*.

FAITH'S LIFE IS SONG. — She marches to battle with a psalm. She suffers with a hymn upon her lips. She glorifies God in the fires. She passes out of the world to the music of the *Te Deum*, and not to the dolorous notes of a dirge. She thrusts the wailers and lamenters from the chambers of her departed, and enters the room.

YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY: For hearing before judging; for thinking before speaking; for holding an angry tongue; for stopping the ear to a tale-bearer; for disbelieving most of the floating scandal; for refusing to kick a fallen man; for being kind to the distressed; for being patient toward everybody; for doing good to all men; for walking uprightly before God; for lending to the Lord; for laying up treasure in heaven; for asking pardon for all wrongs; for speaking evil of no one.

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

THE much longed for spring vacation has come and gone and leaves us together again, at work for eight short weeks. Can we realize how they will fly? and shall we not be tempted to get through them as easily as possible, yielding to the lazy spell that May and June days will leave upon us? "Now or never." "Use and improve, or lose," must be the motto of every earnest student: let it be ours. Our opportunities for self-improvement will never be greater than they are at Lasell, and if we fail to appreciate them now, as they pass, we shall one day wonder at our blindness and superficial work.

WE are all glad at the approach of Easter, when "days grow longer, sunbeams stronger, Eastertide makes all things new." The custom adopted in all our churches, of preparing special services, with music and floral decorations appropriate to the day is a beautiful one, and should be the means of quickening our love and making our hearts and faces feel and show the gladness. But this intended blessing is becoming almost a curse, at least a sin, in our large city churches. Several days before Easter Sunday, the papers are full of the musical programmes to be given at the different churches,—advertised, we might say, as extensively as a theatrical performance,—and when Easter comes these churches will be literally jammed, the crowd being so great as to require the active presence of policemen. Every one criticises, admires, and comments upon the music and flowers, and, however good your intentions may be, the excitement will not allow you to derive any good from the service. Another noticeable evil is the custom of running from one church to another, trying to attend as many services as possible, for the same curious, pleasure-seeking purpose. A party of Lasell girls is generally among those who crowd into one of the prominent Boston churches, and do we derive enough satisfaction from seeing brilliant floral displays and hearing operatic music, to miss the profit and enjoyment we could have by remaining quietly in our own churches, where no attempt at display is made, and the service can be bright and joyous without being exciting?

WE would like to follow up the article, "How Men and Women Walk," in the last number of the LEAVES, with some suggestions for its application to our girls. Very few of us naturally walk well, and perhaps for that reason do not enjoy walking. But were we desirous of becoming good and graceful walkers, we have every opportunity for becoming so, and why should we not be as ambitious to be strong and graceful in this exercise as in the less practical ones of boating and tennis? Our gymnastics of the winter have given us good foundation principles for all of these, so let us improve these spring days, when our buoyant spirits make us feel equal to any amount of

exertion, and literally scour the country in our enthusiasm, visit all the neighboring villages, hunt the many places and houses of historical interest which Boston and its vicinity abounds in, call on our Wellesley friends any Monday, visit Echo Bridge by moonlight, and, finally, not let Boston itself daunt us, as it did not some of last year's enthusiasts in this direction.

A SCHOOL of Lasell's size, advantages, and capabilities ought to have a generous amount of "college spirit," and how could this be better shown than in the LEAVES, where our friends, the former students, and exchanges judge us and our life here? For our local readers, we should have wide-awake local articles; for the old girls, letters from them, and, what is most needed and desirable, occasional correspondents in three or four old girls, living in different parts of the country, who could keep us informed and familiar with the progress and events of interest occurring in all parts of the United States. The success of our paper depends very largely upon the willingness or refusal on the part of the girls to write for us, and we earnestly desire them to take enough interest and pride in the reputation of the LEAVES, as representing Lasell, to do all in their power to sustain it.

A BOSTONIAN EVENING.

ON the evening of the 25th of March, forty-five people from Lasell found themselves in front of the Old South Meeting-House in Boston, a small part of the crowd that moved steadily toward the open doors. Though much pressed and pushed, they rejoiced to be there; for had they not just passed a notice at the corner, which informed the passer-by, in bold, black letters upon a white ground, that Mr. James Russell Lowell and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes would on that particular night read selections from their writings at the Old South, for the benefit of the preservation fund? They rejoiced to be there, though Boston wanted them not—if Boston was represented by the elderly lady, panting for breath, who pushed right and left with her elbows, and angrily muttered, "A pack of school-girls!" But, my dear madam, we, too, love our poets!

We were presently seated opposite the entrance. The large square below was already well filled, and soon there was hardly an empty seat in it or the broad gallery that runs around three sides of the church. The papers informed us the next morning that it was "a distinguished audience," and of this we had no doubt as we looked down and around upon it — gentlemen, here dark-haired and there silver-haired, and ladies, dressed with the quiet decorousness that Boston loves. Here, doubtless, were men distinguished for learning, literary skill, artistic talent, and business ability. Here were men with whole generations of dwellers on Beacon Street behind them; and doubtless there mingled with these the newly fledged millionaire, bent upon culture as a means of counteracting the smell of varnish in his new house on the Back Bay. Here were the literary ladies, and the rich ladies who encourage the literary lions and lionesses to roar (a lion among ladies being no longer in Boston a fearful thing); here were the gentle disciples of a hundred *isms*, from Buddhism down to mind-cure. For our city of the gilded dome, which once stoned the prophets not of her faith, now sits at the feet of false and true impartially, and is doing her best to atone for the narrowness of her Puritan ancestors by loving nobody so much as any sort of a heretic.

Never, since it was our fortunate lot to dwell beside the shadow of that State House dome, had we been in contact with anything so genuinely Bostonian. The place — how redolent of memories! On how many scenes had these gray walls looked down since first they were reared! They had echoed with the stern teachings of many generations of godly divines. They saw Franklin baptized, and were accustomed to his face among the worshippers. They listened to the fiery words of Otis and Adams. They heard the eloquence of Whitefield. Through yonder window Joseph Warren entered, to deliver his famous oration on the Boston massacre, as the sign there reminds us. In the gallery where we are now sitting Washington stood, and looked down mournfully on the havoc wrought by the British when they used the sacred place for a riding school. And lest we should forget all these things, around us are ancient paintings, and relics innumerable of the olden times.

In front of the spot associated with Warren stands the platform, made beautiful and peaceful now with roses. Here soon we are to see two sons of Boston, who belong to the world as well. But what is that portrait on an easel, of an old-fashioned damsel in stiff brocade? Surely she befits the place well. Can it be — Oh, *can* it be Dorothy Q.?

And now they are coming upon the platform,

and while Dr. Green is introducing Dr. Holmes, we will steal a good look at Lowell. Have we not wished all our lives for this privilege? We see that he is "of medium height, well-set, with a substantial form and a strikingly attractive face, of light complexion, full eyes, mobile and expressive features, with the beard and drooping mustache, which are so marked a trait of his picture, and now, like his hair, turning gray." As to Holmes, we would recognize him anywhere — the small, spare man with the straight gray locks, and those odd, thin lips in which Humor seems to have taken up her visible abode.

The two poets alternated in reading, Holmes beginning. He gave us in the course of the evening: The Pilgrim's Vision, Grandmother's Story of the Battle of Bunker Hill, the Boston Tea Party, The Old South, Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline, A Farewell to Agassiz, and Dorothy Q. Lowell read: An Incident of the Fire at Hamburg, To a Dandelion, The Commemoration Ode, Aladdin, Extreme Unction, and The Courtin'. There was as great a contrast in their manner of reading as in the appearance of the two men. Holmes read with much dramatic force. The play of humor and sentiment in his face and voice gave a wonderful interpretation to what he read. There was not only the thought expressed in words; there was the man thinking the thought, living the emotion over again with us. And in that spot, with its memories, to hear the gentle Autocrat describe the fight at Bunker Hill, sing the glories of the Boston Tea Party, and apostrophize his grandmother's mother (yes, the girl in the stiff brocade was Dorothy Q., and the poet showed us where the rapier thrust appeared before the picture was remounted), and pound to himself the conundrum, —

What if, a hundred years ago,
Those close-shut lips had answered, No,
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another to nine-tenths me? —

was it not an experience for once in a lifetime?

Lowell read with the greatest quietness of manner, in a well-poised, melodious voice, making no pretence at dramatic expression. Some one said of his reading that it was as if he said, "Here are the words, and if they do not convey to you the thought and feeling back of them, it would be useless for me to attempt to do so." But there was a subdued play of expression upon his face to one who was near enough to catch it. We liked especially "Aladdin." It seemed to us that those words came direct from his heart — that the sense of a vanished joy was very near to him at that hour. There was a slight ripple of humor visible in attitude, lip, and brow while he was

reading "The Courtin'," but the words did the rest, and the audience laughed and was happy.

This was the last delicious drop in the evening's cup, and soon the Old South was left to silence and darkness and its brooding memories. As for us, we are richer for life because of this genuinely Bostonian evening.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF A THREE WEEKS' TRIP SOUTH.

ON the 24th of February a party of four left the cold North for a hasty trip to warmer climes. Winter weather followed to Washington, but wind and cold were forgotten while visiting the many and attractive places of interest in that city.

At Richmond, the hotel where we stopped was of historic interest. During the late war it was filled with Southern women, who had gone there for safety. At the surrender of the city, fires were made ready around the building by the Confederates, who preferred to destroy it rather than to let it fall into Union hands. They gave the women a few minutes' time to vacate. Some of the bravest went to our soldiers for protection, and they surrounded and saved the building.

The street in front was a running stream of wine and liquor, poured out at that time by the owners, as it could not be kept from the Northerners. One old colored man, heart-broken to see such waste, stooped down and drank until he could drink no more.

Walking, one afternoon, in the vicinity of Jefferson Davis's mansion, we asked an old negress which house it was. Her astonishing reply came quickly, "I don' know, missus. I's not acquainted wid de gentleman."

We visited the church where Patrick Henry delivered his famous speech; the oldest house, noted for Washington's court-martials held there; and Libby Prison, of whose tortures every one knows. One needs to visit this city to make our late war seem real. It is full of stories of the past.

Skipping intervening places, let us come to Florida, where Ponce de Leon thought to find the fountain of perpetual youth. The Floridians say that Silver Spring is the place he failed to reach. At this point, we took a funny little boat which carried us for nine miles over water as clear as crystal, where we saw at a depth of forty feet beautiful blue-green sulphur deposits, and grasses through which fishes of all sizes were swimming to and fro. Unlike other streams, this consists of a series of bubbling springs, eddying and whirling as the boat wends its way. Suddenly, instead of the transparent water, we find ourselves sailing over a mirror of inky blackness, reflecting the pal-

mettoes, tall cypresses draped with moss, and tropical shrubs which seem to grow up from the very bed of the stream. We have entered the Ocklawaha. It is the narrowest navigable stream of its length (300 miles) in the world. We seem to be in a succession of small lakes, so sudden are the winding turns. The boat bumps first on this side, then on that, against the trees, scaring the cranes, buzzards, and herons, whose nests are seen, here and there, not far from the very boat itself. Alligators and snakes sun themselves on the fallen logs.

Occasionally, we come to a settlement in an orange grove, and at one of these places, a letter is held out on the end of a pole to be mailed, — a primitive post-office. Words fail to describe the wonders here. Going to Florida and not visiting the Ocklawaha, is like going to France without seeing Paris.

St. Augustine, founded in 1565, is the oldest and quaintest of our American cities. The streets are narrow for protection from the sun, the narrowest being seven feet wide. In many buildings the second story projects over the sidewalk.

The long, low island, Anastasia, its banks shining white in the sun, is the coquina quarry of which the old Cathedral and Fort Marion are built, and recently a beautiful Spanish villa by Mr. Smith, of Beacon Street, Boston.

I hear some one ask, "What is coquina?" Well, it is shells broken and cemented together by action of the waves. It crumbles in the hand, but is firm and strong in building, and looks like a light, clear stone. Opposite the Cathedral, in the Plaza, are the Slave Market, monuments and a strong sulphur spring. The gates of the old city wall are still standing, and much of interest that we have not the space to describe.

Sailing on the St. John's River from Palatka to Jacksonville, we see orange-trees blighted by the frost. It is said to be the coldest winter that Florida has ever known, and the loss to orange growers has been great. Jacksonville is the centre of Florida travel by rail, and its large hotels are well filled with Northern people.

C. E. C.

MUSIC washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life.

WE all expect to be remembered long after we are dead, but not one in a thousand of us can tell for what.

Two men were disputing in regard to the word "either." One said it was "ee-ther." The other was quite sure that it was "i-ther." It was agreed to refer the matter to a man standing near. This was his decision: "Be-dad, it's nayther, for it's ayther."

THE pupils' musical rehearsal was held in the chapel Tuesday evening, March 30. The programme was as follows: —

PROGRAMME.

Pianoforte — Sonatine. Op. 10, No. 2.	Krause
Allegro Moderato. Andante Sostenuto. Finale.	
MISS TOYNTON.	
Song — Love's Old, Sweet Song,	Molloy
MISS J. BROWN.	
Pianoforte — Burleske,	Nicodé
MISS ADAMS.	
Song — Maid of Judah,	Kucken
MISS MUNGER.	
Pianoforte — Sonata. Op. 26,	Beethoven
Theme and Variations.	
MISS E. STAFFORD.	
Song — To Sevilla,	Dessauer
MISS HOLLINGSWORTH.	
Violin Solo — { a. Auf Flügeln des Gesanges } { b. An die Entfernte }	Mendelssohn
MISS E. WARD.	
Song — Summer Eve,	Hatton
LASELL QUARTETTE.	
Chorus — Stars look o'er the Sea,	Smart
ORPHEAN CLUB.	
Pianoforte — Czardas (Hungarian Dance),	Sharpe
MISS MILLS.	
Song — Thou'rt Like unto a Flower,	Rubinstein
MISS LOWE.	
Pianoforte — Sonata Pathétique. Op. 13,	Beethoven
Adagio Cantabile.	
MISS A. BROWN.	
Song — When the Tide Comes In,	Millard
MISS PENFIELD.	
Pianoforte — Charié,	Rossini-Liszt
MISS NINDE.	
Chorus — The Gypsies,	Schumann
CHORUS CLASSES.	

To love applause is praiseworthy; to seek it is weakness.

AMIABILITY is a beautiful trait of character. In a Christian it is a fruit of that divinely given charity which is "Kind, and thinketh no evil, and vaunteth not itself." But it is a grace that needs to be allied to strong principle, lest in seeking to please all, it be led by flattery to smile on wrong and sanction evil doing. Overmuch amiability makes one resemble the spinal column when its bones are strung on threads in the hands of a demonstrator in anatomy; but when it is associated with decided convictions, its possessor is like the strong though flexible spine of a living man. He combines strength and beauty. He is like John, whose amiability won him a place in the Master's bosom, and whose strength enabled him to say of a disobedient professor, "He is a liar and the truth is not in him."

Zion's Herald.

MR. JOSIAH LASELL died at Whitinsville, Mass., March 15. He was born in Schoharie, N. Y., 1825. His parents were of Pilgrim extraction, and practised the faith of their fathers in its finest and sturdiest qualities. Here, and amid such home influences, Mr. Lasell spent his childhood. He fitted for college in his native place, and entered Williams College, where his brother, Edward Lasell, was Professor of Chemistry, in 1840, graduating in 1844, one of the youngest of his class, not being quite nineteen. He studied law in Schoharie for a time, but his instincts and tastes for teaching drew him from the law as a profession. Yet, without doubt, those months spent in this study helped to prepare him for his business career, which was to be his larger life-work. He first taught in the boys' school of Prof. Pinyea, in Brooklyn, N. Y.; then for several years in Spingler Institute, of which Jacob Abbott was the principal. In 1852 he and his brother-in-law, Prof. G. W. Briggs, joined his brother, Prof. Edward Lasell of Williams College, who had projected and secured the incorporation of "Lasell Seminary" at Auburndale. A few months after they began their work there, Prof. Lasell, the founder, died, and Mr. Josiah Lasell became joint principal with Prof. Briggs, and continued in this work until 1860. June 5, 1855, he married Jane, the only daughter of the late John C. Whitin, of Whitinsville. She was a graduate of the Seminary at Auburndale. In 1860, Mr. Whitin called him to his assistance in the conduct of the machine works he had just purchased in Holyoke. In this he was associated, as he has been ever since, with Mr. G. E. Taft, of Whitinsville, who had charge of the mechanical department. He remained there till January, 1864, when Mr. Whitin, having sold his works at Holyoke, and after having become sole proprietor of the Whitin Machine Works, Mr. Lasell went to Whitinsville, to have the care of the books and accounts of the concern, and to render such assistance as Mr. Whitin might need. When the Whitin Machine Works was incorporated in 1870, Mr. Lasell was made its Treasurer, and he shared in the labors of the President, Mr. Whitin, and as the latter was obliged to lay aside his work, it devolved more and more on the Treasurer, who relieved him almost entirely of the burden of detail. At the death of Mr. Whitin, in 1882, Mr. Lasell was made President, and he also retained the office of Treasurer until January of this year. It was by his inspiration, and largely under his direction, that the recent great enlargement of the works was made. He was called to various offices of trust, as Director of the Providence and Worcester and of the Rome and Watertown Railroads, Director of the National Bank in Whitinsville, and Trustee of the Whitinsville

Savings Bank. As a citizen he took deep interest in all that concerned the welfare of the country and the State, and sought so to perform his duties as should best help the public weal. He in early life cherished the Christian hope, and made public profession of his allegiance to Christ.

Exchange.

THE WASHINGTON TRIP.

PROF. BRAGDON has planned for some time to take a party of pupils to Washington during the spring vacation. At first there were a very few who decided to go, but as the time drew near, the number increased to seventeen. Old Lasell girls were invited to join the party, and nine responded. These, together with Miss Hance's father, and Miss Ransom, made the number twenty-nine.

The party started from Boston at 6.30 P. M., March 31, travelled over the Stonington line, and the Pennsylvania R. R. (a special car being kindly given them from New York to Washington and return, also from Stonington to Boston), and arrived at Washington at 2 P. M., April 1. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in driving about the city. Elegant barouches were furnished by the hotel livery. The next day being very clear and pleasant, the trip down the Potomac was taken, to visit the home and burial-place of George and Martha Washington. After leaving the boat, and going up the side of a green, shady hill, the tomb was reached. On looking through the iron grating, the two marble sarcophagi were seen, with plain inscriptions. In the back of the tomb was a vault, in which about thirty of Washington's relatives were buried; and in order to prevent any others being buried there, the key was thrown into the Potomac.

On the summit of the hill is the Mansion House, supported in front by a row of tall white pillars. Inside are about twenty rooms, nearly all of which are furnished. Each one is fitted up by a different State of the Union, and in a style similar to that of Washington's day. A photographer was there, and took pictures of the entire Lasell party.

On Friday, a morning drive to Arlington gave an opportunity for a brief look at the home of Robert Lee, and the National burial-ground of some sixteen thousand Union soldiers. Immediately after the return, all went to the Treasury Department, White House, the State, War, and Navy Departments. The afternoon was spent in the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum and the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. A few went to take a close view of the Washington Monument, climbing its iron stairs a few turns into the dark, but no permission could be obtained to go to the top.

Sunday, by special invitation of Mr. Suisabauh, whose courtesy provided seats in the crowded Metropolitan Church, the greater part of the company heard Dr. Newman preach a most eloquent sermon.

Early Monday morning, a few went to the Patent Office, then the rest of the day was divided between the Corcoran Art Gallery and the Capitol. The Senate Chamber, House of Representatives, Congressional Library, and the Dome were all visited. In the evening, Prof. Bragdon and several of the girls responded to an invitation from Mr. Raum, to call on his daughter, Miss Mabel Raum. It was a short call, but a very pleasant one.

At an early hour Tuesday morning, all bade adieu to the beautiful city, and started homeward. Having three hours to wait in New York, the most of the time was spent in Central Park. The next morning at breakfast-time the tired travellers had reached the Seminary.

The stay in Washington was made very pleasant by the kindness of a few friends in showing the party about. Everything conducive to their enjoyment was done by these friends. Mr. Bailey and Mr. Tupper were the chief benefactors. It was through the kindness of Mr. Bailey that the party was shown through special private rooms at the White House. How would those girls have gone to the colored church without Mr. Bailey? Then the proprietor of the Ebbitt House, where the party stopped, presented each of the company with a bouquet. Also the young gentleman should not be forgotten, who showed the girls through the Marble and Reception Rooms at the Capitol. The next time this party goes to Washington, it will find out what his name is, so that it can be put in the LEAVES with the rest. To all these people the Lasell party owes many thanks, and remains deeply indebted.

If any one inquires of one of the party if she had a nice time, she will eagerly reply, with an emphatic nod of her head, "Perfectly lovely."

E. G.

LOCALS.

FESTIVE Spring appeareth, also tennis nets, newly painted boats and mended oars.

GAY and numerous bicyclists and amateur equestrians meet Lasell pedestrians on their daily constitutionals.

THE Senior class is at last united in the dining-room, and enjoying life in a real Senior atmosphere.

SINCE the system of four-cent fares on the Cambridge horse cars, why is a passenger like an infant? Because he is in-a-cent (innocent.)

"It's a question of time" — June 16.

WHAT are human strings? Vocal chords.

THE sorrow depicted on the faces of about eight of the girls Sunday morning, March 28, caused many remarks, and upon inquiry it was found that they had been initiated into the Juniata Boat Club on the evening before.

THE Juniors are rejoicing over their class bracelets. They are of plain gold, square in shape, and have the class motto, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum," engraved on the top, and the name of each with the year, inside.

THE officers of the Lasellia Club are: President, Miss Anderson; Vice-President, Miss Burnham; Secretary, Miss Roberts; Treasurer, Miss Beckwith; Critic, Miss Langley; Guard, Miss Kingman; Assistant Guard, Miss Lowe.

PROF. RAYMOND again visited us on March 18 and 19, reading selections from "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" on the first evening, and from "Twelfth Night" on the second. The latter piece was doubly appreciated by Prof. Rolfe's class, as they had just finished studying it. In closing, Mr. Raymond made some very appropriate parting remarks to the Seniors.

Brilliant Sophomore in history class. — Robert mortgaged his "farm" to William II.

COCAINE IN SEASICKNESS.

DR. MANASSEIN, of St. Petersburg, has tested the value of cocaine as a preventive of seasickness during a recent trip at sea. Among his fellow-passengers were a man and woman very prone to the malady; but after giving them every two or three hours a teaspoonful of the following mixture — muriate of cocaine, 0.15; rectified spirits of wine, a sufficient quantity; and water, 150 parts — they were free from seasickness for the first time in their lives, although the sea was very rough for forty-eight hours. The doses were administered on starting, and continued at intervals during the trip. A child six years old, who was attacked by sickness on rising in the morning, was also treated to one teaspoonful in two doses during the first half-hour, and half a teaspoonful every three hours afterwards. A girl of eighteen, who had been sick for twenty-four hours before the drug was given, had a double dose every half-hour, and after the sixth dose she jested, and began to complain of hunger. Dr. Manassein comes to the conclusion that the cocaine is a harmless and good remedy for seasickness. — *Cassell's Family Magazine.*

MUSICAL NOTES.

NILSSON is coming back to us this year under the management of Maurice Strakosch.

PATTI is charging higher prices than ever, yet the Eden Theatre of Paris was crowded at her appearances.

WHEN you hear a young lady, who has been invited to perform on the piano, say, "Oh, I don't know how to play at all!" you can generally make up your mind that she thinks she knows it all.

PREVOST, the tenor, who has not been appreciated in North America, is to make a tour in South America this year.

GILBERT is called the "literary twin" of Sullivan.

PALESTRINA is the only composer buried at St. Peter's, Rome. He was the first to give dignity to church music.

THE tune the old cow died of: — In Scotland and the North of Ireland, this saying is very common in the mouths of the peasantry. It arose out of an old song: —

There was an old man and he had an old cow,
And he had nothing to give her;
So he took out his fiddle and played her a tune,
"Consider, good cow, consider,
This is no time of year for the grass to grow,
Consider, good cow, consider."

The old cow died of hunger, so now, when any grotesquely melancholy song is uttered, the north country people say, "That is the tune the old cow died of."

NEW ENGLAND DISTRICT SCHOOLS.

To one who has always lived in the town or city where good graded schools are supported, the old-fashioned district school would be a rare and interesting sight, for where we now have the imposing building, containing rooms for the different departments, furnished with everything useful and helpful in teaching the children, then we had the rudely built little house on the top of some high hill, or in the middle of a field; now the schools are a subject of thoughtful consideration, as it is fitting they should be with a knowledge-loving people, like the Americans. The management of the children's education is not in the hands of a few ignorant farmers, whose small purses and limited learning cause them to veto any motion which might be made in favor of improving the schools; but it is looked after by educated and interested men, who spare no pains to provide the best in the way of teachers as well as books.

The standard of the common schools is constantly being raised, and no mediocre instructor can be accepted where so many thoroughly fitted men and women are ready to fill the

places, and the text-books now used are the results of the work of the best minds, and are good, not only in subject matter, but also in arrangement, for no pains are spared to make them attractive to the student. Could there be a greater contrast than between a well regulated graded school, with its systematic methods and good discipline, and the little country school, with its rollicking set of ill-governed, noisy boys and girls!

There is something lost, however, by the change to the graded schools, for there is a competition and tendency to crowd the city student, and this often to the injury of his health, as well as mental growth. No forced knowledge is as healthful as that which is slow, healthful, and well digested. Whittier has immortalized this old-time school in his poem, "In School Days." How vividly he brings it before us!

"Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescos on its walls,
The door's worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!"

More poetical to be sure than the prosaic house of brick, for there could be nothing prettier than the old weather-beaten red house in the midst of that green field, with its long grass fenced off from the trampling feet of the children, by the low, moss-covered, vine-wreathed stone wall, and a little back of the playground, the pine grove where a merry crowd gathered on summer noons to eat the dinner brought in those small tin pails, which have hung all the morning on the row of pegs behind the teacher's desk: under the shade of the pines the hour passed all too quickly, and they reluctantly leave the well-loved games and obey the summons which call them to work. Some of these schools are still seen in the more thinly settled parts of New England, and it is like going back to primitive times to look in upon the little room full of girls and boys, who are free and happy in their simple life, and are quite content with the learning which they are able to get from the short time they spend with books; there are pupils of all ages from five to twenty, and always many more classes than studies pursued, so that the teacher's ability is taxed to the utmost to bring about good results.

She, herself, is not usually well educated, having taken a short course at some academy after leaving the little school of her native town. Obligated to make rules which will suit the infant of five as well as the youth of twenty,

she fails in all her attempts at order, and at best is only able to give a few minutes to each of her numerous classes.

The trials of a teacher in such a school are neither small nor few; she is liable at any time to be called to answer for the treatment of the children at the hands of their mates, and it is no unusual thing for an angry parent to visit the school and publicly reprimand the teacher. Then there are as many different kinds of books as there are classes, each one using the carefully preserved reader, arithmetic, etc., that was used by his father before him. To suggest a change would incur the wrath of the whole community, for were not those carefully treasured books from which father or mother learned to read, spell, and "reckon," good enough for the young folks? Surely, it would be a foolish extravagance to buy new.

The country homes are so far apart that the boys and girls are obliged to take long walks to and from school, sometimes wading through the snowdrifts, and sometimes struggling through the muddy, neglected country roads, which are often so bad that the little ones take rides over the muddiest places on the shoulders of their big brothers. But they are a healthy set who do not mind exercise of this sort; indeed, they thrive on it, because they have been brought up to work, and take naturally to all physical exertion. And it is a wonder how they can endure the poorly ventilated school-room with its red-hot stove and tightly closed windows; it may be that the air which comes from the many crevices and between the walls keeps them from feeling too uncomfortable, for in some of those winter days the wind sifted in the snow and blew about the ears of the children till they shivered with the cold, even when there was a blazing fire in the great iron stove.

Let us look at the company that gathers about the fire on a cold December morning, — boys and girls of all ages and sizes. On one side we see a tall, brawny fellow, his hands brown and hard from out-of-door work, holding on his knee the little pink-aproned six-year-old sister, who is stretching out her fat hands, blue with cold, towards the grateful warmth which comes from the open door of the stove. Then there is the pretty red-cheeked maiden, holding up her apple to be named, while the bashful youth stands a little behind her, with his hands in his pockets, waiting with deep interest to know the result of the counting, — "One I love, two I love, three I love I say." A lusty ringing of the bell by the teacher calls the loud-voiced crowd into something like order, and the school opens with the usual exercises. The little ones are seated about the stove, and one small girl is in her favorite place in the corner, where she

can put the piece of cheese that she has hidden in her pocket into the hole that a tame mouse has gnawed, near one of the beams. This mouse she guards with jealous care, lest the youngsters, being unable to restrain their desire for sport, should try their skill on her bright-eyed little pet.

The children often get restless and are sent out of doors to play, or they amuse themselves by "passing the water," as they call it. Only when they are very good are they allowed this privilege, and the little girl looks very happy as she carries the tin cup of water from one to another, filling it from time to time from the rusty pail that sat on a bench in the corner. One can almost hear the clatter of those little feet as they go back and forth among the desks till all are supplied.

It seems but yesterday that I was seated in one of those low-backed wooden desks, feeling so proud of the new dress, which was none the less beautiful to me because it was a "made-over" one, and carefully covered with the calico "tier" to keep it from being soiled.

No bangs were allowed to cover up the foreheads then, and the little people's hair was brushed slickly, soberly back, and braided in two braids behind. Sometimes, it is true, one of the girls would come to school with her front hair very frizzly, making a striking contrast to the straight locks behind; but, even as children, we could see the difference between the artificial and the real, and the simple, unpretending child seemed far more in keeping with the surroundings.

What a pity it is that we have lost our little red-cheeked country girl, plainly dressed and happy in her freedom, and have given us in her stead the pale, studious-looking city child! Is it true that education walks hand in hand with disease? If so, there must be a defect in our school system which we think so perfect. Can we afford to give up the radiant, sparkling health, which is the natural heritage of the young?

Until the graded school can give us this in addition to improved methods, its work is not complete.

M. C.

PERSONALS.

LYDIA STARR has been ill of scarlet fever.

EDITH ANDREWS is still at home, and trying her best to enjoy life.

LILLIE and NELLIE PACKARD made a short call at Lasell last month.

HELEN DYKES KNOWLES is at home in Boston, and is keeping up her vocal and violin lessons.

CLARE COMSTOCK has been in Florida, and tells great tales of rose-bushes and orange-trees

BORN March 20, a daughter — Elinor Alice — to Mrs. Alice Linscott Hall.

It looks, now, as if the class of '83 would all be present at their triennial in June.

HELEN UNDERWOOD spent her vacation with Mamie Haskell, at New Bedford, Mass.

GRACE RICHARDSON visited Winnie Adams this vacation, at her home in Concord, N. H.

ABBIE GOODALE has made a fine success as principal of the Adams School, Duluth, Min.

MAME COLSON is married, we hear, and living in Somerville — "just too happy for anything."

MARTHA L. PRENTISE and HATTIE SEIBERLING may meet their old school friends here at Commencement.

ETTA E. REYNOLDS and WILLIAM A. TAYLOR were married Feb. 25, at East Oakland, Cal., and are "at home" at the above address.

MARY BROWN, Winchendon, Mass., recently visited Lasell. She has been teaching since she left here, having twenty-five pupils in charge.

WE regret the oversight of the following announcement: Esther Frances Chase and George Z. Goodell, M. D., married Oct. 8, 1885, at Newtonville, Mass.

ARIA FLINT writes from Orange, Mass., that she would have liked to join the Washington party very much, but had previously arranged with a Raymond excursion.

NELLIE PACKARD debated whether she should join the Washington party, but like a good girl gave it up for the Church's sake and will wait a bit till "Joe" takes her!

IDA SIBLEY has given up her school and has gone to be with her brother Arthur, in New York. He has been and is very ill, so she will probably stay with him till June.

CLEMMIE BUTLER is living in Newton, but studying music at the New England Conservatory. Dr. Butler is to build a house in Newton Centre this spring; still we think Clem will be a missionary some time.

ANNA NEWKIRK writes, like the good girl that she is, from her home in Jackson, Mich., of learning housekeeping in helping her mother, and keeping up some lessons: "because I thought that mother needed me," deciding the alternative offered of going again to Lasell.

MRS. ETTA KENDRICK GLOVER died of pneumonia, at Quincy, Mass., June 15, 1885, aged twenty-five years and eleven months. Surely we know the truth of the words accompanying the above sad notice: "It is very hard for us."

"LOUISE ORRELL FRANK." Good name, Ella!

GRACE DURFEE is reported as teaching music.

WE are sorry not to see Miss Rhoads back with us this term.

BORN March 17, to Edith P. Garland, a son. A sister of Edith is entered at Lasell for next year.

MISSSES CONKLIN and STEBBINS made a brief visit here together in March. We were right glad to hear of studies or work of some sort carried beyond school.

WE hear of Nellie Alderman and Annie King as still alive and visiting one another; but not a peep to our circular. Guess they have lost the right hand.

MARY GAYLORD writes, regretting that she cannot join the European party, and gives us a word about Susie Drew — "very well this winter" — and of Lizzie Bacon, we are sorry to hear, "still an invalid."

AUGUSTINE LOWE has spent the winter at her home in Norristown, Pa. Ava has visited friends in the West, — among them Sue McCord and Emma Hansmith, of whom we are glad to hear, "well and happy."

THE European party, as it now seems, promises to be a goodly company. On the prospective list are Blanche Ford, Carrie Ebersole, — "hoping to get Annie Kirkwood, too," — Irene Sanford, Kate Hull, Etta and Mae Stafford, Flora Whitney.

MR. M. W. HENRY — Mattie's father — died very suddenly at his home, Akron, Ohio, recently, aged sixty-nine years. He was one of Akron's oldest and best-known merchants, and much respected for his genial disposition and honesty of purpose in everything with which he was identified.

LIZZIE WHIPPLE writes of the European tour, from which she is kept by her mother's health: "I should love to go, and what a fine time we would have! My very best wishes go in my stead; they will perhaps be more convenient to manage, at least they won't take so much room! I don't know whether Jennie Baker will go or not, but it is quite possible that Anna may."

STELLA SMITH STRONG, 9 Library Street, New Haven, writes: "My thoughts often turn in a very loving way to my Lasell home, and the friends who did so much for me there." She has lately visited Hattie Hanmer, who is in Hartford this winter. Together they called on Miss Mary Hanmer, at Burnside. She reports her cousin, Clara Maltby Stevens, much occupied with two fine boys, and asks, "Where is Marion Beller?"

WHO ARE THE CULTIVATED?

No words in the English language are so much bandied about in efforts to describe or classify society at the present day, as are the words "culture," "cultured," "cultivated," and their antitheses. These are the terms that intimidate the vain, selfish, illiterate rich; for to be described as "rich but uncultivated," is regarded as a greater slur upon the social standing of families than to be reported as having gained wealth by dishonesty or trickery. And then the matter is made all the harder for those willing to acquire a hypocritical polish at any expense, if they can only be "cultivated," from the fact that they do not know what true culture is, nor are they able to recognize it when they see it. They are like a person lacking in all artistic sense, who wishes to buy pictures — at the mercy of every impostor. What, then, is the secret that lies behind the demeanor and manners of the cultivated man or woman, or the cultivated family? What power or what sentiment modulates the voice to kind and gentle tones; restrains the boisterous conversation or laughter; gives such a delicate perception of the rights of others, as to make impossible the dictatorial or arrogant form of address? The impertinent question, the personal familiarity, the curiosity about private affairs, the forwardness in giving advice or expressing unmasked opinions, the boastful statement of personal possessions or qualities, the action that causes pain or inconvenience or discomfort to associates or dependants, all of which are the most common forms of transgression among the uncultivated?

In his famous address on "The Progress of Culture," delivered before a celebrated college society at Cambridge, in 1867, Emerson summed up the whole matter in one sentence: "The foundation of culture, as of character, is at last the moral sentiment." It is a fine, genuine unselfishness that, observing how all these things may pain and wound, refrains from doing any of them. The man or woman or family, who can avoid transgressing in these particulars, can do so habitually only as the result of a fine moral sentiment underlying the whole nature. And those who possess or have cultivated in themselves this fine moral sentiment of unselfishness, justice, and consideration, will be surrounded by an atmosphere of culture, though their dwelling-place be an uncarpeted cabin; while those who lack this restraining grace will be "uncultivated," though their surroundings afford every comfort, beauty, and luxury. It should be a thought of encouragement to us, and an inspiration of hope that we may possess the true and imperishable riches of a cultivated spirit, however poor and struggling our lives may be, or however barren of external beauty our sur-

roundings. Culture depends not on material possessions. In fact, the very abundance of conveniences and comforts and elegances often seems to have an injurious and deteriorating effect on individuals and families by producing in them a selfish love of personal ease and exclusiveness. On the other hand, the painful and patient economizing of humble toilers often produces an unselfishness and patience and gentleness of demeanor, which is, in effect, the very finest culture.

In these days of specialists and artists and architects and upholsterers, any one who has money can possess himself of the material surroundings of taste and culture. His house may be a "poem in stone," exteriorly, and a "symphony in color," in its interior adornments. This much of the genuine products of culture he may buy with money. But no money can buy the pearl of great price, — the cultured spirit in the individual or family, without which the most palatial mansion is but a dead and lifeless shell. Lacking this moral sentiment and culture, how many a handsomely appointed home is the abode of rudeness, unkindness, selfishness, and misery? The rude speech or cutting retort or selfish act are doubly and trebly incongruous when pictured walls and frescoed ceilings and luxurious surroundings of artistic beauty are the silent witnesses of the vulgarity. On the other hand, there is opportunity for the display of the best and kindest and most cultivated manners in the humble home where lack of suitable furnishings and dearth of conveniences put every one's unselfishness to the test.

I have frequently heard wise parents and teachers speak of the perplexity of spirit which they feel when they see that in so many instances the acquirement of accomplishments, as they are termed, fails to add any moral strength or beauty to the character of the young people in whose welfare and advancement their hearts are so entirely absorbed. This young girl sings and plays beautifully, paints and draws in a genuinely artistic manner, speaks French and German like a native, and yet she is ill-tempered and shrewish if circumstances happen to cross her inclination. Here is a young man who is possessed of a fine collegiate education, and who is also an excellent musician. Yet he can be rude and disrespectful to his mother, insolent to his father, overbearing and arrogant towards servants and subordinates, and a perfect boor to his younger brothers and sisters. Both these young persons have uncultivated spirits. So we see that the cultivation of the intellectual nature, the acquirement of accomplishments, the practice of any art, the advantages of travel, the surroundings of elegance, may or

may not tend to the genuine culture of the spirit; and as wise and earnest parents and teachers perceive this truth, they realize more and more that the great problem of culture, alike for parent and teacher, is how to develop the moral sentiment. — *From "Letters to a Daughter," by Helen Ekin Starrett.*

ART NOTES.

JAY GOULD is said to have a collection of paintings worth \$250,000.

THE American Art Association of New York has invited English artists to exhibit in its galleries next winter.

A NEW YORK art dealer estimates that the value of pictures in eighteen private galleries of that city amounts to \$6,000,000.

THE city of London will ornament Blackfriars' Bridge with four equestrian statues of kings Richard I., Edward I., Edward II., and Henry V.

THE new Rembrandt, purchased at Cologne by the Belgian government for 100,000 francs, has been placed in the Brussels Museum. It bears the genuine signature of the great master, and is dated 1656.

THE piece called "ashes of roses," which is said to have cost Mrs. Morgan \$3,000, apparently gets its color through defective firing. It was meant to be "peach blow," as appears by the lining, but was over-heated, and became the rare "ashes of roses."

THE National Academy Art Schools, New York, have two hundred pupils.

Try to form your own ideas about pictures. Compare and analyze; consider in what one picture differs from and is better than another; search out the subtleties of composition and treatment; and, moreover, try to remember them.

EASTER.

EASTER, the name given to the Christian passover and festival of the resurrection of our Lord, is probably derived from that of Ostera or Eostre, the goddess of spring, whose festival occurred about the same time of the year as the celebration of Easter.

Many discussions arose, and many changes were made by the early Christian Church, as to the time of this celebration; it was finally settled at the Council of Nice, A. D. 325.

The rule which was there adopted is still in force, that Easter Day shall be the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21; if the full moon happen on Sunday, Easter is celebrated the Sun-

day following. This arrangement makes it possible for Easter to come as early as March 22, or as late as April 25; the latter is the date for the celebration of Easter this year, and will not happen so again until 1943.

Easter, by many called the queen of festivals, has in all ages been celebrated by Christian nations with religious rites and ceremonies. With these have often been intermingled games and feasting, which, in some countries, still constitute the principal part of the Easter observances. In our country, however, this sacred anniversary is celebrated by special services in the churches, which are elaborately decorated with flowers.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Senate has passed a bill appropriating \$500,000 for a monument to Lincoln at Washington.

THE acting members of the Cabinet are all improving, and it is expected that Secretary Manning will be able to attend to his Cabinet duties in a few days.

MR. GLADSTONE'S anxiously awaited speech on the Irish question was delivered in the presence of an enormous throng on April 8. The home-rule scheme was submitted in detail.

THE wildest excitement prevailed in Belgium during the recent riots there. The mob comprised the worst elements of the populace, and the police seemed powerless to quell the disturbances.

THE effect of the great Southwestern railroad strike is felt from one side of the continent to the other. The number of men out of employment is not less than ten thousand. The loss to railroads and owners of freight is incalculable.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

IN France, the use of vaseline for butter in food preparations has, by experiments, been found to be without injurious effects.

CAUSTIC lime, ground fine and greatly consolidated, is used in some places for getting coal, where gunpowder would be dangerous.

A SCHEME of building a railway from Winnipeg to Churchill has been seriously contemplated, as a part of the Hudson Bay route to Europe. The success of this route, however, seems doubtful, on account of the large quantities of ice in the Hudson Straits.

THE submarine mineral-oil spring, discovered in the Gulf of Mexico by Captain Eden, of the British schooner "Storm King," is supposed to be the oil cargo of a foundered vessel, or it may be a natural phenomenon.

PETROLEUM has been discovered in large quantities in Upper Egypt.

THE biography of the late Charles Darwin, prepared by his son, J. H. Darwin, is nearly ready for publication, and it is believed, will contain much of the naturalist's domestic life, and his methods of investigation and researches.

A PROCESS of irrigation is being tried in Colorado, by which the soil is moistened by water being conducted through pipes laid a little below the surface, having holes at intervals, through which the water escapes. This has many advantages over flooding.

WE learn, from the *Railroad Gazette*, that fire has been kept in a closed furnace without the addition of fuel for nearly sixteen months. The furnace was banked up and sealed in November, 1884, and when opened in March, 1886, the coke was still glowing, and on admitting air, soon became hot enough to melt cinder.

THE hand grenades, so extensively used to extinguish fires, are usually filled with a solution of chemicals designed to produce carbonic-acid gas when broken. Although this gas, under certain conditions, will extinguish fire by displacing the oxygen of the air, the effectiveness of the grenades is thought to be due almost entirely to the water they contain.

EXCHANGES.

"OUT OF BONDAGE," in the *Vassar Miscellany*, is a very good story of its kind. So glad we are under no obligations to specify the "kind."

CHARLES LAMB has lately figured prominently in college journals. The *Rockford Seminary Magazine* has devoted sixteen pages to the unfortunate man! But the *R. S. M.* delights in length.

A VERY pathetic ending the author chose for "A Study for a Story." How we long to know who fried the pork for the four young sisters after Hannah's disappearance, and who will watch for her after her father's death.

WE are always glad to see a college paper filled with material from the students' brains, rather than magazine clippings. The *Rambler* of March 27 contains, we believe, not a single clipping, and the original material is as good as that to be found in any popular magazine.

THE miserable exchange editor of the *LEAVES* heartily agrees with the *Oberlin Review* on the subject of exchange columns in college papers. But then if it were abolished what would the papers fill in with when the news ran out? Would it be more agreeable or instructive to the readers if the exchange editors should take to writing on Lamb, Hamlet's madness, etc.?

THE *Yale Courant* is moaning a little on account of somebody's unjust criticism, but still remains one of our best exchanges.

THE *Harvard Lampoon* is on our table again, and, like the dear youths of the college, is the wonder, the admiration, and the laughing stock of the inmates of Lasell.

WE are pleased to notice that the Vassar poetess is in good health, and has presented the public with a charming poem entitled "I've got a Little List." Other schools besides Lasell are afflicted with Lists! What would become of us if we were punished with a poet, too?

THE *Tuftonian* of March 20 contains an interesting and instructive article on "How to Choose a Profession." An accompanying table gives an analysis of the mental qualities necessary for following the six most important professions. The quality of self-esteem is found only in the tables of the doctor, lawyer, and preacher; we judge, therefore, that all college men are fit only for these three professions.

LITERARY.

To those interested in "Boston culture" it may be of interest to know that Miss Alcott is living in Boston, and dividing her time between literary labors and caring for her paralytic father; that Mrs. Celia Thaxter is fond of Mikado, and the widow of James T. Fields is a strong spiritualist. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is a better poet than story writer.

The April *Harper's Monthly* contains a story, "Her Pilgrimage," by Charles Dudley Warner.

"The Alabama and Kearsage," "Sister Tabea" and "April's Lady," are a few attractions of April *Century*.

THE TONGUE GUARD.

IN a town near Hartford a number of young ladies have organized a novel club, which they call "The Tongue Guard." Each member pledges herself to pay a penny into its treasury every time she says anything against another person. She provides a home box for the pennies, and at the end of three months sends the contents to headquarters, where the money is utilized for charitable purposes. If every one would follow the example of the Tongue Guard, a great many poor children could be comfortably clothed for the winter. It would be rather interesting to know how this club will succeed, and the length of time it will last. — *Hartford Times*.

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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EVEN an editor-in-chief cannot complain of the fearful responsibilities depending upon her distracted brain, when she regards a senior of '86 with her thoughtful mien and grave, pre-occupied air. Poor thing, the honor and assumed dignity weigh heavily upon her delicate shoulders! She has scarcely time to breathe, yet actually wastes fifteen minutes of this precious time in telling us how excessively busy she is! Of course her essay is the bane of her present existence, and from the time, thought, and labor she expends upon this to-be-wonderful production, we predict the most dazzling results. We are thinking of re-

maining here through July, in order to read them at leisure — when they will have been laid on the (library) table. We will publish some highly edifying and interesting statistics on their varied tastes, acquirements, and general characteristics. They deserve great credit for the domestic felicity shown among their number, having lived and worked together these three years in perfect peace and concord. They are a little inclined to be "cliquey," but this is natural, if not desirable.

They are certainly a very intelligent and attractive company, and have done much for the good name and benefit of the school and clubs to which they belong. They are all on the list and certainly will be missed next year. While we see great possibilities in the class of '87, we truly regret saying good by to '86. They must leave us a tree, which will be a fitter memorial in after years than the feeble, struggling twigs representing some former classes. Though somewhat a thing of the past, we wish to thank them publicly for their gift to the school of an evening of Shakespeare by Prof. Raymond. Knowing so long in advance we were to have the two evenings, we took it for granted the second, as the first, was from the school. The editor of the LEAVES at that time was a senior, and modestly remained silent. Good by, '86! May we all meet again and hear from you often through the LEAVES.

SINCE any young woman is quite behind the times if she is not an enthusiastic lover of out-of-door sports, and these are so generally indulged in at Lasell, we wonder that none of us have persuaded our fond papas that a tricycle is the height of our present ambition and the one thing needed for our health and happiness. We will be content with our old pianos another year if he has the idea of its being a visionary girlish whim, and convince him by the *St. Nicholas* and *Century* articles, and by recommendations from personal experience in the use of this machine, of its great resources for profitable exercise and enjoyment. Tricycles are becoming very popular among sensible ladies, especially in the East, and if the Westerners are slow in adopting this, as they are many "new departures," we should

lead them to adopt the custom by sailing triumphantly into town "on three wheels," after a nine months' absence in a Bostonian atmosphere. As Eastern girls have been the first to recognize and make use of the benefits of the tricycle, when they are considered so conservative and such models of propriety, no objections could be made on this point.

We see what great pleasure the gentlemen take in their bicycles, and can we but envy them as they roll along so swift and noiselessly; startling the sleepy farmer as he jogs along in his wagon, exciting the admiration of boarding-school girls as "a wheel running away with a man" flashes by them? But a tricycle with its fair burden would be still more attractive. Picture a Lasell tricycle club in bright dresses, perhaps yellow parasols attached at a convenient angle to protect them from the too hot rays of the sun, starting forth early some Monday morning to ride to Boston and return by sundown! How charming it would be, and there is no reason why it cannot be next year! We know of one Boston girl who is coming with her tricycle, and we predict great things for the rapid demand of a similar institution from the other girls. Tennis is becoming too exclusive: why should we not have an archery club? It is one of the most graceful and moderate of games, and would make a very pleasing addition to our fall and spring recreations. Tricycling, boating, archery, tennis and walking clubs would then be the *role* of Lasell's sports.

THE International Copyright Law is being discussed so generally, that we will add our humble voice to the rapidly increasing number in hearty favor of its being passed in America. The people of the United States have been very slow in realizing their need of such a law, the injustice done to our authors, and the discredit in being the single exception to the public opinion of the civilized world in its favor. If we wish to see the practical results and benefits of the International Copyright Law, we have but to look to France for them, as since her adoption of the law, the literature of that country is in a highly prosperous condition; her authors are well paid and honored as they deserve; her books cheaper than ever before. Unless an

American writes for pleasure or honor, he can say there is no adequate compensation for his work. Those who argue against his rights make the undoubted fact that there can be no property in an idea, one of their arguments; but when ideas are wrought into new forms, clothed in the beautiful garments of expression which constitute the author's literary style, and expanded into a book, the result of hard intellectual labor, surely the author has as much right to his just dues as an inventor has to his patent. In this light it is certainly a question of right and wrong, and when the people decide that it is a moral question they must hasten to pass the law. In spite of all the discussion there has been, there seems to us to be but one side to the question. England stands ready to meet us half-way and extend to the works of our writers abroad the same protection which hers will receive at our hands. The law would be for the common benefit of the literature, authors and people of each country.

BEFORE last month's LEAVES came out with an appeal for letters from the old girls, some one anticipated our wants, and sent us a very nice letter which we publish this month. We wish to thank her, and exhort others to "go and do likewise."

APRIL, '86.

DEAR LEAVES, — Why don't we have any letters from the "old girls" nowadays? It is a long time since one has appeared; and, as I want much to hear from the girls, I am going to try to write myself in the hope that it will remind some others that they ought to also. To us who are away, the best part of the LEAVES is that which tells about our teachers and the girls "who were there when we were." It seems almost like being back again to read our school paper; the many little items bring to mind so forcibly the happy years we spent there. Indeed, after reading the "personals" and school affairs, I quite forget that I do not belong to Lasell now, but must, like so many others, be remembered with "relics of the past." Girls, who have not been to the Seminary since '80, have you any idea how vastly it has been improved and beautified since then? Unless you had a photograph of it, you can hardly imagine how great is the change in outward appearance, and the interior is correspondingly better throughout. A girl of '75 would scarcely recognize the place, if it were not for the location, which cannot be changed or improved. Nothing seems lacking now, except a new, larger chapel, and that we expect soon. Such conveniences we never dreamed of, though we might have

known they would come if Professor Bragdon remained. The gymnasium is a perfect gem of its kind, indeed, it is the first one to be found in "all the country 'round." No wonder Mattie is proud of it; the result of her planning and labor. Then the lecture-room; and those cosey kitchens, where the cooking classes practise their art, are such indispensable parts that we wonder now how our school did without them so long. Many valuable pictures that Professor Bragdon, during his travels in Europe, has bought for the Seminary, beautify the walls of chapel, halls, and parlors, adding much that is of a pleasing and elevating character. These are only some of the many additions and needed changes. Professor Bragdon's new, attractive home must be visited to be appreciated; in fact this may be said of Lasell in general. Go, and see for yourselves! But with all your fine, new fixings, you don't make us one bit envious, Lasell! We enjoyed our stay with you too much to regret that the changes did not come in our day. Yes, we are glad and proud of your success; and while our esteemed and much-loved principal and preceptress remain, Lasell will have a charm for her many pupils far and near, which nothing else can give. Hardly before we know it, girls, June will be here, and with it Commencement. Isn't it time to plan about going? Though we who were there last year need no urging or reminder on the subject, we had too good a time to question about going again. It seems as if we "young women" near Boston do not make as much effort as we might to attend Commencement, doubtless because Auburndale is so near home. Let us all try to be there this year, for we can each feel assured of a most hearty welcome, besides the real pleasure that comes from being with old friends and classmates again.

Yours always,

L. E. C.

BLUNT speaking is sometimes a painful necessity; and blunt speaking is sometimes little less than brutality. The latter fact is generally forgotten by those who pride themselves on always saying just exactly what they mean; for those to whom blunt speaking is a painful necessity do not often boast about it.

You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it, and it is when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails. — *Ruskin.*

NUREMBERG.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER was accosted by an Englishman once to this effect: "I never saw a travelling American who had not either visited Nuremberg or was not about to do so — nobody else goes there." Mr. Warner's comment on this speech was, that it was no wonder that Americans frequented it, for, next to a Briton on his travels, it was the oddest thing on the Continent. This free imperial city of three hundred years ago, surrounded by its strong wall, surrounded at present by only one hundred towers of the three hundred formerly existing, its old feudal castle on the hill, presents a strange appearance to American eyes educated and trained to the glare and matter-of-factiveness of the nineteenth century civilization. It seems to corroborate all the stories one has read of besieged towns with drawbridges to cut the inhabitants off from the enemy, while lords and ladies doled out bread to those famishing and starving citizens; or, pleasanter stories of feasts and tournaments, and chivalric feats of knights and barons. Certainly, these two Americans, father and daughter, were two elongated and widened exclamation points, which took form when passing under the old gateway of the walls, thick and massive, on to the cobbled street, so wide and clean, and lined with peaked, gabled, and tiled houses with their fascinatingly irregular windows. And, as if to remind one that any disturbance of the peace and quiet and cleanliness that prevails will be legally dealt with, stands a large, dark, gloomy, old building with unwritten dark stories protruding from every crevice. But wide streets are the exception, for now come a succession of crooked streets through which one may ramble delightfully unconscious of their destination. And how social these wells or fountains look, — of different degrees of beauty, some pretty and some ludicrous, especially the Gänse Männchen. What a host of people come up in our memories, the most conspicuous of which is sweet Gretchen, her heart filled with love for Faust, and her soul with dread and fear of the artful and wicked Mephistopheles. But, as if to drive away any suggestion of Mephistopheles, we see the beautiful churches Frauen Kirche and St. Sebalders, with their beautiful portals so elaborately and intricately carved in stone; and, entering them, the chill odor of age penetrates us and makes us anything but worshipful. So different from the Cologne Cathedral which fairly overwhelms one with its immensity, grandeur, and awful beauty. In St. Sebalders we see the artistic production of Germany's Ghiberti, Peter Vischer; and on the exterior of Frauen Kirche, the massive bas-relief of Adam Kraft representing Christ's

crucifixion, burial, and resurrection. But we have seen enough until some beer shall have refreshed us. A clean and respectable room is found, where the necessary fluid is produced by a clean and affable waitress, who proceeds to quiz the imbibers about far-off America. South America and North America are synonymous in the minds of the uneducated European; so any relatives sojourning in Brazil, California, or the North Pole are urged upon the attention of the American, with the eager inquiry as to whether he is acquainted with him, her, or it. After drinking the last drop of the delicious beer the exclamation points resume active service as we pass by Nürnberg's cobbler poet, Hans Sachs, seated in a chair of massive size, just as if he were alive, and placed in the midst of his fellow-citizens for approval. And Albrecht Dürer looms into view as he stands on a high pedestal on an eminence not far from the delightful, curious old house, where he lived and worked and was scolded by his Frau. We must do her the justice to say that later writers entirely dissipate the popular opinion as to her Zanthippe qualities. The house looks almost as if it were on stilts as the three rows of curious windows begin at a distance of ten or fifteen feet from the ground, the lower portion looking more like a barn. One does not feel guilty in being moderns when one sees the beautiful and brilliant flowers that hang gracefully from the window boxes in these dingy old houses which seem to rebuke modern frivolity. How quaint is the interior with its wainscoted walls, curious candelabra, and antique settees and arm-chairs; and what an oven the kitchen supports! The castle must next be visited, and as we toil up the hill our minds go back to Frederick Barbarossa, the red beard, who founded the castle in its present form; he whose memory is so fondly cherished and whose return is so eagerly looked for by the peasants, just as King Arthur is expected in England. Little did he think as he started forth with the cross on his shoulder that instead of perishing in some glorious battle for the Holy City he should drown in the river on his journey. Alas! we have no pleasant memory of the parts of the old castle which were shown us by an old, toothless dame, who described and explained with so much unction the horrible instruments of torture which met our gaze. Can it be possible that monsters, called men, existed who devised and saw used these fearful things for punishment of their fellow men! They are too horrible to describe, so all we can do is to be devoutly thankful that we live in Christian America, where each one can worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

We have neither time nor space to mention

the bridges over the muddy river, the Rath House with its hall just like the opening scene in the opera of "Tannhauser," the beautiful Italian house of the sixteenth century.

As a closing picture you may see father and daughter sitting pensively on the old stone wall, gazing at the little gem of a mediæval city, while the strains of the "Wedding March" of "Lohengrin" float gently to their ears.

C. S. M.

LASELLIA CLUB ENTERTAINMENT.

ON the evening of the 22d of April the Third Annual Entertainment of the Lasellia Club was given in the chapel. The committee had done everything in their power to present an excellent programme, and the success of the evening showed that their efforts were certainly not in vain.

A large and appreciative audience gathered in the chapel at the appointed hour, and it is not using too strong language to say that on this occasion the Lasellia Club fairly "outdid themselves."

The entertainment was opened by the president of the club, who made a short and appropriate address.

The debate was both very well prepared and well delivered; and although the judges gave the negative the victory, it was closely contested and difficult to decide.

The musical and literary parts of the programme were worthy of much praise, but space forbids special mention.

The magnificent basket of flowers which occupied the ebony stand at the left of the platform was the gift of the friends and members of the club, who are this year at Mrs. Morrill's, in Boston.

The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

DUO: Piano and Organ. Nocturne in E Flat.. *Chopin.*
MISS NINDE AND PROF. HILLS.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.....MISS DAVENPORT.

RECITATION: Vision of Sir Launfal *Lowell.*
MISS UPTON.

PIANO SOLO: Valse Serenade *Godard.*
MISS BAILEY.

VOCAL SOLO: The Lady of the Sea *Smart.*
MISS MUNGER.

DEBATE:

Resolved, That the American way of bringing up girls is better than the English.

Affirmative — MISSES WOODCOCK AND ANDERSON.

Negative — MISSES FOSTER AND STAFFORD.

PART II.

VOCAL SOLO: 'Tis I *Pinsuti.*
MISS PENFIELD.

RECITATION: Cataract of Lodore..... *Southey.*
MISS HAMMOND.

VIOLIN SOLO: Cavatina *Raff.*
MISS DIETRICK.

VOCAL SOLO: Spinning Song *Cowen.*
MISS LOWE.

RECITATION: Scene between Olivia and Viola.
Twelfth Night.
MISS LANGLEY.

QUARTETTE *Schubert's Serenade.*

GITHIERELA QUARTETTE.

1st Soprano MISS HOLLINSWORTH.

2d Soprano MISS J. BROWN.

1st Alto..... MISS PENFIELD.

2d Alto..... MISS MUNGER.

J. M. B.

THE WEDDING.

"ELGIN!" shouts the guard, with a rough breathing that makes it sound like a good place *not* to stop at. Still, out we go, and fall into the hands of the 'bus drivers, who, surrounding the timid stranger with the country (*i. e.*, Boston) air, urge their houses with true Western recklessness. Presently, behind a good horse, I am passing up and down streets of which I recognize nothing, whose directions even have entirely gone from me. Did I ever live here? Impossible! Wait: that is the old mill, or what's left of it, where we used to put on our skates. And we used to have to be careful not to go too near the dam! Yes, I remember. There was good skating that winter, and many weeks of it; and sleighing too! As I ride I let memory work away among the rubbish that has been so long covered, and she brings up one thing after another that I have not thought of for years and years! For, twenty-two years ago, my gentle girls, I began my teaching in that building on the hill,— the academy,— and I have not been in the town since I left it, and I am wondering how old faces and places will look. Whoa! pony! This street seems familiar. Yes, that's the Wheeler house, where the dear auntie so kindly made me at home, and where Jennie and Sophie sang "Mrs. Lofty" with sweet tones that have followed me ever since; where Jennie used to say, "Now, Charlie, don't be rash! Remember there are other days coming, and other places to see!" And so she won me, in her gentle, wise way, from foolish things on which I was now and then bent. And I sat and looked at the modest cottage, and the vines, and the rocking-chair by the window, and looked myself back into the days that seem so far away as to be part of another's life, not mine. Jennie, such a true friend as every boy needs in an older girl, sang about her work, heart full of the image of a manly man who the next year gave his strong life for our country,— oh, so fruitlessly, it has always seemed to me!— Jennie for years has done, against great odds, a brave, loving work for the world, and last month laid her down and slept. Sophie, who sang with her, and

laughed enough for all of us, was preparing for her wedding, and her Edward has long since left her. And Auntie Wheeler for years has walked alone, so far as human eyes can see, for her loving lord went, after some days, to his reward. And the brother, my principal, passed on, and left Mrs. Etta, dear Mrs. Etta, to fight her battle alone.

What changes in these twenty years! Yet I seem to myself hardly older than that boy to whom these people were so much! And Elder Gray, the large-hearted father, and Will, his darling boy, my chum, and Lizzie, the quiet sister, good for an anchor, so sure and true was she, — where are they?

Well, wake up, pony; you've had grass enough! Then I travelled faster, and found Nettie, who had the long curls. She said she was Nettie, but I saw no trace of my girlish friend. And Kit I did n't find, for she is Mrs. Daniel Inness, of Los Angeles, Cal., but I saw her picture, a strong, mature woman, and those of four fine children they said were hers. And I looked at the window of the house where I boarded, and the woman came to the door and looked at me, and dreamed of burglars that night, and fire.

Then I went to the wedding, where, doubtless, you have been wishing I would get for some time. Gail B. Johnson's residence is a delightful one, on the outskirts of the rapidly growing city. There is a large and handsome yard, a good lawn, and an air of *home*. There were present twenty-five or thirty (I guess, I did n't count) of the immediate relatives of bride and groom from New York, Connecticut, and Chicago; Bertha Morrisson and I were the only ones not of the blood. At 2.10 Bishop Cheney, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, took his stand in the bay-window of the back parlor, and the company ranged itself and became quiet. Presently the bridal couple, with the last touches of Miss Kate and Mrs. Waldo, with admonitions to keep its courage up, walked resolutely into the room and took position under the marriage-bell of roses. The groom, a stalwart, pleasant-faced, clean-shaven young man, looked gentle enough to be good to her, and strong enough to take care of her. The bride was "lovely," wore a veil which kept getting in our way at "lunch," and a white, Honiton, duchess, faille dress, with a frontispiece and a trail, and her hair done up. The Bishop married them earnestly, and I have no doubt it was as well as handsomely done. Jennie's oldest brother Gail gave her away, and all looked solemn except one graceless chap, who stood out of sight behind the others; he actually laughed, what at he did not tell — then. No one cried. There were congratulations, a most bountiful and elegant breakfast (?) and pleasant chat-

ting. One of the most comfortable weddings I ever attended; everything good, as befitted the position of the couple and their friends, but nothing stiff. Even poor awkward I was as much at home as if I had been in my office chair, giving one of you girls your well-merited talking-to; higher praise I know not how to give. The 4.30 train took eight or ten of us to Chicago, and we bade Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Milbank a cheerful (because we shall see them now and then at Lasell, they have come towards us) good by as they turned their faces toward the Palmer House, that Mecca of all newly married couples, and we ours toward work and the girls still our own. C. C. B.

A WESTERN GIRL'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE EAST.

A VERY little thing serves to form one's ideas of any place, therefore, if the Western girl had queer notions of the East, her sisters in that section of our country must forgive her, for they were quickly obliterated when she had the good fortune to come to Lasell to school.

Let us see just what she did think of the East.

It seems to her like a country many miles away and her ideas of it are very vague, till a maiden aunt from Massachusetts comes to visit her parents.

Now she knows exactly what Eastern people are like. Oh, yes, they are very learned; the ladies all wear glasses and straight skirts with no trimming. They talk very nicely, but in one thing they are at fault, for their r's are always dropped when they ought to be pronounced, and often pronounced when they ought to be left alone. It does sound so queer to hear her aunt say, "Violer" and "Mariar" when addressing her two sisters.

There are a great many sailors and shoemakers among the men, for most of our shoes come from New England.

The cities must be very queer, as the buildings are low, ancient ones, and the streets very narrow and crooked. At least, this is the way she has pictured them.

The scenery might be pretty but there are so many rocks that one cannot ride out with any comfort to enjoy it.

Then how disagreeable the stone walls must be, which of course make it impossible for one to look out of her own yard. To be sure it is a good way to use the stones and rocks, but delicate iron fences, like those we have in the West, must be so much prettier.

But now she has the prospect of soon seeing this far-away East, and judging for herself of its merits and demerits. She boards a train, which — as is usual in the West — is an hour late. "How uncomfortable travelling is!" she says. But as she goes farther from familiar objects her attention is drawn to the scenery, and she soon forgets her woes. Why,

where are the rocks, the immense bowlders that she had expected to see in the fields, yards, and roads?

To be sure there are a few stones lying around, but these seem nothing to eyes which have been accustomed to seeing the same kind always. She asks her companion how long it will be before they pass through the region where stone walls take the place of fences; and when told that these are the stone walls of which she had heard, she wonders that they are not six feet high as she had imagined them.

The conductor tells her the train is on time. Can it be possible! A train on time! Well, this is indeed an unusual country. But what are those signs, "Not a public way, dangerous," which are to be seen at almost every station? Are the people not allowed to go wherever they want to without being in danger? Things are growing stranger and stranger. At last she reaches Boston, the Hub, the ideal Eastern city. The buildings are a great deal higher than those of her imagination, and really one or two are very handsome. And the streets are not quite as narrow as she expected, for two carriages can pass without danger of a wheel being taken off.

How different the people are from those of her dreams; scarcely a pair of glasses or a plain skirt is to be seen.

Yet they do look very cultured, and would seem so if they only begged pardon after they have almost thrown one down in passing by.

She soon learns that the East is the best place for musical advantages and good schools, and she decides to spend as much of her life in it as possible. G. S.

PERSONS who have a superstitious dread of Friday will not be pleased to learn that this is a thoroughly Friday year. It came in on a Friday, will go out on a Friday, and will have 53 Fridays. There are five months in the year that have five Fridays each; changes of the moon occur five times on a Friday, and the longest and the shortest day of the year falls on a Friday.

THE truest measure of a man's real self is the ideal which that man has before him, to reach out after and to strive for. A man is to be estimated by the standard which he recognizes as really worthy of his aspirations and his endeavors. What he would like to be, proves, in a sense, what at heart he is. To say that a man does not come up to his ideal, is to say that his ideal is always higher than the plane of his present living; but so long as a man has a lofty ideal to look up to, he has in himself the elements of nobleness which are represented in that ideal. What a man is striving to be, is more truly himself than what he seems to be.

SENIOR STATISTICS.

Names.	Age.	Height in Gloves.	Weight in Socks.	Color of Hair.	Color of Eyes.	Nick- names.	Nation- ality.	Temper- ance.	Total Abstinence.	Politics.	Height of Collar.	Standing Jump.	Vault.	Favorite Occupation.	Favorite Author.	Favorite Drink.	Favorite College.	Engaged?
Rachael P. Allen.....	16 Years.	Still growing.	100 lbs.	Strawberry blonde.	Green.	Rate.	Cosmo- politan.	N-no.	What's that?	Prohib.	4 in., made to order.	1 in.	17 centi- meters.	Reading <i>Lampoon</i> .	Marcus Aurelius.	Whiskey "filing."	Princeton.	Alas!
Nellie T. Babb	34 Summers.	8 feet.	310 lbs.	Brown.	Pink.	Babbie.	Irish.	Not sure.	?	Mugwump.	5 in.	4 ft.	6 gas meters.	Studying.	A. C. Green.	Cold water.	Univ. of Pennsylv'a.	No!!
Mollie E. Coe	Sweet sixteen.	5 ft. 5 in.	Never wear them.	Mud color.	Blue(?)black.	The widow.	Hindoo.	O yes (?)	M-I dunno.	Republican.	Subdued.	Indulge only in mental gymnastics.	Indulge only in mental gymnastics.	Flirting.	Josh Billings.	Milk and water.	Vale.	"I am a lone widdler."
Maggie Coutts.....	Sweet sixteen.	1½ yds.	95½ lbs.	Can't tell; color blind.	Mixed.	Gret- chen.	Scotch.	Yes-es.	I think so.	Democrat.	Don't wear none.	18 in.	Prefer cre- mentation.	Sharpening Bowie knives	(Breakfast) Bacon.	H2 O.	Not par- ticular.	Horrors, No!
Helen L. Davenport ..	Sweet sixteen.	70 c. m.	150 lbs. 3 in.	Changeable.	Ecrue and Maroon.	Szeelen.	Pre- Adamite.	Yes!	"The same!"	"St. Johnner."	Laydowner.	?	Stick on the bar.	Eating.	Oscar Wilde.	Milk of human kindness.	Andover.	She won't tell.
Blanche Theodora Ford	Sweet sixteen.	1 rod.	92 lbs.	Striped.	Hazel.	Fedora.	Buddhist.	No.	Strictly.	Another Dem.	6 ft. (height of "caller").	2 ft.	Can't.	Missing trams.	George Eliot.	Adams House coffee	Dart- mouth.	I really forget.
Gertrude F. Penfield ..	Sweet sixteen.	Just up to his shoulder.	I never get weighed.	"Punkin" color.	"Dreamy."	Pen.	Amer. Indian.	"No," said Little Robert Reed.	Are you?	For Belva.	Wear red flannel.	Standing joke.	"Another insult to fam- ily pride!"	Talking.	Juvenal.	Adam's ale.	Wesleyan.	I cannot tell a lie.
Marietta Rose	Sweet sixteen.	Unmention- able.	Fairbanks busted.	Tow head.	Happy combination.	Rosie	Hibernian.	?	When I'm not thirsty.	Conserv. Progress. Radical.	Enough for good support	Doctor forbids.	The same.	Demonstrat- ing original theorems in Geometry.	Ouida.	Lemonade.	Newton High School.	No one will have me.
Eta I. Stafford	Sweet sixteen.	6 cord ft.	3 doz. pair.	English check.	Skin-milk blue.	Stiff.	Nihilist.	No, — Dem- ocrat.	Depends.	Home Rule.	Always wear a cuff.	Gym roof too low.	3 in.	Body snatching.	Watts (in your mind).	Murdock's Food.	"Toughis" College.	Yes, to three.
Cornelia M. Williams..	Sweet sixteen.	Short, but sweet.	Wait till I think.	Gray.	Nile green.	Nene.	Saxon.	Ye-up.	N—yes.	Plenty of Greenbacks.	No belief in new-fangled notions.	Champion.	Height the foot-board.	Distributing tracts.	Byron.	Seminary chocolate.	Amherst.	Yes.

ASSOCIATES AND FRIENDS.

. . . All people, old or young, are influenced in conduct somewhat by their associates and friends; but young people especially are susceptible to the influence of example. And it is a painful, but well-known fact, that young people are much more easily and quickly influenced by bad example than by good. One frivolous, vain, forward, pert young girl, coming for a season into association with a company of young people, may in a few short weeks make her impress on the manners and conversation of the whole of them. Her slang expressions will be adopted; her loud manners and eccentricities of dress will be imitated; her frivolity and dislike for any of the various duties of life will prove contagious.

For you, and for any young girl, I would consider dangerous and harmful. intimate as- sociation with:—

1. The young girl, who, either from circum- stances or natural disposition, does not com- pel herself, or is not compelled, to do some- thing—to study her lessons and take some useful share in everyday duties. "Nothing to do is worse than nothing to eat," said a great man, Thomas Carlyle; and observing parents or teachers know this to be especially true of young people. It makes no difference that they don't want to do anything or to exert them- selves. The very absence of exertion makes them weak and indisposed to effort. It is a lamentable lack at the present time, among a large proportion of the daughters of comfort- able and refined homes, that they have small physical strength and no qualities of endurance at all. "They are all tired out" if they sweep and dust or do housework for an hour or two, or take a half-mile walk on an errand, or sew continuously for an hour. Very likely they will want to lie down and rest an hour after such exertions. This is all the result of unex- exercised muscles and mental indolence. That mother was quite right, who, when her board- ing-school daughter complained that it made her arms ache to sweep, replied: "Well, you must sweep till it does n't make them ache." Mind and body both grow strong through ex- ercise. Unexercised muscles, of course, will be weak and flabby and tire easily. But the young girl whom it tires to work is most likely on the *qui vive* about some folly or other nearly all the time. Lack of healthful mental and bodily occupation and stimulus will almost cer- tainly produce a craving for unhealthy excite- ment. Such a girl is apt to be constantly plan- ning for mere pleasure and to have a "good time." And, oh! what an unsatisfying, un- worthy aim in life is this, and how pernicious in its effects! Pleasure and "a good time" are all very well, but unless they are partaken of sparingly they produce a mental effect sim-

ilar to that which the constant use of desserts and sweetmeats, instead of plain, substantial food, would produce in the physical system. Association with the idle and mere pleasure seekers is therefore to be guarded against, for their influence cannot but be harmful.

2. Although perfection is not to be expected in any companion or associate, yet there are certain defects of character which are so grave that parents cannot afford to encourage their children in associating with those who exhibit these in a marked degree. Untruthfulness, the habit of gossiping about friends or acquaintance, or divulging family privacies, sullenness and moroseness under reproof, rebellious and disrespectful expressions and conduct toward parents and teachers, indifference to the good opinion of sensible people, as shown by unusual and startling conduct in public places,—all such things mark the undesirable associate for young girls. But there are young girls against whom none of these complaints could be made, who are undesirable companions because they are wholly absorbed in love of dress and display, and desire to be admired and noticed. It is generally among this class that we find young girls who prefer, to an unreasonable and unbecoming extent, the society of young men to that of their own sex. It is among these that we find the young lady who does not know how to prevent undue familiarity in the conduct of young men; who will tolerate, without disapprobation or protest, rude conduct on the part of young men. This over-eagerness for their society, and easy toleration of too familiar conduct and conversation, young men, who are quick discerners in such matters, are very apt to take advantage of. Only the best and most high principled among them will refrain from doing so. I have spoken of the influence that a frivolous, vain, selfish companion will be sure to exercise over those with whom she is intimately associated. On the other hand, I should rejoice to see you form friendships with good, high-minded, intelligent, gentle-mannered girls, and should hope that you would eventually emulate and stimulate each other in all worthy aims and ambitions. Such friendships, however, are seldom hastily formed. The gushing and violent attachments that spring up between girls are sure to be of mushroom growth and duration, unless there is genuine character and merit in both. During the period of the continuance of such friendships, a great deal of "selfishness for two" is often developed and manifested. Here is one of the best tests of the true character of a young girl: her conduct in the house where she is a visitor. If she is truly well-mannered and kind-hearted, she will certainly be on her guard to conform to the hours and habits of the household where she is a guest; she will

avoid making any demands upon the time of her friend that would cause that friend to neglect her daily duties or put to inconvenience the other members of the family. She will divide her attentions with all the members of the family, having special regard for the very young or the very old. She will, above all things, be prompt and punctual at meal-times.

If one wished thoroughly to understand the character of any young girl, no better test could be applied than to invite her to a three weeks' family visit. . . .

From "Letters to a Daughter," by Helen Ekin Starrett.

THE LASELL PARTY FOR EUROPE

Is almost complete. The party of 1882 had the number which this now has only at the first of June. That of '84 had nine members at this time of the year. This has now twenty-four, besides Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon. The prospect, therefore, is that more will apply than Mr. B. will want to take, though we don't know if his good-nature ever says "No" in the European parties as it is obliged to in refusing pupils for Lasell.

The names so far enrolled are:—

Carrie A. Carpenter, May Bigelow, Jennie Brown, Nellie Brown, Nellie Phillips, Charlena Tidd, Kate Hull, Blanche Ford, Etta Stafford, Mae Stafford, Mrs. T. S. C. Lowe, Flora Whitney, Mrs. Whitney Evans, Mr. Whitney, Miss C. Hanson, Stella Toynton, Carrie Ebersole, Mrs. Annie Bragdon, Mrs. H. T. Wilbur, Jenny Wilbur, Emma Johnson, Kate Ellis, Kate Scudder, and one other.

Mr. B. says about twenty-five would make a nice party, ten to go north and fifteen to go south. As it now stands, twelve are going north, nine south, and three are not yet heard from. A circular advises steamer trunks to be not over thirteen (better twelve) inches high and slippers not to be worn outside of bedrooms! Sounds like Lasell—a little! It seems to us something great to think of being on the very best and fastest of all the great ocean steamers, the queen of all the boats, the wide world over. Such is the "Etruria," on which our party goes. And to think of going leisurely and comfortably almost within ten degrees of the highest latitude ever reached by men, with all their trying and crying, their freezing and their dying! And to see the sun where it does not go down! To be so near the top of the globe that you can see all around it, as it were! See the sun in its entire daily course, speaking after the manner of men. We envy the party of '86.

The same route was estimated by a tourist firm to be worth \$825; Lasell's price, even in this highest-priced boat, is \$760.

The advantage of party travel was well illustrated in our trip to Washington. Special cars,

with their privacy and freedom among ourselves, were given us. Special 'buses and carriages, and special permits and attention. Two girls once tried to get trunks to Fitchburg R. R. between 2 and 3 o'clock. "We can't do it," was the answer, but twelve of us going together had a special wagon at once put at our service.

LOCALS.

REGRETS to Booth and Salvini!

THE serenaders at Lasell have been quite novel and amusing; their cheers were proof conclusive that they came from Harvard.

CONGRATULATIONS to the Seniors. "*En Avant*" is their class motto.

LASELL'S wreck-creation—A walk to Boston.

THE voice of the hand-organ is heard in the land.

MANY of the girls are putting their trust in the all-predominating yellow, hoping it will bring them good luck before the end of the year.

THE A. B. C.'s have been minutely surveying every girl with reference to filling the vacancies in their boat-club.

AN innocent Senior asked Miss C—— in class, the other day, if "loaded dice" were explosive.

THE required work in the gymnasium was finished last week. The measurements show immense increases, especially in size of waists and arms. It is almost with regret that we lay aside Indian clubs and wands, and take such substitutes as oars and racquets.

MR. ARTHUR KNAPP has given here a very interesting course of six lectures on Art and Architecture.

A LARGE party left the Seminary for Plymouth, Monday morning, May 10, and returned in the evening looking very tired, but all reporting a good time.

WANTED! Locals and Personals!

WONDERFUL PEDESTRIANISM!! We feel that this ought to be printed in capitals, with exclamation points after each letter, for be it known that a party of six Lasell maidens, consisting of Misses Russell, Ninde, Dietrick, Upton, Foster, and Munger, walked to Boston Monday, May 3, taking a circuitous route, and covering over fifteen miles before their return. The party left the Seminary at half past eight, and were comfortably seated in the Adams House not long after twelve, after having spent a half-hour in recuperating at Newton. All returned to Auburndale safely, and as yet we have heard of no ill effects. They are evidently trying to redeem the reputation of American girls as pedestrians.

PERSONALS.

MR. A. H. SEABURY, Mrs. Haskell, Mrs. Geo. E. Haskell, and Mamie Jones called to see Miss Haskell a short time ago.

MISS MAMIE HARMON and her friend, Mr. Charles Helliet, came to see her old school-home in April. They take their wedding tour abroad in July.

MISS LULU WELLS expects to return from abroad in June, and will stop at Lasell on her way home.

MISS LILLIE FULLER and her mother have been quite ill; both are reported much better now.

NELLIE ALLING is amusing herself with a class of music pupils.

MRS. ANNIE KENDIG PIERCE sends birthday cards of "Carrie Mildred Pierce," March 14, 1886.

MISS GERTRUDE PENFIELD was first contralto in the cantata of "King Rene's Daughter," given at West Newton. Miss Munger also sang in it.

SUSIE DREW, of Plymouth, Mass., made a brief visit here a few days since; also Annie Williams, of Canton, Mass. Miss Williams has been the last year pursuing her studies in Berkley School, Boston.

MYRA LEE and Mrs. J. L. Balcom (Addie Smith), pupils of 1878-9, returned for the first visit since, in April. Both are residents still of Athol, Mass.

MRS. VAN HARLINGEN (Alice Dunsmore), Richmond, Indiana, finds time to make herself useful beyond her home, with her cultivated voice.

IRENE SANFORD, Brockton, Mass., regrets that congratulations on her European tour are not in order.

LOU BROWN has been visiting her married sister in Cincinnati this winter.

ALICE HOUSE is reported as "always studying good books."

CARRIE EBERSOLE has been visiting Louise Tribley, and reports her well and happy at her home.

MARION E. GILMORE, a graduate of '76, visited Prof. and Mrs. Bragdon recently, and her health is so far regained that she hopes to begin teaching again in September.

MRS. VIRGINIA JOHNSON MILLBANK and her husband called upon Annie Kirkwood, in Minneapolis, on their wedding tour.

WE are sorry to lose Miss Fuller, and would almost be willing to continue gymnastics through the warm months that she might remain with us.

MARRIED.

AT Elgin, Illinois, April 22. Mr. Isaac Milbank and MISS VIRGINIA L. JOHNSON.

AT Winthrop Street Methodist Church, Boston Highlands, May 4, Mr. George F. Kellog and MISS CARRIE KENDIG.

AT the residence of the bride's parents, April 17, Mr. J. J. Reilly, of New York, and MISS CAROLINE GOOD.

AT Greenfield, Mass., April 29, Mr. Napoleon B. Jarvis, of Holyoke, and MISS HATTIE L. JOSLYN. She was a Lasell girl in '74.

MISS CARRIE KENDIG, eldest daughter of Rev. A. B. Kendig, of Winthrop Square Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston Highlands, and a graduate of Lasell Seminary in 1879, was married to Mr. Geo. F. Kellog, Tuesday evening, May 4, at her father's church. The wedding was a very elegant, full-dress affair, and the bride looked very pretty, as, to the accompaniment of the wedding march, she came up the aisle, leaning on her father's arm, dressed in white satin with a long train and a veil still longer. She was married by Bishop Foster, her father giving her away. There were no bridesmaids. The guests were taken in carriages to the parsonage on Dale Street, where the bride and her parents received until 11 o'clock. The house was thrown open and profusely decorated with flowers, especially the parlors and supper-room where the nicest entertainment for the inner man was provided. A band discoursed sweet music behind a barricade of plants and flowers in a corner of the parlors, "And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Mrs. Pierce, formerly Miss Kendig, and a graduate of 1880 at Lasell, a sister of the bride, was present with her husband. She declared that she did not bring her six-weeks'-old daughter because, if the baby were present, no one would look at the bride. Miss Irene Sanford, also a graduate of Lasell, was among the guests, and Miss French, a pupil of some years back.

The occasion seemed to be in every sense a happy and successful one, as we trust its future results will be to the two young persons most concerned.

THE following is a list of the Lasell Washington Party:—

Annie Angell, Oxford, Mass.; Minnie J. Bigelow, Webster, Mass.; Iza. S. Brann, 14 Thomas Street, Bangor, Me.; Bertha L. Childs, 409 Haverhill Street, Lawrence, Mass.; Lila H. Coleman, 188 Pleasant Street, Halifax, N. S.; Maggie Coutts, Weatherford, Tex.; Leah Coutts, Weatherford, Tex.; Louise G. Dietrick, 1001 Madison Avenue, Covington, Ky.; Ada L. Dunaway, Carbondale, Ill.; Edith I. Gale,

Newton, N. H.; Dr. S. F. Hance, 720 Sixth Avenue, S., Minneapolis, Minn.; Elizabeth W. Hance, 720 Sixth Avenue S., Minneapolis, Minn.; Eugenie E. Hart, Oxford Street, N. W. Arm, Halifax, N. S.; Jessie W. Hayden, 53 Trumbull Street, East Hartford, Conn.; Josephine A. Johnson, Johnsonville, Conn.; Nellie A. Kidder, Bangor, Me.; Mary L. Neiler, 516 S. Eighth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.; Sarah J. Perkins, Hyde Park, Mass.; Lucy Phelps, 124 Sixteenth Street, S., Minneapolis, Minn.; Martha E. Ransom, 16 Park Avenue, Williamsport, Pa.; Irene G. Sanford, Brockton, Mass.; Grace I. Seiberling, 512 E. Market Street, Akron, Ohio; Bertha A. Simpson, 414 Central Street, Lowell, Mass.; Florence H. Simpson, Weatherford, Tex.; Kittie E. Toynton, 294 Park Street, Detroit, Mich.; Minnie Ward, Academy Street, Auburn, Me.; Edith R. Ward, Academy Street, Auburn, Me.; Mary E. Wood, 252 General Taylor Street, New Orleans, La.; C. C. Bragdon, Auburndale, Mass.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A VIOLONCELLO by Guarnerius, which formerly belonged to the late M. Servais, has recently been sold in Brussels for £1,200.

NORMAN NERUDA, Joachim, Strauss, and Piatti are the string quartet which has enchanted London recently.

THE Leipzig Conservatory is to build a grand new edifice in that city.

MR. CHARLES GOODWIN, of Brussels, has taken out a patent for printing from music type by electricity.

GRASSINI was the first female singer who appeared on the Italian stage with a contralto voice. that part having been previously sustained by men. Her tones, though purely feminine, were so new that they were received with distrust, and some time elapsed before the audience was reconciled to a voice which it thought altogether too low for a woman.

A NOVELTY of a recent programme in New York was Moschele's "Les Contrastes," a piano-forte quartet for eight hands.

JENNIE LIND's son is a British army officer.

PATTI peeped out from behind a stage curtain in Amsterdam, where she had been announced to sing, one evening recently, and saw that her audience was composed of two persons only. The economical Hollanders were shocked at the price of tickets, and stolidly stayed away. It is needless to add that the lovely prima donna did not sing; and that if not wiser when she left the place, she was at least very indignant.

A LITTLE English street girl, in studying her Sunday-school lesson, came to the words: "And the king of Nineveh covered himself with sackcloth, and sat in ashes." This was a puzzler. Finally she said, "Papa, what kind of ashes is satin ashes, that the king covered himself with?"

ART NOTES.

MUNKACSY's picture, representing the death of Mozart, which has excited so much interest in Paris during the last few months, has been despatched to Buda-Pesth. Munkacsy has just finished a portrait of Liszt, which is to be placed in the Prague Museum.

THE great landscape, "Ipswich Shore," of W. L. Picknell, belonging to the Boston Art Museum, will appear in the approaching Royal Academy Exhibition in London. At the same time a large figure, painted by Mr. Picknell at the beach last summer, has been given the centre of the large room at the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, the place of honor.

ROSE TURNER has opened a studio for the summer at Salem.

THE managers of the Philadelphia School of Design, by a unanimous vote, have elected Miss Emily Sartain, daughter of John Sartain, the famous steel engraver, to be principal of the institution.

PRANG's war pictures are the latest form of war reminiscence. Each of these pictures illustrates a memorable and dramatic episode of the war of the Union. They will appear in a series of eighteen. The first will consist of twelve battles on land, by T. de Thulstrup, our American Neuville, and six naval battles by J. P. Davidson, the most popular of our marine artists. These pictures will be uniform size, 17 x 23½ inches, executed in all the colors, and with all the spirit of the originals.

WINTHROP PIERCE will shortly start on an artistic tour of Scotland, England, and France, returning to Boston in the autumn. He will visit some of the most beautiful of the English midland counties, and the public will doubtless have an opportunity to testify to the good use he makes of his well-earned outing.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A NATURAL bridge has been discovered in Arizona.

HOP vines have been found to be the best substitute yet obtained for rags in making fine paper.

OWING to the large quantities of Chinese cloisonné work taken from the empire, it is now cheaper in Europe and America than in China itself.

ACCORDING to a patent law now existing in Japan, the Japanese inventor can protect his invention by the payment of about fifteen dollars.

THE *Science News* tells of a costly fossil, an archæopteryx, found in a quarry near Solenhofen, which has been sold to the Berlin Museum for about five thousand dollars. The skeleton is quite perfect, and is on a slab eighteen inches long by fifteen inches wide.

A NEW explosive has been invented by F. Redtenfacluer, a mining engineer in Austria. This powder, known as "miline," contains the elements of ordinary powder, but in different proportions, and has the advantage that it can only be ignited by spark, and burns with little smoke.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE substance of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill is that an Irish Parliament of a single chamber be established at Dublin. To this Parliament will be handed over the whole administration of Ireland, together with the exclusive right to legislate on Irish affairs. This Parliament shall impose, remit, and collect all taxes levied in Ireland, but it shall not have the power to impose a protective tariff which would close the Irish markets to English goods. The Irish members of Parliament will only sit in the House of Commons when questions involving imperial consideration are under discussion. The bill is meeting with strong opposition, but it is hoped that, with modifications, it will be passed after the second reading.

MANY of Mr. Gladstone's staunchest supporters express the conviction that the Land-Purchase Bill will be dropped.

GREECE has decided upon war. All the ambassadors have departed from Athens. The powers have given orders to their fleets to blockade the Greek ports.

THE strikes on the Gould lines in the Southwest resulted in a decided failure for the Knights of Labor.

THE movement for eight hours as a day's labor is being carried out in many of the cities. In Chicago it is estimated 30,000 men are striking for the eight-hour move. Serious riots have occurred there, resulting in loss of life and much injury.

ANOTHER attempt has been made to burn Mandalay, Burmah. The loss is considerable.

EXCHANGES FOR MAY.

ONCE more we greet our friendly exchanges. Spring has wrought but little change in them, and the *Owl* hoots, the *Cynic* sneers, and the *Sentinel* challenges your admiration as usual.

THE *Kent's Hill Breeze* has dwindled to such a zephyr that its presence has not been felt at all this month.

THE literary brilliance of the *Sunbeam* has not yet destroyed our eyesight.

THE *College Cabinet*, one of our best exchanges, presents an exhaustive diagnosis of the Class of '86. The idea is decidedly unique, and must afford the members of the class unbounded satisfaction to be placed in so attractive a light before the public gaze. We commend the gentleman possessing "amber locks" to the sympathy of our readers.

IN the *Tuftonian* for April 20 can be found a paper entitled "A Western Roundup," which contains more truth than any other article on the same subject that has ever come under our observation. "How College Papers conduct Themselves," in the same issue, might be read with great profit by embryo editors and members of publishing associations.

THE *Beacon* contains a well-written essay on the "Life and Works of Charlotte Brontë." The sad life and remarkable literary productions of this talented woman will ever be favorite subjects for compositions.

THE *College Transcript* blossoms out in a fine new dress for the Easter number. The worth of the paper is not all in the cover either. Besides publishing a good article on "German Universities," and another on "Dante," it gives its two pictures, one of Ex-President Merrick, and another of President C. H. Payne. The cuts represent the gentlemen as educated men and not bandits, and in this respect differ from the generality of paper cuts.

THE *Hamilton College Monthly* is decidedly our best exchange from a female college. It is filled with original articles, and often publishes poems written by young ladies of the college. By the way, has n't our poet been found yet?

THE two prize essays appearing in the April *Aurora* are of very high grade, even for that publication.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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1 "	12.00	19.00	25.00

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AUBURNDALE, the pride of our hearts, the village we love, fairly outdid herself this spring and summer in her native beauty. The country and our own attractive grounds could not have been lovelier than they were during Commencement week. The smooth, rolling lawns, boxes and baskets of flowers all along the piazzas; the house, as cheerful and homelike as ever, thrown open to visitors; perfect weather; friends and relatives arriving at all hours; every one in good spirits, especially the Seniors in their week's vacation; concerts,

club suppers, Class day, all passing off as creditably as could be desired. There was nothing to mar our enjoyment but the thought of leaving those to whom we had become so attached. Such was Commencement week; may it always be thus and may we all live to enjoy another!

Our first year of boarding-school life, away from home and mother, — within the classic walls of Lasell, in her fostering care and tender keeping, — is over. What a world of experience we have had! We look back to our delight, expressed and felt with all we saw on arriving. The novelty of seeing so many girls of every imaginable type, from all corners of the United States, together for a year's common work, our varied and often mistaken impressions of the different characters. It was not hard to judge what home training the different girls had received. Some were evidently the only children of very indulgent parents, and did not quite like being "one of many," — receiving the same attention as the most humble. They had been made to consider themselves the centre of all that was attractive, to have their whims and wishes indulged in every particular; but in less than a week they were forced to admit that others were as gifted and more worthy of notice than themselves, and that common-sense, cheerfulness, sincerity, honesty, and application were more desirable than beauty, style, wit, or brilliancy. Many found it easy to complain of anything that did not just suit their fancy or comfort, without thinking whether it was agreeable or courteous to those about them. All who came with an intention to do their part, a desire to help and be helped, must have gained in physical, mental, and moral growth more than they probably are aware of. Our ideas of the reality of character, the responsibility of doing our work faithfully and well, of making our influence in the spreading of truth and right felt, must have become fixed, and our views of life and work broadened. We should profit by our experience, because less selfish, more conscious of our own faults, more blind or generous to those of others, bless the life-long friendships we have made, and be made truer and better women.

THE Senior reception was a very delightful affair. The dignified Seniors were marvels of loveliness in their elegant toilets. The gay and festive Juniors were exceedingly attentive and seemed to be enjoying their privileges to the fullest extent. The grounds were brilliant with lanterns. The band discoursed sweet music, wafting strains of "Nanon, dear Nanon" to the poor, neglected, abused "specials" and underclass men shut in their (?) rooms. Why, oh why can we, do we not have more receptions for those who will never be Seniors and Juniors? We earnestly hope that next year will bring a change in this direction.

THE European party went off with flying colors on Thursday morning, June 17. The boat left the wharf at 11 o'clock, parents and friends with tearful but smiling faces, waving them a fond good-bye, and with us all wishing them a *bon voyage*.

AMERICAN GIRLS.

RESOLVED, that the American way of bringing up girls is better than the English.

(SECOND ON THE AFFIRMATIVE.)

THE faults of the American girl! Alas, you know them too well. Here she is, right around you every day. But the English girl! Most of us have never seen her; we have read of her in books, and she is to us a creature of the imagination, of theory and romance. All the charms of English life cluster about her, she seems to stand for them all. Invested in this "light that never was on sea or land," her faults are invisible and she looks to the fond eye of fancy a maiden as sweet, fresh, innocent, and pure as a moss rosebud with a drop of dew upon it. Let us think if we are not doing an injustice to the live creatures of flesh and blood around us by comparing them with this fancy picture — this being of the imagination.

The poor American girl! How she has been slandered, just because a few girls of the Daisy Miller type have gone abroad and acted so indiscreetly. We wish that those girls who have given us our unenviable reputation

abroad might go around labelled in some manner, that foreigners might know they are not what we call the typical American girl. And where shall we look for this much-talked-of maiden? It is in her own home that she must be sought. If the foreigner so often imposed upon with the spurious article could but see her as she really is, he would soon realize how mistaken his impressions had been. He would find her bright, versatile, graceful, pretty, yet intelligent, sensible, and good, fond of society and fun, but also fond of her Longfellow and Hawthorne, devoted to father and mother, and with an earnest wish to lead a useful and unselfish life.

What do the English themselves most want in their women? It is desirable that they be beautiful and accomplished if possible, but their chief characteristic must be perfect submission. In Milton's Eve we find the Englishman's conception of what is excellent in woman. Of her, Adam said, —

"For well I understand in the prime end
Of nature, her the inferior."

The angel's admonition to him is: —

"Weigh with her thyself,
Then value, oft times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head."

This counsel is followed by Englishmen of to day.

To make their women so dependent and submissive, they must be kept secluded and protected from the world. The world, as the English girl sees it from the windows of her father's charming country home, is very different from the real world. She knows nothing of its vastness, of its evil. The result of such training is a creature often charming and beautiful, sometimes learned, but *not* fitted for the wear and tear of ordinary life. Such a hothouse growth as has been described, however delightful the production may be, is not natural, and therefore, in the long run, cannot be a success.

From one protector, her father, she goes to a second, her husband. Where is the American girl who would wish to change places with her fair English sister and have it continually drummed into her head all her girlhood, that her chief aim and whole duty was to make an advantageous marriage? Thackeray tells us that the English girl starts out with the doctrine, "I am to have a wealthy husband," the article of faith in her catechism is, "I believe in elder sons, and a house in town and a house in the country." Such is the case in England, and still worse, the right of selection of a husband is reserved for the fond papa and the doting mamma. Beauty and accomplishments have but little weight in the marriage market there; it is mainly a matter of dowry.

It is no uncommon thing to find six and seven old maids in one family, just for the want of a dowry. We are told that those incomparable satires of Thackeray which "denounce more in sadness than in anger" the customs that prevail over marriage in England are only too true, and that the shades in his sad pictures are not even dark enough.

We would recall the story of the beautiful and queenly Ethel Newcome. You remember how her grandmamma is bound to marry her off to Lord Farintosh in spite of Ethel's repugnance. One day she went with her grandmother, "that rigorous old Lady Kew," to a water-color exhibition, and seeing upon one of the pictures there a green ticket with the word "sold" upon it, without the knowledge of her grandmother, she carries it off and fastens it in the front of her white muslin frock before she appears at dinner the same evening. When her grandmother questions her what this strange fancy means, she makes the dowager a deep courtesy, and turning to her father, says, "I am a '*tableau vivant*,' papa." "In England, one sees many a poor Ethel who needs no green ticket on her breast to tell the story of her barter." An Englishman says: "Hyde Park is the richest and most shameful marriage market in the world. Men stand by the rails, criticising with perfect impartiality and equal freedom, while the women drive slowly past, for sale in marriage, with the careful mothers at their sides to prevent the lots from going off below the reserve price. Instinctively one listens for the going — going — gone! Such is the pitch to which the English have arrived by teaching their daughters that marriage is their whole duty." How different is the case with the daughters of our land! Instead of a convent-like life, she is given that "wild, sweet liberty of the American girl," as Mr. Howells calls it. She is gradually made acquainted with the actual world, but at the same time her principles are strengthened, so that she chooses what is good. The product of such a life is a strong and healthy character. The American girl is open eyed, but she has an intelligent purity which is preferable to an innocence caused by ignorance. She needs no duenna, with her strong armor of virtue she is a guard to herself. The American girl is brought up that she may be capable of choosing for herself in marriage, the most important step of her life. If she is unfortunate, she cannot feel that she has had her unhappiness thrust upon her by others. She does not need to feel she is actually bartered off for so much gold, but that she is taken for what her own sweet self is worth; and in married life she is the queen of her own home, the confidante and companion of her husband.

Well may we be proud of our American men, in no other land are men so chivalrous as in our own country. Dickens recorded with wonder that in America women could travel from one end of the country to the other, and not only meet with civility, but absolute politeness. It is due to this chivalry that so many careers are open to our women; instead of the one avenue, matrimony, our men make a way for her and she can enter upon any career she desires to qualify herself for, without covering herself with ignominy and loosing caste. In the words of Francis E. Willard: "How gladly do we behold in the sunny afternoon of the nineteenth century of grace, the noblest men of the world's foremost race, placing upon the brows of those most dear to them, above the wreath of Venus, the helmet of Minerva, and leading into broader paths of knowledge and achievement the fair divinities who preside over their homes."

It has been said, that if we wish to test character we should take a person out of his environments. Now, let us picture to ourselves an English and an American girl brought up in their respective homes to be suddenly deprived of protection and fortune. The English girl, having all her life been dependent upon money and friends, would be almost incapable of providing for herself. She would find nothing to do but to be a governess, and even then she would lose her social position, which means almost everything to her. The coldness of the world would chill her, she would not know how to cope with it, she would be like the hothouse plant transplanted into the open air, unable to withstand the storms and tempests of the actual world. The American girl under the same circumstances would readily accommodate herself to her fate. She has seen the world before as it really is, and with her knowledge of the world she is able to cope with it, and though she might lose her social position, she can easily regain it. Loss of friends and fortune does not mean all to her; she has a brave heart, and when the time comes, she can do for herself what is necessary. She needs no one to depend upon, she is able to stand on her own feet, earn her own living, and still be happy.

We do not wish to convey the impression that the American girl is above reproach, that she is the personification of all that is to be desired in woman, but we do say she is at all times a girl to believe in: —

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food:
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

UMBRELLA FOUND. — Left here for a long time, a black silk umbrella with carved ivory handle, marked C. H. I.

If it belongs to any of our friends, would like to have them call for it.

RUGGLES STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.

THE Lasell girls who, in larger or smaller parties, have, from time to time, visited this fountain of sacred song, have often enjoyed an after-treat of delightful organ music through the good-nature of the well-known organist, Mr. Dunham. Sunday noon, May 30, Mr. Bragdon sent him a note saying that some Lasell girls were there, and asked if it would be convenient for him to let them hear a little of his exquisite music. To their great joy he sent back this note: —

"Mr. Dunham will be pleased to play for the young women of Lasell the following selections: —

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| "1. Marche funebre et chant seraphique. | <i>Guilmant.</i> |
| "2. A Pastoral Fantasia. | <i>Wely.</i> |
| "3. Cujus Animam. | <i>Rossini.</i> |
| "4. Coronation March. | <i>Meyerbeer."</i> |

We sat delighted, and wondering, if such music were possible on earth, what would the harmonies of heaven be? Every part of the service betrays the master's hand, but the selections of this Sunday were specially fine and beautifully rendered. We wondered, too, why so many work exclusively on the piano, when they might accomplish so much with the organ, which seems to us so much more musical. But then one cannot always have such an organ at hand, and every one cannot be a Mr. Dunham. We send our hearty thanks to him for his kindness in so gratifying us, and assure him that he will ever be most warmly welcomed at Lasell. We wonder, thirdly, if Mr. Ford knows how great pleasure he gives to so many people by the perfect — that does not seem to us extravagant — music of the Sunday-morning service at this homelike and inviting church. It is surely to be counted one of the privileges of Lasell that its inmates can share in that enjoyment.

A BOOK of the sermons and sayings of Sam Jones, while in Cincinnati, is contributed to the library by Mr. J. R. Stewart. Wit and wisdom are in these sharp, quaint, homely illustrations. Spoken as they were from deep and honest conviction, we can understand how for weeks the multitudes thronged to hear him and many are turned from evil ways.

MORE ABOUT WASHINGTON.

FROM a very good paper on the Washington trip, which came from Bertha Childs a little after the April paper had gone to press, we take the following extracts, since they mention subjects not considered in the also good paper published in April: —

"The company of Professor Hills as far as New York added much to the pleasure of the trip. There was a rumor in the air that Old Neptune did not treat him in the gentlest manner possible, and as we did not see him in the morning to say good by, we are inclined to think there was some truth in the rumor. We offer him our sympathy. . . .

"Our attention was particularly drawn, while in the Treasury, to the department of Secret Service, where are kept all the counterfeit moneys, together with the various tools, instruments, and weapons used by the counterfeiters when captured. Within three years the government has seized \$1,600,000 of this illegal currency. . . .

"In our visit at the White House, we were unfortunately too late to see the President. However, he sent us his regrets, saying he would be happy to meet our party, but happened at that moment to be especially engaged with officers of state! After a general survey of the rooms more familiarly known as the Red, Blue, and Green, also the famous East room, and state dining-room, we were permitted as unusual favors to look into the President's private dining-room and the conservatory. In the State Department we saw the original document of the Declaration of Independence. Time has nearly obliterated every signature, only two or three being still legible. . . .

"In the National Museum we were most fortunate in the attention of Professor Mason, of the Smithsonian Institution, who greatly aided, us by a very generous use of his time and his extended knowledge. . . .

"A little while in the Senate and House of Representatives, where, to our uninitiated minds, everything seemed to be in grand confusion. Congressmen shouting at the top of their voices, the Speaker pounding his desk, vainly endeavoring to bring order from the universal din; and yet we saw only the usual condition of things, we are told. . . .

"In the basement of the Capitol, directly beneath the dome, is a vault, designed when the building was erected to be the place of interment of Gen. Washington, but he preferred Mt. Vernon; and in this vault we saw the catafalque upon which the body of Lincoln lay in state. The covering of cloth and gold fringe was long ago carried away by relic hunters. . . .

"Mr. Tupper, an officer of long service in

the Internal Revenue Department, and Mr. Bailey, whose daughter not long since was a pupil at Lasell, were constant and untiring in their attentions, and to them we are much indebted for many unusual privileges we enjoyed, and for valuable information regarding the various objects of interest in Washington. . . ."

ART LECTURES.

REV. ARTHUR MAY KNAPP finished, May 13, a course of six lectures upon art, mainly architecture and sculpture. Two of the lectures were new; those upon art in relation to mythology, and upon art in relation to religion. That upon art in history was nearly new, and even those upon Grecian, Roman, and Gothic art were so varied from the treatment given the subjects last year that they seemed quite new. The illustrations were varied. In treating Grecian art this year, Mr Knapp contrasted it with the art of India, giving us entirely new points upon that country. He showed the very marked difference in the characteristics and purposes of Greece and India. In Greece all is repose, moderation, and satisfaction; nothing is overdone; excess in any direction is avoided, especially in ornament. In India there is profusion of decoration, often with no purpose in design; consequently, it fails to give pleasure. In summing up, Mr. Knapp reminded his hearers that he had begun by exhibiting the effects of nature upon the art of any and every country. Secondly, he had traced race influences, then political influences, following the course of history from one period to another. On this occasion he pointed out the fact that religious forces were more potent than all others. When Greece worshipped the gods, she looked no higher than this life. Her art, which exhibits the character of the times more perfectly than even literature can do, was full of complacency. She looked upon this world in serene enjoyment and self-satisfaction. With Christianity, art declined, because aspirations for a higher life brought discord and discontent. The Parthenon, perfect in its repose, shows no aspiration. The Gothic spire points to heaven as if seeking to enter therein.

The religious art of the future must blend a serene enjoyment of the good of this life with the Christian's longing for a better future.

This year the government of Lasell threw open the chapel doors and cordially invited outsiders to come in and freely enjoy the privilege of these excellent lectures. A few friends, appreciative of the opportunity afforded, availed themselves of it.

MR. KNAPP sails for Europe on the steamer "Pavonia," with our "Lasell" party.

GYMNASIUM STATISTICS.

AFTER six months' work in the Gymnasium, beginning Nov. 1, 1885, and ending May 1, 1886, of seventy girls all except eight have gained in total strength, — this meaning in strength of back, legs, chest, upper arms, and forearms.

For example: In October, a girl 20 years old, weighing 95 pounds, height 60.2 inches, has, —

Chest girth.....	28.3 inches.
“ “ full.....	30.7 “
Strength of back.....	154.3 pounds.
“ “ legs.....	176.4 “
“ “ chest.....	57.3 “
“ “ upper arms.....	17.6 “
“ “ forearms.....	97.0 “
Total, 502.6 pounds.	

In six months, with same height and weight, she has, —

Chest girth.....	29.5 inches.
“ “ full.....	31.1 “
Strength of back.....	300 pounds.
“ “ legs.....	500 “
“ “ chest.....	81 “
“ “ upper arms.....	17.6 “
“ “ forearms.....	116.8 “
Total, 1,015.4 pounds.	

This is the largest total strength gain.

To cite one more example for comparison, —

Girl 17 years 4 months old.

October, '85.	May, '86.
Weight, 121 pounds.....	127½ pounds
Height.....	65.7 inches.... 65.7 inches.
Chest girth.....	30.7 “ 31.9 “
“ “ full....	32.3 “ 33.5 “
October, '85.	May, '86.
Strength of back.....	132.3 lbs... 264.6 lbs.
“ “ legs.....	154.3 “ .. 330.7 “
“ “ chest.....	44.1 “ . 83.8 “
“ “ upper arms.....	22.0 “ .. 26.5 “
“ “ forearms....	132.3 “ .. 119.0 “
Total	485.0 “ .. 834.6 “

Other marked cases could be shown, and many where the gain has been not quite so great, but these two will serve as examples.

Of these seventy girls, two thirds have increased their chest girth, and almost all have increased the girth of the muscles of the upper arm and forearm. Largest chest girth increase is three inches; smallest, one half an inch.

AN American lady who has been the last year a resident of Berlin, Germany, for the pur-

pose of giving her daughters musical and other educational advantages there, will receive a few young ladies into her family for similar pursuits. The most satisfactory references can be given to parties widely known in this country. Expense, \$600 to \$700 a year. Mr. Bragdon, of Lasell Seminary (some members of whose party, sailing June 17, go to the above home in Berlin), will be happy to give further particulars.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

FIRST PART.

CHORUS. Hunting Chorus	Hummel
ORPHEAN CLUB.	
PIANO-FORTE. Caprice, Op. 22. . . .	Mendelssohn
MISS E. STAFFORD.	
SONG. Glide, Gondola, Glide	Torry
(With Violin Obligato by Miss Dietrick.)	
MISS HOLLINGSWORTH.	
PIANO-FORTE. Sonata, Op. 10, No. 1	Beethoven
Allegro molto e con brio.	
MISS BAILEY.	
VOCAL QUARTETTE. Sing, Heigho Ho	Macfarren
MISSSES HOLLINGSWORTH, PENFIELD, MUNGER and MR. DAVIS.	
PIANO-FORTE. Concerto in G minor	Mendelssohn
Andante and Finale.	
MISS ADAMS.	
CHORUS. Stars Look o'er the Sea	Smart
ORPHEAN CLUB.	

SECOND PART.

CHORUS. Cradle Song	Taubert
ORPHEAN CLUB.	
SONGS. { a. Life	Joseph A. Hills
{ b. The Secret	Joseph A. Hills
MISS PENFIELD.	
PIANO-FORTE. Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2	Liszt
MISS NINDE.	
VOCAL QUARTETTE. Response	Bendel
GETHERELA QUARTETTE.	
First soprano, MISS HOLLINGSWORTH; second soprano, MISS J. BROWN; first alto, MISS PENFIELD; second alto, MISS MUNGER.	
DUO AND SEMI-CHORUS. Sweet the Angelus is Ringing	Smart
MISSSES J. BROWN and MUNGER.	
PIANO-FORTE QUARTETTE. Hungarian Dances, No. 1	Brahm
MISSSES ADAMS, E. STAFFORD, BAILEY, and NINDE.	

The orchestral parts were supplied at a second piano-forte by Mr. Hills.

THE Pupils' Commencement Concert, Thursday evening, June 10, was very enjoyable, and especially interesting, as being the opening of the festivities of Commencement week and the last musical of the year, thus giving a very good idea of the work done. The pupils give evidence of hard study, intelligent and earnest

work. We feel that too much cannot be said in praise of the admirable work done by Prof. Davis in the department of vocal music. The result of the year's work stands far in advance of that of any previous year, both with regard to the soloists and chorus classes. The instrumental department also demands notice. It has occupied the attention of a large number of students and much hard work has been done under the training of Prof. Hills. Many numbers on the programme are worthy of remark, but we can speak of but a few. Miss Hollingsworth's singing of "Glide, Gondola, Glide," with the fine violin obligato of Miss Dietrick was very much enjoyed. The two very pretty selections composed by Prof. Hills were most delightfully sung by Miss Penfield. Miss Adams rendered her difficult selection with much animation, her fine execution being especially noticeable. The Getherela Quartette sustained their past reputation in their beautiful rendering of "Response," which called forth an enthusiastic encore. Miss Ninde showed her superior talent in her artistic and sympathetic playing of "Rhapsodie Hongroise." The Orphean Club, in their several numbers, sang with more taste and feeling than ever before. The evening closed with a very brilliant piano quartette, leaving us very proud of each other and much pleased with the evening as a whole.

THE LASELLIA SUPPER.

THE Lasellia supper to the Seniors was given Saturday evening, June 12, and a very enjoyable affair it was.

The guests were received in the beautifully decorated club room, where the Freshmen watched the Seniors from a distance, and wondered whether they would ever be as brilliant and altogether lovely as the ten of '86.

The soliloquy of the pensive undergraduate was soon interrupted by a general move to the dining-room, where the tables were arranged in the shape of a star, the one set aside for the Seniors easily recognized by a lovely favor at each plate.

The president, Miss Ninde, welcomed the guests in a short address, and Miss Anderson, as toast-mistress, created much amusement. The Misses Upton, J. Brown, and Foster electrified the club by proving themselves poets in their responses to toasts proposed, — the Lasellias, the Seniors, bless them, and to the much-slandered cowboy. Toasts to the old members, the S. D. Society, and the engaged card, were responded to by the Misses Langley, Hammond, and Woodcock. Though verse was lacking in the latter toasts, they were so bright and original that the deficiency was not noticed.

The toasts were drunk in lemonade, and as the evening wore on some of the more sober-minded became seriously alarmed at the increasing hilarity. One young lady was even seen to go so far as to water the beverage, in her anxious care lest the grave and reverend seniors should become light-headed. Horrible thought!

A few appropriate presents were given to the wrong young ladies, and the shouts of laughter were frequent and genial. Altogether it was a merry evening, and as the mysterious hour of ten approached, the party bade each other a laughing good night, and stole silently away. H. U.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

THE Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered by the Reverend Charles W. Cushing, D.D., of Lockport, N. Y., a former principal of Lasell.

Mr. Cushing took his text from Isaiah ix. 6, 7: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever." Also from John xix. 30: "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost."

Many persons, he said, have considered that these two passages are not in harmony with each other. The passage in Isaiah foretells the most important event in human history, and that in John marks the conclusion of the most remarkable tragedy in history. The death of Christ was the greatest tragedy, not because it was the most cruel ever suffered, but because it was the most unjustifiable. Christ did not come as a usurper, but was obedient to all authority, and taught his disciples to "render under Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." He was in harmony with the church also, obeying its rites, keeping its passover. He was not a revolutionist. He did not attack the wrongs connected with any of the existing institutions of society, except that of marriage. He was the most modest, meek, and philanthropic of men. He said to all, "Judge by my works, whether I speak the truth or not." He often concealed his many works of healing.

Many must have thought when Christ uttered those words upon the cross, "It is finished," that his life as an impostor was finished, and that he died utterly disheartened. Was it Christ's life that was finished? Either

Christ rose from the dead, or his body was stolen by the Jews or by his disciples. If the Jews had stolen it, when the disciples claimed he had risen, they would have produced the body, as evidence that he had not. And what did the disciples want of Christ's body? They showed that they had lost faith in him as the promised Messiah; and not one of them went to his tomb before the resurrection. The chief priests were fearful and sealed the tomb, but on the third day it was empty. The story circulated by the soldiers to explain this fact is on the face of it an invention. There is as good proof that Christ rose, as that he lived at all. Therefore it was not his life that was finished.

Many think Christ was not the Messiah, and bring up the fact that His influence is waning. Instead of that, statistics of churches show that it is gaining. His influence is felt more and more in literature. The vast majority of books are written by Christian men and women, and are Christian in their influence. The educational centres are very largely Christian, and a large proportion of their professors are members of churches. The methods of modern thought are in the line of Christianity. Art too is a constant teacher of it. All the greatest paintings have their subjects taken from Christ's life. Music also teaches it. What compositions will ever equal the oratorios of Elijah, The Creation, and the Messiah? Christianity is increasingly felt in poetry; the spirit of the teachings of Shakespeare is Christian, and Dante and Milton are positively religious in their tendency. Then, also, we see Christ's influence in the change upon heathen nations. Thus we see that his influence is certainly not waning.

Christ, in saying, "It is finished," spoke in the language of faith. From the height of the cross he looked down through the ages, and saw all the forces of civilization drawing toward him, and all the kingdoms of the world becoming his kingdoms. He saw, that though His life was taken, man could not stop the progress of His truth. It was the triumphant shout of a conqueror, not a wail of disappointment. John never spoke truer words than when he said to Christ, seeing him approach, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

In closing, Dr. Cushing spoke to the graduating class, exhorting them to be thankful for a Christian education, and that it made very little difference to Christ's great work whether they did their little part or not. The work would progress just the same, but it made all the difference in the world to themselves.

F. B.

ALICE McCARN is still at Anamosa, Iowa, busy at work.

CLASS DAY (JUNE 14).

CHAPEL EXERCISES.

SONG. Medley CLASS OF '86
PRESENTATION OF THE CLASS . . . MISS FORD
MARCIA FUNEBRE. Sonata, Op. 26 . . . Beethoven
MISS STAFFORD.
CLASS HISTORY . . . MISS NENA WILLIAMS
SONG. "If thou didst love me" . . . Denza
MISS PENFIELD.
CLASS PROPHECY . . . MISS BUBB
PROPHECY ON PROPHET . . . MISS COUTS
CLASS SONG.
PRESENTATIONS . . . MISS ALLEN
DIRGE.

LAWN EXERCISES.

PLANTING OF THE TREE. Oration . . MISS ROSE
BURNING OF THE BOOKS. Elegy, MISS DAVENPORT
ODE . . . MISS PENFIELD

Music: "Then You'll Remember Me."

We gather in this chapel dear,
So filled with memories bright,
And crowding comes each by-gone year,
So soon to pass from sight.
The lingering gleam of parting day
Seems loath to say "good-by";
The wind sweeps gently through the trees,
And answers sigh for sigh.

Now soon these halls we'll see no more,
E'en friend from friend must part;
But though in distant lands we roam,
Lasell still holds the heart.
Then out we'll go, and *En Avant*
Shall e'er our motto be;
With faith in th' unseen hand which guides
Our bark 'cross life's rough sea.

How annoying it is to find our liability to forget little matters which need attention, through our absorbed interest in some matter of chief concern! We forget to write a letter at the proper moment, or to mail one that is written; we forget to make a purchase which we had in mind, or to look in upon a neighbor, as we had planned, to say a kindly word about his personal affairs; we forget to search out a subject of study on which we would like to give help to one who has asked aid of us; and so on in a hundred ways of minor forgetfulness. This is so discouraging that at times we think our minds are in a worthless shape; especially in contrast with some methodical, well-contained person whom we know, who never forgets anything. Yet, on the other hand, there ought to be a comfort to us in the thought that a man who never forgets anything is likely to be poorly furnished for any service in this world beyond that of a superlative errand-boy, or a pre-eminent railroad switch-tender. In order to be beyond the danger of forgetting little things, a man must be beyond the danger of becoming absorbed in the thought of greater things. In order to have the mind always free to recall the smallest matter which needs attention for

the hour, a man must have a mind which is never crowded with various and contending thoughts. Next to absolute emptiness of mind is unvarying mechanical method of mind. That there is a place in the world for the man who never forgets little things, is a fact beyond fair questioning. But that that man's place is a subordinate and an incidental one, is equally beyond dispute. And if there were only such men as he in the world, the events of the world's history would not be worth remembering by anybody. A sensible man will try to remember everything that he ought to remember, and to have it in mind in its fitting season; but a sensible man will also find cause for comfort in the fact that sometimes he does forget little things, or larger ones, in spite of his endeavors at their remembering.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

GREAT was the rejoicing, on the morning of June 16, to find that the weeping clouds had given place to smiling sunshine.

Little need of a rising bell that morning! Long before the usual hour, there were subdued (?) sounds of activity on the halls. The girls were finishing the packing of their trunks, and mournful expressions of sympathy were exchanged among the unfortunate maidens whose trunks *would n't* close, even with three girls sitting on the top.

At breakfast the merry chatter was all of trunks and trains, and "Home, sweet home."

But when we gathered for morning prayers, even "Home, sweet home," took a place in the background for a few moments, and the girls' faces showed that the uppermost thought in most minds was the thought that this was the last time they would all be together in the old, familiar chapel. There were some tearful faces, and many girls who set their teeth and winked hard in the proud determination "not to cry."

At half past ten o'clock, our procession took its way to the Methodist Episcopal Church, where the exercises were as follows:—

MUSIC.

PRAYER. REV. GEORGE BRODBECK

MUSIC.

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS. JOHN H. VINCENT, D. D.

MUSIC.

GOOD-BYE, FOR THE CLASS. . . . MISS STAFFORD

MUSIC.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

BENEDICTION.

MUSIC BY MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL.

Dr. Vincent's address was one long to be remembered, full of thrilling, inspiring thoughts. He began by saying that the heroic lives of the past can be reproduced in our own

lives to-day. He described the old belief in transmigration of souls, and called forth responsive smiles from his audience when he said it would not be very difficult to think that the souls of some people of our acquaintance had formerly dwelt respectively in a fox, a wolf, a hog. He told us that personal character is the great power in this world. It matters little what our surroundings are; it matters much what *we* are. We fashion our characters after the pattern of those whom we admire and study. If we study a poet, his thoughts become a part of us, and although we may not be able to write a poem, we can live a poem. Then the speaker led our thoughts to the only character wholly worthy of imitation, and tenderly urged the members of the graduating class, in whatever circumstances of life they might be placed, to so reproduce Christ's character in their lives that they might be able to say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Miss Stafford's graceful "good-bye" contained a tender tribute to the kindness of teachers and schoolmates, and showed that the hour of parting had made Lasell very dear to the ones about to leave it.

According to custom, the prizes for the best bread were presented. The tiny gold loaf was given to Miss Ada Dunaway, and the silver loaf to Miss Ida Mack.

Then Miss Carpenter read the names of the graduates, and our ten seniors, with thoughtful faces, received their diplomas from Mr. Bragdon, who spoke a few earnest words of counsel, reminding the girls that they would represent Lasell, and must "protect her honor."

Then came congratulations and flowers, both bestowed lavishly.

Friends and guests, in social groups, took their way to the seminary, and were soon enjoying the generous lunch in the dining hall.

After lunch, many friends went to the library and examined the essays of the graduates, which were:—

A WRONGED RACE . . . RACHEL PORTER ALLEN

LITERARY GENIUS AND HOME LIFE,

NELLIE TREE BUBB

VICTOR HUGO'S "HERNANI" . . MARY ELIZA COE

A STRAY LEAF FROM AMERICAN HISTORY,

MAGGIE COUTS

THE USE OF THE IMAGINATION,

HELEN LOUISE DAVENPORT

WOMAN IN FRIENDSHIP,

BLANCHE THEODORA FORD

THE AIMS AND METHODS OF MODERN CHARITY,

GERTRUDE FERGUSON PENFIELD

ANGLOMANIA MARIETTA ROSE

HOWELL'S "PORTRAITURE OF WOMEN,"

MOSETTA ISABEL STAFFORD

THE PERSECUTIONS OF THE JEWS,

CORNELIA MARIA WILLIAMS

In the afternoon came the meeting of the trustees; then the literary exercises of the alumnæ, followed by the alumnæ supper on the lawn.

—All through the afternoon, groups of girls might be seen on their way to the railway station, and when we gathered in the dining hall for tea, we found our numbers decidedly lessened.

The evening was spent according to individual choice. When nine o'clock came, and there was no sound of the evening bell, we realized that vacation had fairly begun.

S. C.

LOCALS.

HOME again!

COMMENCEMENT is over. And the class of '86 will be no more with us. '87 will try to fill the place and maintain that dignity so marked in our late Seniors.

COMMENCEMENT week was full of pleasures. Besides the regular entertainments of that week, both clubs had their suppers, the S. D.'s on Wednesday evening, June 9, and the Lasellia on Saturday evening, June 12.

THE chimney swallows made themselves so much at home in the chimney at the private Library corner, that a wire screen was put over the entire top. Their antics, when they came home and found themselves shut out, were notable.

The sparrows have also made themselves at home over the studio windows. This summer the gable is to be protected by wire netting.

WONDER when the bowling-alley and swimming-pond are to be finished? The places for them are certainly there and all ready for the completing.

THE poetic talent is developing wonderfully at Lasell, in spite of the many criticisms from college papers. Any one doubting this ought to have been at the club suppers.

THE A. T. C. tournament was omitted on account of the weather.

MARRIED.

AT Lacon, Ill., June 2, Blanche B. Blackstone and John W. Grieves.

NELLIE GERTRUDE PARKER and Elmer Warren Lewis were married June 13, at the home of the bride's parents, Shrewsbury, Mass.

PERSONALS.

THERE were many guests at the Seminary during Commencement week. The Seniors were well represented by their relatives and friends from home.

ANNIE PHILLIPS's address is Chico, Cal., care of Rev. J. Lewis Trefren. Eleanor W. Nichols has moved from Hudson to Somerville. Mass.

HELEN HOKE SANGREE wishes it understood that she did *not* marry a widower with several children. She has her own "darling black-haired girl," who is now two months old.

BERTHA CHILDS writes, that she has been to Millbury to attend Sara Buck's wedding, which took place in the church of which she has long been an active member. Her future home is to be in Sheffield, England.

A NICE letter from Grace Durfee, of the class of '85, tells us she has been teaching music at home the past year, and has enjoyed her work very much. She has been offered, and will probably accept, a position to teach music in Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.

CARRIE EBERSOLE, George Prickett, Lillie Fuller, Lizzie Whipple, and Addie Johnson, of the class of '85, were at Lasell during Commencement week.

GRETCHEN BOSTON left the Cincinnati College of Music, June 1, to attend the summer school at Chantauqua.

LOUISE HOLMAN RICHARDSON says she likes Minnesota and Northfield, and Carlton College; hopes to have Miss Willard with her next year; and keeps herself busy telling the Carlton girls what Lasell girls do to amuse themselves. She reports that Nellie Parker is to be married in June, and Hattie Seiberlung is following hard after her. Speaks of "Little Lulie" as familiarly as her father would dare. She expects to come home *via* the Great Lakes.

JESSIE HILL sends a very pleasant letter from Shady Side, Pittsburg, Penn., where she is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. H. King. She expects to spend the summer at the White Mountains.

ALICE MILLER, of Sterling, Ill., has been visiting friends in Philadelphia.

NETTIE LIBBEY, of Oshkosh, Wis., was married May 19 to Charles K. Fulton.

FRANCES GREGG, who was here in '83, has been spending the past year at Wellesley College. She made her old friends a visit a short time ago.

MAUDE NEWCOMB, of Biddeford, Me., has been visiting friends at Newton Centre, and drove over to visit the "old home." She seemed very enthusiastic over the many improvements in the place since she was here in '79.

MARY MERRILL made us a flying visit, May 17. She is still living at South Framingham, and is keeping up her art studies in Boston.

BLANCHE BLACKSTONE, after leaving Lasell, took lessons under Mr. Enneking, and is now at home again in Lacon, Ill.

JOSEPHINE S. MASON, Washington, D. C., has been studying art in New York for the four years since she left us, and will complete her course soon. She desires a place to teach in the department of art the coming year. Her present address is 133 E. 16th Street, New York.

CORA PUTNAM has been studying in New York for three months past.

OF Elva King the good word is, that she has entirely recovered her health.

MRS. ETTA REYNOLDS TAYLOR's address is at Tubb's Hotel, Oakland, California.

SEPHIE G. MASON writes good tidings of herself from 407 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

No moment passes over the head of any human being without changing in some degree his face and form. These changes are imperceptible to the ordinary eye it is true; and the faces of those among whom our lot is cast seem to us daily the same. Only when we have been absent for years, and return to look again upon a familiar face, does the cumulative result of these changes startle us. Here are new curves of self-indulgence, perhaps; perhaps new lines of self-denial, written out, not all at once, but by the slow processes of the years. Does the change of a moment matter? Ay, because what you see are the changes of the moments. Does the passing thought of a moment matter in that more serious shaping of soul and character which goes on as imperceptibly as the changes of form and feature? Ay, for every moment's thought finds its record at last in a more terrible culmination, by which the character is shaped into something which it was not before. Look well to the momentary changes which you suffer to take place in that sphere, and you may safely leave the changes wrought by the years to take care of themselves.

THE PROTECTION OF OUR SONGSTERS.

THESE clips have been taken from our papers as examples of the general movement being made for the protection of our birds, especially the singers, which are rapidly disappearing, because they must be cruelly killed for the sake of our vanity.

From the *Christian at Work* comes:—

"Societies should be started in all parts of the country for the protection of birds. Women ought to pledge themselves in writing not to wear the plumage of song birds on hats or bonnets. The market demand for birds as ornaments is fast destroying our feathered tribes. Unless something is speedily done to check this murderous spirit the most beautiful varieties and the sweetest singers will become extinct. The recklessness with which the slaughter is carried on should rouse all the lovers of birds throughout the land to the defence of the most beautiful and joy-giving of God's creatures. The farmer, gardener, and horticulturalist have a special interest in the subject, and would do well to take action at once."

Another, from the same:—

"Taking its name, we suppose, after the place where Gilbert White established his earthly paradise, a Selborne League has been formed in London against wearing dead birds as ornaments. The objects further include the preservation of birds, plants, shrubs, and pleasant places. We need just such leagues on this side the Atlantic; but we fear the conversion of sundry Paris, London, and New York milliners will be necessary before the hideous and savage fashion of 'ornamenting' hats with dead birds can be got rid of."

From the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, 74 Boylston Street, comes the call for any one to sign there or elsewhere, and forwarding a paper with this heading: "We hereby protest against the destruction and injury of birds for decorative purposes." To discountenance buying and wearing birds or parts of birds will be implied.

A GIRL's life is *not* in the abundance of even her intellectual possessions; and a knowledge of languages and of ologies may be bought too dear. No possible acquirement can outweigh the worth of a sound mind in a sound body; and there will be hope for our girls when they are taught to feel that the important thing is not what they *acquire*, but what they *are*.

To live simply and contentedly, striving to please God rather than to please man, to *be* rather than to *seem*, and to do to-day the duties of to-day, and not those of to-morrow,—this is the secret of living well and long.

MUSICAL NOTES.

VON BULOW has been giving orchestral concerts in St. Petersburg.

ADELINA PATTI recently had a glorious reception in Madrid, where a massive wreath of gold and silver was presented to her, with the inscription, "To Adelina Patti, the Queen of Song, from her faithful subjects."

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG has gone to Europe for rest and recreation.

"MERLIN, the Enchanter," is a new opera, which will be given this fall at the Nouveauter, in Paris. The music is by Messenger.

LONDON'S Crystal Palace chorus numbers 3000.

THERE are said to be upwards of fifty amateur "Mikado" companies.

MADemoiselle CAMILLE ODEZANNA, a singer at the Nimes Theatre, has just died at twenty-eight, from the shock of being hissed.

WE hear that it is the intention to produce the new Gilbert-Sullivan opera next October, simultaneously in London, New York, and Boston.

THE real reason for Nilsson's declination to revisit the United States is said to be found in the fact that the managers are unwilling to deposit as large a sum in the Bank of England as security for salary as she requires.

THE American musical season draws to a close as the English season begins.

THE summary in "The Appeal for the Harvard Annex" of bequests made by women to colleges from which woman is excluded, is of deep import and interest.

Woman's generosity, woman's unselfishness, are unquestioned; but woman's apathy to the best interests of her sex, to the limited advantages and opportunities for woman's advancement, is amazing.

The difficulty in awakening an interest in, or securing funds for, any institution devoted to the education of girls may not be generally understood, but it is universally experienced, whether the institution be secular or sectarian.

The apathy of women in this direction is astonishing, for, without waiting to be taught to reason, a woman's instinct should teach her how much is involved. It is not for an exclusive, limited work; it is not for woman the appeal is made; it is for a work that in its influences is infinite.

It is for the world's work, in its largest, broadest, deepest, most literal, most practical sense. It is wise to recognize the powers and responsibilities that are hers, and to the very utmost develop in her such recognition that they may be wielded for the good of the country, the safety and well-being of the people. — C. P. W., in the *Century*.

ART NOTES.

ONE of the most interesting, but one of the most unfamiliar busts of Benjamin Franklin is the fine bust of the celebrated French sculptor, Houdon, which is now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Kenyon Cox has made a drawing from this bust, and Whitney's engraving from the drawing will appear as the frontispiece of the June *Century*.

KNOWLEDGE of the literature of art is essential to the artist.

THE man who knows nothing of his own profession but his small part in it will never play a large one.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

LAVA from Mt. *Ætna* is threatening Misalosi, and the inhabitants are fleeing from the village.

CHOLERA is rapidly increasing in Italy and Japan.

ANOTHER comet was discovered in Virgo, the morning of May 22, by Mr. Brooks. It is very large but faint.

THE project which was entertained by Peter the Great, of constructing a canal between the White and Baltic Seas, has been revived and determined upon by the Russian authorities. The cost, seven million roubles, will be borne by the state.

VERCHOJAUSK, in Siberia, according to *Ausland*, is the coldest place upon the earth. The average temperature for the year being 17° C.

OWING to the prevalence of the easterly winds this year, the offshore seal fishery of Newfoundland has not proved a success. The ice on which the young seals are driven landward and forced into bays where vessels cannot follow. This is a godsend to the people along the coast, who are mostly very destitute.

THE medical school circles of Boston are agitated at present over the question whether female medical students shall be admitted to the general surgical clinics of the City Hospital.

FROM Reymond's communication in regard to the geology of the region of the great African lakes, we learn that it appears almost exclusively composed of primitive rocks. There are but few rudimentary rocks, and these are of schistose character. In South Africa the rudimentary beds are of greater extent, and contain a considerable amount of inferior coal. One of the chief characteristics of Central Africa is the absence of calcareous formations.

EXCHANGES.

AMONG other items of useful information to be found in the *Owl*, we notice that the ministry ranks next to base-ball as the choice of a profession by college graduates. This fact should influence parents to send their boys to college.

THAT valuable publication, the *Harvard Crimson*, has printed the following astonishing assertion: "It is rumored that '89 has disbanded, and will organize a Puss-in-the-Corner Club. The first championship game will be played with Lasell Seminary. Thanks. Sorry, but we are confining ourselves exclusively to the game of tennis, and must beg to be excused from any athletic contest with Harvard until the "boys" are *old* enough to hold a racquet.

THE *Phillips* (Exeter) *Literary Monthly* is a recent exchange, and seems to have been published for the purpose of "filling a long-felt want." The "literary" portion of this magazine is estimable; the criticisms of other periodicals show careful thinking and profound preparation. We are glad to know that the *Leaves* is not original, and should have more poetry not composed by a man. It appears to us very strange that the first criticism should be hurled at us, since no more than two articles in three months have appeared in our paper which were not written by members of the school. As for poetry, we have had our aspirations. One young lady composed eighteen inches of what we in our ignorance considered good poetry, but some vile wretch declared it resembled those luscious bits found in *Troy Polytechnic*, from which slander the poor poetess has never recovered. However, rather than be criticised by our esteemed contemporary, we'll write a parody on the *Raven* for our next issue.

THE *Forensic* smiles and seems to enjoy life, but will probably wax bitter as the number of its exchanges increases.

WE are pleased to know that our humble efforts have in any way afforded amusement for Yale's *great* men. Although four of our Seniors are fancy-free, we state for the benefit of the statistical editor of the *Courant* that they have no notion of throwing themselves away.

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

It is with great regret that we announce the departure of Professor Bragdon for London on Saturday, Oct. 9. Although we know that he has left Lasell in faithful and capable hands, — for Professor would not have gone if he had not been sure of that, — yet it is scarcely possible that any one could take his place. The old girls know from the experience of past years how strange it seems without him even for a short time; while the new girls can imagine from the first few weeks how delightful it is to have him all the year. Whenever

he sees fit to turn his face homeward, he may be sure of a warm welcome from his girls. *Au revoir*, Professor, and that you may have a very delightful year abroad is the wish of us all.

THE old girls are heard to remark at every corner, "How strange it seems without Miss Carpenter!" Indeed, we are as yet scarcely used to her absence. We hope that Miss Carpenter, "way off in London town," thinks sometimes of the girls, and misses us as much as we miss her.

PROFESSOR BRAGDON has, however, given us a very pleasant substitute for Miss Carpenter. We have found Miss Chamberlayne a very charming lady, and, although she has been with us but a few weeks, we are fully in sympathy with one another. If we may be allowed to prophesy, we would say that we feel sure the year will be a pleasant and a profitable one.

WE see many new faces among the faculty this year. We miss the old teachers, but have found the new ones very pleasant, and we hope that they will enjoy teaching at Lasell. Miss Cushman, Miss Corey, Miss Cooper, Miss Richardson, and Professor Cassidy are the old teachers whom we have with us this year. Miss Sheldon, a graduate of Smith College, takes Miss Larrison's place in English; Professor Barnard, who taught only phonography here last year, has, in addition this year, all of Miss Carpenter's history classes; Miss Roth, whose home is in Vienna, takes Miss LeHurray's place; Miss Pierce, who is studying medicine at the Boston University, is our new doctor; Miss Scudder, a graduate of Cooper Institute, takes Miss Webster's place in the studio.

VERILY, "the thing man hath done is the thing man does"; which, by liberal interpretation, means that this year, as usual, the old girls who are back miss sadly the old girls who are not back. We are very glad indeed to meet so many new and pleasant acquaintances, still we cannot help sighing for the dear "old girls." The class of '87 we hope, in fact we are quite confident, will follow creditably in

the footsteps of the class of '86; yet they are not the same girls, and cannot take the individual places which the members of that class held. We hope that '86 will think of us as often as we think of them.

WE are glad indeed, as we have said, to meet all the new girls. We have tried, or at least meant to try, to make their first few weeks pleasant for them. It is natural for the new girls to gather into cliques; while the old girls are apt to fall into their accustomed places, without minding the feelings of the new girls. We hope there has been but little of this spirit this year, and that it may grow less with each succeeding year.

LASELL'S IMPROVEMENTS.

FIRST, and most important to us who live here nine months in the year, are the interior improvements. The chapel scarcely looks like the same room. But, girls, it is the same. The "blessed man" who is to give us our new chapel did not appear last vacation. He probably thought that it would not be worth while, so long as Professor was away. But "Listen, my children, and ye shall hear" of the old chapel revised. The carpet which has covered the rostrum for thirteen years — don't, for pity's sake, tell! — has been removed, and a beautiful, new red one put in its place. New aisle carpets, and some new desks instead of the old ones with so many autographs upon them, are among the other improvements. Above all, and around all too, is the new paper. Yes, ceiling and walls have been newly papered and very pretty they look. When we first came back this fall, LASELL was very stuck up; that is to say — varnished. We stuck to our chairs, we stuck to the desks, stuck to the dining-room floor. We did not endeavor to hurry when we arose from the table, because we could n't.

A great many of the rooms have new carpets; some, where they were not expected; where they were expected, they failed to appear. Some of the rooms are very gay, having new paper as well as new carpets. One room is almost startling in its brilliancy. Imagine a bright, really painful, pink paper and a peacock blue carpet in combination! The inmate of

that room last year, who declared that it was such a gloomy place, has nothing to do now but be Joyful.

Then, the practice rooms! No girl has a right to be homesick or "blue" up in the fourth story now. Think of terra-cotta walls! They beam down upon the practiser with such cheerfulness that it is hard for her to keep from smiling in sympathy.

One afternoon, a short time ago, Professor told the girls that if they would come into the chapel he would be glad to show them some new pictures which he got abroad, in the summer. The girls eagerly took advantage of his invitation, and enjoyed his talk—he said not to call it a lecture—very much. We wondered where he was going to hang the new pictures, for almost every available place is already occupied. Among the pictures that he showed us were two beautiful etchings, one of Wordsworth's home, Grasmere, and one of the old Grasmere church; that well-known and ever-fascinating picture of Queen Luise; some heads copied from the picture of Christ before Pilate; and many others as beautiful. So much for the interior.

As to the exterior, the first thing to be noticed is the growth of the foliage plants, which were placed last spring in the large bed in front of the building. Then, they looked too small for the bed; now, the bed looks almost too small for them. Another pleasing addition to the grounds are the words "Bien-Venues," tastefully laid out in shells, on the right-hand side of the driveway. There is quite an amusing story connected with these words. Young John Bragdon was writing to his mother, and describing the various improvements around Lasell, he told her, "They have in the grass on the right of the road, in shells, 'Bean-Vines.' It looks nice."

THE New York *Herald* publishes an interview with Mr. Palmer, the manager of the Madison Square Theatre, which presents a pessimistic view of the condition of the drama. "I think," he is quoted as saying, "that the stage to-day is a greater evil than any other institution we have. Nothing else does so much harm to the young men and young women of this city. He attributes this to the craze for scenic and disreputable displays, and to the demand for unhealthful excitement from people who live in fashionable flats and brown-stone fronts, who are right on the edge of their finances and worried to death over business troubles." While such reports as this are given to the public, the clergy may certainly be excused for not recommending their congregations to attend the theatre as a great moral educator, or even to lend a hand in the endeavor to reform it!

ENGLISH GIRLS.

Resolved, That the American way of bringing up girls is better than the English.

[Our readers will remember that in the June number of the *LEAVES* was published the affirmative side of this question. Now we are pleased to lay before them the negative side.]

It is a self-evident truth that the training of every human being ought to have special reference to his position in life. In the education of boys this is almost universally recognized, and the boy who is to enter a profession is educated for it, while he who is to be an artisan of any sort is apprenticed to his trade, and learns it thoroughly. This same wise course is very largely pursued with English girls, but very little with those of America.

In contrasting this social education of girls in the two countries, the greatest difference which we observe is in the lower classes. In England, the law of education for position is almost perfectly carried out. In America it is almost totally ignored. This is largely due to the social conditions of the two countries. In England the girl knows about what her position in life will be, and is trained accordingly. If she is to be an under-governess, nurse, or servant, she learns this, as her brother does his trade. This fitness for her position does not unfit her to rise to a higher one, if she has the capacity and ambition to rise. On the contrary, it is seldom that one who cannot fill his present station is worthy of a higher one.

The condition of the American girl in the same rank is a deplorable contrast. Her growth is hindered by the morbid ambition which poisons so much of our American life. Not knowing whether, in five years, her father will be a day laborer or alderman from the fifth ward, she feels no call to prepare herself for anything less than the exalted position of alderman's daughter. Her preparation for this consists chiefly in cultivating a larger discontent with all her surroundings. She has a false pride which tells her that, unless driven by absolute necessity, any employment less than that of teacher will degrade her. This idea is further strengthened by the novels which she devours on all occasions. In these the heroine, though no richer than the reader, and apparently no wiser, is invariably adored with a Florentine fourteenth-century passion, by some foreign gentleman, with or without title, but never without great wealth. But, at the end of the five years, the father of our heroine in real life is still a workingman, and she still a burden to him, or to a husband. There are exceptions, but this is the rule in feverish, driving America, where girls think it a disgrace to know how to do a servant's work, even though this may be the only lot to which they are called. They are above their station in wish, and below it in capacity.

In the two countries the contrast between the girls of the upper classes is less marked, but still there is a contrast, and still it is in favor of the English girl. In both countries the average girl is trained for society, and in both countries the object for which she enters society is to make a good match. It is in the difference in preparing her for her social duties that the contrast lies.

In America the men are too busy getting rich, to care to rule society, so they leave its management to the ladies. The older ladies are indifferent, and so leave it mostly to the young girls, who make it bright, sparkling, and fast. The older ladies are left behind, thrust aside, unless the younger ones, on rare occasions, happen to need a *chaperone*. This treatment of the mother is perfectly natural to the American girl. She has ruled the family ever since she can remember, and in these days of rapid progress, in our rapid America, *of course* she knows more than her mother. "Things have changed so since ma was young, and *nobody* wants a nineteenth-century flirtation broken up by a seventeenth-century mother."

Since this is the society an American girl is to enter, she prepares herself accordingly. Since there is no rank to give her position, she *must* rely on the impression she can create. She gives a great deal of her attention to dress, and is much more stylishly and handsomely attired than her English cousin. She acquires a light, bright tone of conversation, highly tinged with fashionable slang. She becomes thoroughly "up" in all the outs and ins of the "American flirtation," the "*attention without intention*," so puzzling to foreigners. She receives the attentions of half a dozen young fellows at the same time, accepts one of them, and as an afterthought announces the fact to her parents, through a deputy. She sends the young man to papa. Young man *says*, "May I marry your daughter?" He *means*, "She has said yes, so let's see you help yourself."

In England, the most intellectual and cultivated gentlemen are men of leisure, and it is they who rule society and give it its tone. They introduce into it all their own interest in the great questions of the day, and the level of conversation becomes higher than in this country; consequently, the English girl who enters this society must have something beyond entertaining chatter and society slang. Her reading has always been carefully supervised, so she is well informed, especially upon the English classics. She has a knowledge of all the leading political events, and to-day could give you the principal points of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme. How many American girls know even the object of the Morrison succession bill, for instance?

The English girl is much more able to en-

duce the evil effects of society than her American contemporary. All her life she has had regular hours, wholesome food, and plenty of exercise in the open air, and so has a vigorous constitution to help her endure the late hours. She may not be so candid and easy as the American girl, but neither is she so rash and forward. Instead of the American girl's frankness to society in general, and her gentlemen friends in particular, she has a dignified reserve, keeping her candor for her mother. She is as ignorant of the wickedness of this world as her American cousin, but being accustomed to the belief that her mother knows best, she accepts *her* statement that a quiet reserve is the best manner for a young girl, and so escapes the coarse remarks and suspicions to which the American girl subjects herself by her easy manners and outspoken utterances.

In the marriage of its daughters, England occupies the golden mean between the two extremes of France and America. In France, *paterfamilias* announces: "Marie, on the fifteenth of next month you will marry Gustav le Blanc." In England, the mother says to her daughter: "Margaret, young Ponsonby has proposed for your hand. He is of good family, and well educated. His income and prospects are so-and-so. Do you wish to accept him?" Too much of the American spirit is illustrated in Mrs. Miller's "Yes, I tell Daisy she's engaged to Mr. Giovanelli. She says she is n't, but my, I guess she is." The English system may not appeal so strongly to our romantic sympathies as the free-and-easy American customs, but its results are better. In England, if a father sees a young man hovering around his daughter, in approved moth-and-candle fashion, he has no allowances to make for an American flirtation, but knows at once that young man's object. He immediately takes pains to find out about him, a thing much more possible in England, with its settled social life, than in America, with its shifting moneyed aristocracy. If the paternal inquiries elicit the fact that the young man is of good character and position, and able to support a wife in the station for which this girl has been educated, well and good. If not, the father quietly breaks up the friendship before his daughter's maiden meditation is greatly disturbed.

In America no such interference is possible. In nine cases out of ten the father would find he was only disturbing an amusing flirtation, and that his daughter would please herself in any case. American girls choose their husbands according to their own ideas, and our disgracefully large divorce record is hardly an argument in favor of the system.

One respect in which the English girl is manifestly superior to the American is in her benevolences. She is taught regular and systematic

charity, as a part of her social education. From feudal times the English lady has been the Lady Bountiful of the estate. The American girl is quite as generous, but her untutored benevolence often injures where she wishes to benefit. She is guided by impulse, not principle.

It is urged against the English girl that the constant surveillance of mother or *chaperone*, under which she is educated from infancy, makes her weak and dependent all her life. This theory *sounds* well, but is not borne out by facts. The English matron has her household affairs completely in her own hands. She knows her husband's outgoings and incomings, and, according to Mr. Richard Grant White, regards a latch-key as a personal grievance. She has certainly a much better command of her children than the American mother. Is this her dependence? Then too, the mother and *chaperones* were young girls, brought up in conservative England, just as their daughters are brought up. If they are weak and dependent, where do they get the strength to discipline and guard the daughters? The mothers are young when they begin to train their daughters, so the independence can hardly be said to come with age.

On the whole, when we look at the English girl's fine health, her respect and obedience for her parents, her sound mental development, her fitness for her position in society, and above all her fitness for training the next generation, we can only hope that the adoption of English training for American girls is "merely a question of time." E. S.

INVESTIGATIONS in longevity made in England, taking 1,000 as the standard of comparison of the mortality of all men over 25 and under 65, give surprising results. The clergy stand at the head, 556; next are gardeners and nurserymen, 599; then farmers and graziers, 631; then farm laborers, 701; coal miners, 775; while copper and tin miners rise to 1,839; innkeepers, spirit, wine, and beer dealers and saloon-keepers, 1,521; brewers, 1,361; inn and hotel servants are the shortest lived of all, their rate being 2,205. Now, girls, of mature years, you can govern yourselves accordingly in future selections.

"ONE may read at forty what is unsafe at twenty, and we can never be too careful what food we give that precious yet perilous thing called imagination."

"WOMEN can do a great deal for each other, if they will only stop fearing 'what people will think,' and take a hearty interest in whatever is going to fit their sisters and themselves to deserve and enjoy the rights God gave them." Does n't this apply to the girls too?

GOOD-BYE, GIRLS!

As announced and partly arranged last spring, Miss Carpenter, my family, and myself will spend a part of this year — it is all uncertain how much — abroad. I write to say a brief good-bye to my girls who are away from home, to say that letters will be welcome (address care Baring Bros., London), and to express the pleasure I feel in leaving the work I have so much at heart, and the girls I love so well, in the care of the faithful faculty with Miss C. J. Chamberlayne at its head. I am sure Lasell will have the *best year yet!* Miss Chamberlayne is an old friend and colleague of other years and scenes. She was at Lasell before I was, and was the mainspring of its new organization when I came here, holding during its initial year the place later (when Miss Chamberlayne was imperatively called back to Cincinnati) held so efficiently by Miss Carpenter. I bespeak for her the heartiest love and co-operation of all, old and young, who love Lasell and her fortunes. Under the efficient superintendence of Mr. Shepherd, the Seminary has been put in better condition than ever, and was never in better shape in every way to do its allotted and delightful work.

Teachers and girls who stay, I shall miss you more than you can me, and I beseech you not to become so enamoured of the new *régime*, as to entirely forget the old. You have Mrs. Noyes here to "mother" you, and Mrs. Shepherd to cosset you, and you are hard to suit if you are not happy in these your halcyon days! Work hard, sing much, pray always, and life shall take daily a richer and deeper meaning to you and for you. MIZPAH.

THE kind thoughtfulness of Miss Prickett, '85, has supplied the cabinet with a box containing selected and named specimens of the minerals of Mt. Vesuvius, procured at the time of her visit to that uneasy fire-box this summer. Our thanks, Miss Georgia.

ONE of the pleasantest incidents of the summer's trip was the meeting with Abby Hill (here in '83, and since that time in Europe) in Dresden. Even before we came she was there in a beautiful basket of choicest roses, which the tired travellers found in their room on arrival; and pretty soon herself, bright, cheery, and hearty, as of old, the same Abby at heart and in ways, with the additional polish of her three years' European residence and training. She has found established health, — the sole purpose of her leaving Lasell for a foreign shore, — has become proficient in French by two years' residence in Switzerland, and German by one year in Berlin; has travelled studiously and intelligently, and now she is coming home, is even now in America again. She was our own

Abby, not even grown a bit, though she tried hard to make us see an inch or two more in her height. We welcome her to America again, and hope she will visit Lasell before she goes away off to Texas.

A GREAT pain came to many of us in the midst of the vacation, in the news of the death of Lou Bailey's father. Many of the girls will remember his cheery, friendly ways on his visits to Lasell, and the members of the Washington party of last April will never forget how much pains he took to help us see the city of his pride — his home. How kind he was to send Lou up to Baltimore after Lottie Mallory, and how he stayed on and on in the evening for them to visit, though he was very tired and needed to get home to rest. He was a man who thought nothing too hard to do for his friends; a fond, indulgent father; a faithful and trusted officer of the government, his value shown in his retention in office, notwithstanding all the changes from Lincoln's time to now. We shall miss him even here at Lasell. We do miss him, now we know he has gone. But how he must be missed at home!

LASELL EUROPEAN PARTY OF '86.

THE European trip of the summer was the usual success. No one ill, none dropped behind, no accidents. Notwithstanding cholera, the full programme was carried out, even to Vesuvius' top and Sorrento's "sickly" ride. All have enjoyed the wonderful opportunities of seeing the "haunts and homes" of a thousand imaginings, and most all really appreciating their privilege. The Southern party was sixteen and the Northern, fourteen — fifteen with Miss Stowe, daughter of Rev. Dr. Stowe, of our Methodist Publishing House, Chicago, who joined our Northern party from Hamburg to Berlin, and was an interested addition to our number. The Lasellias separated at Amsterdam, the Southern portion going to Cologne, Rhine, Munich, Vienna, Italy, Switzerland to Paris; the Northern to Hamburg, Copenhagen, Norway, North Cape, Sweden, Russia, Berlin, Dresden, Nuremberg, Frankfurt, Rhine, and so to Paris, where the two sections gladly greeted each other in the halls of the D'Lille et d'Albion. WEREN'T we glad to get together again? The rest of the way home together, excepting a few who dropped out to come a little later or stay a year.

Mrs. Wilbur and Jennie sorrowfully stayed behind in Paris, bent on French, but we expect with a sly glance of longing toward the way we went.

Georgia Prickett, too, we left in Paris with her brother, tickets for Berlin in pocket and a year's voice: raining all laid out, boarding

place taken in Berlin and all; but who should rise before us in Liverpool, a week after, but that same girl, with her passage back in same boat with us all arranged! Talk about being homesick! The laugh is on Georgia.

Mrs. Lowe stayed to "do" Switzerland, and return on the 25th. Flora Whitney, sister and brother, to "do" Ireland and return on the 11th. Mrs. Bragdon and Miss Carpenter to "do" Oxford, Cambridge, Ely, Peterborough, and London, and await the coming of Mr. Bragdon and the children. The tripartite union of Misses Preston, Coe, and LeHuray had already begun to show signs of breaking up when we left them in Paris, and they were likely to be two families instead of one. But then these three maids of Lasell are out on their own *cognizance* now, and ask no odds of anybody. So our number of thirty-six outward bound on "Pavonia" became nineteen inward on "Cephalonia." But we were happy all the same, being fortunate in smooth water, good fare, dry weather, keen appetites, and good-humor. And we landed in Boston, Friday, Sept. 10, thankful to God for care and mercies past, and trusting Him for what's to come, renewed in purpose to do more earnestly our tasks.

That so many persons should go so many miles without accident, illness, or a break in a prearranged programme, is a marvel; or would be were it not the rule with the Lasell European parties, with only two exceptions, one very trifling, out of about one hundred and twenty-five (125) persons travelling throughout four summers. C. C. B.

OUR NEW STUDENTS.

LIZZIE B. ATWATER, New Haven, Conn.; Fanny W. Barbour, Evansville, Ind.; Marion Belcher, Randolph; Maymie L. Binford, Marshalltown, Ia.; Mabel H. Bliss, Syracuse, N. Y.; Elizabeth G. Brownell, Sanquoit, N. Y.; Eleanor Bryan, Washington, D. C.; Fanny L. Burrige, Painsville, O.; Hattie M. Church, Marshalltown, Ia.; Caroline B. Coburn, Weston; Mary L. Cole, Boston; Kate Colony, Keene, N. H.; Elizabeth H. D. Eddy, New Bedford; Winnie B. Ewing, Des Moines, Ia.; Lena G. Foster, Hamilton, N. Y.; Kate I. Green, Denver, Col.; Marion Gunnison, Erie, Pa.; Susan C. Hallock, Cromwell, Conn.; Mary B. Hathaway, New Bedford; Edith H. Hax, St. Joseph, Mo.; Stephenia R. Hammond, Binghamton, N. Y.; Elsie M. Jones, Rochester, N. Y.; Harriet S. Joy, Newark, N. J.; Edith M. Kelley, New Bedford; Willie M. Kennedy, Cincinnati, O.; Fannie Lamme, Bozeman, Mon.; Georgia Lamme, Bozeman, Mon.; Eula Lee, Boston; Maude E. Matthews, Belfast, Me.; Annie V. McDonald, St. Joseph,

Mo.; Grace M. McLaughlin, Cincinnati, O.; Mary A. McMann, Denver, Col.; Anna W. Merryman, Haverhill; Susannah Miles, Lawrence, Kan.; Mary A. Peck, Davenport, Ia.; Sara K. Pew, Gloucester; Helena Pfau, Hamilton, O.; Marion W. Pierce, Attleboro; Louise C. Richards, Hinsdale; Mary Robert, Morristown, N. J.; Adelaide M. Saunders, N. Y. City; Bessie E. Sayford, Newton; Grace W. Skinner, Auburndale; Anna Smith, Tonawanda, N. Y.; Adelaide L. Sparks, Lee; Susan M. Stearns, Duluth, Minn.; Alice E. Thayer, N. Y. City; Emma J. Tichenor, Kittie A. Totman, Adams, N. Y.; Grace A. Van Buskirk, W. Stockbridge; Libbie Wakefield, Bozeman, Mont.; Alice Ward, Cincinnati, O.; Gertrude S. Weston, Skowhegan, Me.; Gertrude D. White, Col. Springs, Col.; Lucy A. White, Worcester; Helen L. White, Bangor, Me.; Kathleen M. Zeile, Bradford, Pa.; Grace M. Dyer, Newton Centre; Mary Louise Sutton, Rome, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

At the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis, Minn., Wednesday evening, June 16, ISABELLA M. PHELPS and HENRY J. ELLIOT.

At New Haven, Conn., July 8, MARY L. HARMON and CHARLES E. HELLIER.

At South Natick, Mass., Aug. 17, LOTTA NYE and A. ROSS CUTHBERT.

At Lockport, N. Y., Sept. 8, LIZZIE HOAG and CHARLES EUGENE WAITE.

At the First Church of Christ, Bradford, Mass., Wednesday evening, Sept. 15, ANNIE DWIGHT WEBB and JOHN ADAMS PAGE.

At the Methodist Episcopal Church, Sagamore, Mass., 12 M., Sept. 30, ELLA J. ELLIS and JEROME R. HOLWAY.

At Marion, Ohio, Oct. 5, LOUISE CONEKLIN FRIBLEY and LYMAN J. DUNN.

In Providence, R. I., Sept. 28, ABBY W. DAVIS and DR. HERMAN F. VICKERY. At home after Nov. 13, at 37 Hancock Street, Boston.

LUCIE M. SHIFF, a sister of "Emily and Theresa," has lately become the wife of Rev. Dr. Benjamin Franklin, of Shrewsbury, N. J.

Miss LILLIE F. TITCOMB, some time associated with our household department, is making her home, at Wells Brink, Texas, as Mrs. Rufus K. Stowell. Her many Lasell friends offer congratulations.

MR. and MRS. GEO. F. KELLOGG are "at home," October, Wednesdays, at 18 Cedar Street, Boston Highlands.

THE many friends of Tibbie Hosford will be pained to hear that her father, Mr. Abram P. Hosford, of Clinton, Iowa, died Sept. 12. He was in his seventy-fifth year.

RUTH ELIZABETH CUMNOCK arrived at Chicopee, Mass., July 9.

"The gates of Heaven were left ajar;
She saw our earth hung, like a star," etc.

MISS LIZZIE F. BACON, Miss Canterbury, and Miss Kizer just looked in on the old place a few days ago.

GOOD-BYE.

WE, the class of '86, assembled for the last time as undergraduates of Lasell, standing, reluctant, upon the threshold between our pleasant, irresponsible school days and the busy, work-a-day world, once more salute you, and for the last time. It only remains for us to bid you good-bye, and retire to make way for our eager sisters of '87. Time, too, has for its motto *En Avant*, and pushes us reluctantly forward, however loudly we may cry to the fleeing hours, "Stay, thou art so fair!" The last lesson is said, the last exercise is ending, and we ourselves are obliged to pronounce the fatal farewell, which excludes us forever from the enchanted realm of our school life.

We wish first to extend our most heartfelt thanks and good wishes to the friends who have been assembled for our commencement week. May you have the happiness to attend many a commencement here, and, *if possible*, of more brilliant classes. May you never miss the 10.33 train to Boston, and may some one of you have the extreme good fortune to confer your name upon Lasell's new chapel. The new chapel will come, but blessed be the man by whom it cometh. We say to you, not good-bye, but *au revoir*, for we shall expect to see you at some future commencement, or at our much-talked-of class reunion.

But to our teachers we must bid an eternal farewell. When next we see them, they will still be our friends, but the relation of pupil and teacher is forever ended. The have-you-got-your-lesson look has faded from their eyes, leaving only the kind and encouraging light with which we are familiar. As we go forth into the East and the West, the North and the South, their teaching and example will rise as a wall of fire about us, preserving us from the evil that would destroy the high ideals of right which we have received at Lasell; may we so live, that

"When the world shall link our names
With gracious words and actions fine,
Our teachers shall assert their claims,
And proudly whisper, 'These are mine.'"

Class of '87, in bidding you farewell we shall so far depart from the usual custom as to refrain from offering any advice, but should like to suggest that as juniors are always very much wiser than seniors, you had better call a class meeting at once, and advise yourselves for next year. May your class color be becoming to each fair member; may your essays all be finished by May 26; and may your commencement be as pleasant as ours has been. To the other pupils of Lasell we extend our best thanks for the kindness with which you have, all the year, tolerated our presumption, admired our wisdom, and criticised our attitudes. The best wish we can make you is, that you

may speedily burst forth from the chrysalis into full-fledged seniors, and share in all the honors which this implies.

Oh, Lasell, fair Lasell, how can we tell you good-bye! We must leave you, but our hearts refuse to go. You have all our love and best wishes, all our reverence and affection. May a whole village of new chapels spring up around you. Farewell, dear school, may you fare well indeed; may you never have less than ten seniors, and may every senior love you as we do.

PERSONALS.

ALICE WILLIAMS is at school at Philadelphia.

MYRTLE GREEN is at school at Bradford.

ELOISE KEITH and FLORA WHITNEY are at Miss Johnson's school in Boston.

STELLA TOYNTON and MOLLIE COE are in Paris.

JENNIE WILBUR is in a convent in Paris.

We hear that GRACE STEBBINS will spend the winter studying music and painting in Berlin.

THE Senior class is all here with the exception of Clara White.

MAME CORNWELL wanted to come back this year, but could not.

WHERE is EMMA RUSSELL?

WILL not some public-spirited "old girl" send us a design for the LASELL pin?

JOSEPHINE FARNUM and LIZZIE PECK visited Carrie McEchron this summer.

MABEL COOPER goes to New York this winter for violin and elocution lessons.

GERTRUDE PENFIELD is at her home in Wiltoughby, O., and goes into Cleveland twice a week for vocal lessons.

MR. B. A. GOODRICH, formerly a much-loved teacher at Lasell, is now at Southern Pines, N. C., where he is editing a weekly paper, the *Pine Knot*. It seems as bright and healthful as its name, starting with the editorial assertion, that "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." We know that country editors, as a rule, are very wealthy, but we do not care for riches. We *do* want the name of being a thoroughly *good* and *useful* paper." We wish the *Pine Knot* all success in its worthy ambition, and a long list of subscribers besides.

MARY HAVEN THIRKIELD, of Atlanta, Ga., brought her husband and elder child to see Lasell in vacation. Mary is a worthy daughter of good Bishop Gilbert Haven, with his sympathy for all the colored people, making her home with them, and her work their good. Mr. Gammon, of Chicago, has built them a good house recently, and has been a constant friend and helper in the work.

THE Misses Lasell, two daughters of the founder of Lasell Seminary, made a brief visit here, Oct. 6, recalling with pleasure the associations of childhood in the old Lasell.

WE regret to say that Miss Alice N. Magoun, of the class of '78, still continues to be an invalid, much confined to her room and sofa. She is, nevertheless, very bright, and hopeful of recovery at no distant period. She preserves her scholarly habits even in ill health.

MRS. JENNIE WEST ATWOOD, a former teacher of drawing and painting at our school, has had the misfortune to lose her sister some weeks before the summer vacation. This sister was the mother of Miss Jennie Raymond, another teacher whom old pupils will remember. She is now Mrs. Gehr. We give these ladies most cordial sympathy in a sorrow which has hardly yet lost its freshness. One of our teachers was out sketching with Mrs. Atwood during the latter part of August, the spot chosen being just beyond the western promenade in the lovely environs of Portland.

MISS WILLARD and MISS LOUISE H. RICHARDSON spent last Sunday with us, to the delight of many friends. They were teaching here so recently that a number of their pupils are still with us. Miss Richardson is giving herself an opportunity to study a few months as a post-graduate at Boston University, and will go back to Minnesota in January. Miss Willard avails herself of the privileges of Harvard Annex for a year.

MISS ADDIE JOHNSON accompanied her sister Tassie to Lasell, and remained one night. We hope to see her here often this year.

JUST THREE THINGS.

"I ONCE met a thoughtful scholar," says Bishop Whipple, "who told me that for years he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things:

"First. I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide and leave me stone-blind.

"Second. I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen Arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. I know that was not a dream.

"Third. I have three motherless daughters (and he said it with tears in his eyes). They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you blot out from it all the teachings of the Gospel." — *Selected*.

LOCALS.

FOUND,—perpetual motion. For further information, inquire of No. 29.

Teacher,—"Who was the first Christian martyr?"

Pupil,—"Ben Hur."

Teacher,—"Why did Bonaparte go to Asia Minor?"

Bright Girl,—"To Gaz-a-round the country."

We are pleased to announce the delightful fact, that, at the table where the most slang has heretofore been used, there is now an "anti-slang club" consisting of six active members. Every slang word used costs a cent, and they have already in their treasury about two dollars. The Seniors suggest that the proceeds be used for a feast to which they will be invited by the members of the club.

ONE of the "press" wished to know if "Calculus" was n't something in Latin. She immediately drew upon herself the withering look of a tall Senior.

Nor overcoat, but *top-coat* henceforth.

THE Lasellia Club gave an open meeting to the new girls Thursday evening Sept. 30. The programme was as usual for regular meetings, with the omission of the debate.

THE clubs—Lasellia and S. D.—now meet Thursday night instead of Saturday night as they have always done. This leaves Saturday night free to those who are fond of symphonies and darning.

THE first Saturday evening after school opened the old girls gave an informal reception to the new-comers in the gymnasium. This little gathering afforded excellent opportunities for the new girls to become naturalized, and for the old ones to greet their Auburndale friends,—quite a number of whom were present.

ON Wednesday, Oct. 13, the girls enjoyed a very delightful afternoon. Mr. Hall very kindly invited the girls to a "chestnut picnic," and there can be no doubt but that the girls got enough chestnuts for one day. All the girls voted Mr. Hall "just splendid," and all join in hearty thanks to him for his kindness.

THE "Bien-Venue" of shells has had many and curious interpretations. The only two which we are able to spell are,—*"Bean Venus,"* and *"Bean Vine."* The latter is John's rendering.

Girl.—Professor, have you Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur*? I want very much to read it.

Professor B.—Lou Walston's *Ben Hur*! Is she engaged already?

THE SUMMER DAYS OF HAWTHORNE'S LIFE.

IN the year 1849, when it seemed likely, according to the laws of our admirable civil-service system, that Nathaniel Hawthorne would lose his place in the Boston Custom House, one of his friends made an effort to keep him in his place, as it was his only means of support at that time. He visited, for the purpose, a prominent political character, and endeavored to convince him that the country owed something to the promising young romance writer. "Yes, yes," was the sarcastic reply, "I see through it all, I see through it; that Hawthorne is one of them 'ere visionists, and we don't want no such man as him round." The reply is characteristic of the spirit of an age that prides itself on being intensely practical. The country is full of maxims on the importance of having an aim in life, and of improving one's time. But now and then appears a man who grumbles at our incessant toil and worry, and mocks us by playing and building air-castles, while we are laboriously earning our bread by the sweat of our brows. And although we think in serene self-congratulation that we are getting the good out of life, and are on the royal road to success, we wake up some day to find that that idle neighbor of ours has outstripped us, and while we have been toiling and panting in a fever heat after what we deem good, he has walked in quietly and taken the prize before us.

I have been thinking of the dark-eyed dreamer who once sojourned in Concord. He held the sunset's gold as genuine wealth, and has declared that in his own heart he found great use of clouds. Walking on earth, wrapped often in the mystic veil of solitude, he dreamed wondrous dreams, and gave them to the world in the "pearl of perfect expression." One says that in all his writings extant there is not one slovenly sentence; another, that in all there is not one unlovely image. Although he has never been popular, in the common acceptance of the term, he is becoming every year more widely recognized as a true artist,—one whose works will live for ages along with the great masterpieces of human thought. Hawthorne could never have written as he did, if he had not *lived* out and *written* out himself. There was much in his nature that fretted against the demands of the world and the existing customs of society. He hated, above all things, care and worry, the struggle for daily bread, the jarring of men in their daily pursuit of success. There is a passage in the "Marble Faun" that sounds like the plaint of some wild bird shut in an iron cage. Listen: "Mankind are getting so far beyond the childhood of their race that they scorn to be happy any longer. A simple and joyous character can find no place for itself among the sage and

sombre figures that would put his unsophisticated cheerfulness to shame. The entire system of man's affairs, as at present established, is built up purposely to exclude the careless and happy soul. The very children would upbraid the wretched individual to take life and the world as what we might naturally suppose them meant for, a place and opportunity of enjoyment. It is the iron rule in our day to require an object and a purpose in life. No life now wanders like an unfettered stream; there is a mill wheel for the tiniest rivulet to turn. We go all wrong, by too strenuous a resolution to go all right. Nature, in beast, fowl, tree, earth, flood, and sky, is what it was of old; but sin and care and self-consciousness have set the human portion of the world askew."

For one short season at least this wild bird lived in the sunshine, happy, careless, and free. The three years which Hawthorne and his wife spent at the old manse were years of quiet sunshine. He has given us the history of them in his note-book and in the beautiful introduction of his "Mosses." "Glancing back over what I have written," says he, "it seems but the scattered reminiscences of a single summer. In fairyland there is no measure of time; and in a spot so sheltered from the turmoil of life's ocean three years hastened away with a noiseless flight, as the breezy cloud-shadows across the depths of a still valley. All that I had to show, as a man of letters, were these few tales and essays which had blossomed out like flowers in the calm summer of my heart and mind." He speaks often in his journal of being in Paradise with his Eve. "The fight with the world, the struggle of a man among men, the agony of the universal effort to wrench the means of living from a host of greedy competitors,—all this seems like a dream to me. My business is merely to live and enjoy; and whatever is essential to life and enjoyment will come as naturally as the dew from heaven." He is describing an October day: "Nature's tenderness waxes stronger. It is impossible not to be fond of our mother now, for she is so fond of us. She has leisure to caress her children now. It is good to be alive at such times. Thank Heaven for breath—yes, for mere breath—when it is made up of a heavenly breeze like this. A blessing is flung abroad and scattered far and wide over the earth, to be gathered up by all who choose. I recline on the still unwithered grass and whisper to myself, 'O perfect day! O beautiful world! O beneficent God!' And it is the promise of a blessed eternity; for our Creator would never have made such lovely days and given us the deep hearts to enjoy them, above and beyond all thought, unless we were meant to be immortal." And now he is showing us a cardinal flower: "Its

gorgeous scarlet is a joy even to remember. The world is made brighter by flowers of such a hue. Even perfume, which otherwise is the soul and spirit of a flower, may be spared when it arrays itself in this scarlet glory. It is a flower of thought and feeling too ; it seems to have its roots deep down in the hearts of those who gaze at it."

He tells us that all the guests who come to the old manse find a slumberous influence upon them. "They could not have paid a more acceptable compliment to me or my abode. I held it is a proof that they left their cares behind them as they passed between the stone gate posts at the entrance of our avenue. Others could give them pleasure and amusement or instruction ; but it was for me to give them rest — rest in a world of trouble."

For three years the wayward stream of Hawthorne's life was forced to turn no mill-wheel. It flowed along calmly, obeying the law of its nature, and, like his own Concord River, reflected in idealized beauty the face of the sky that bent over it. His words describing the river describe his life too: "All the sky glows downward at our feet; the rich clouds float through the unruffled bosom of the stream like heavenly thoughts through a peaceful heart." The record of such a life should have a meaning for us. There are indeed oaks that mock the fierce blasts of winter, and grow the stronger for storms ; but there are also rare and beautiful plants which will never blossom or mature seed except in a genial atmosphere. Care and worry and hurry and incessant drudgery never yet produced a good thing. The finest work cannot be done in an uproar. A certain repose is necessary — a state of harmony with nature and ourselves. The fruit of our labors is too often flavored with briny drops from our brows. To put ourselves into the best possible condition for doing fine, artistic work we must first learn how to *rest*, to lay our heads on nature's bosom, glad as the bird that flies to meet the sunrise with its carol, and free as the frolicking summer winds.

We have learned long enough from the busy bee and the toilsome ant. Birds and breezes have their mission too.

X.

WANTED, A READING PUBLIC.

THIS is what the publishers say is needed ; that is, serious readers, those who care enough about books to buy them, own them, and really possess themselves of their contents. This is what the writers say is needed, — the writers who are becoming almost more numerous than the readers. Nearly everybody writes for publication. It is impossible to provide vehicles enough for their contributions, and the reading public to sustain periodicals does not increase

in proportion. Everybody agrees that this is the most intelligent, active-minded age that ever was, and in its way the prolific and productive age. Is there a glut and over-production in the literary world as well as in other departments? Is n't it an odd outcome of diffused education and of cheap publications, the decline in the habit of continuous serious reading? We have heard a great deal since Lord Brougham's time and the societies for the diffusion of knowledge, of the desirability of cheap literature for the masses. The congressmen place cheapness above honesty in their sincere desire to raise the tone of the American people. There is no product that men use which is now so cheap as newspapers, periodicals, and books. For the price of a box of strawberries or a banana, you can buy the immortal work of the greatest genius of all time in fiction, philosophy, or science. But we doubt if the class that were to be specially benefited by this reduction in price of intellectual food are much profited. Of course some avail themselves of things placed within their reach which they could not own formerly ; but it remains true that people value and profit only by that which it costs some effort to attain. We very much doubt if the mass of the people have as good habits of reading as they did when publications were dearer. Who is it that buy the five, ten, and twenty cent editions? Generally those who could afford to buy and did buy books at a fair price, to the remuneration of author and publisher ; and their serious reading habit has gone down with the price. We have an increasing leisure class. When does it read? Not much in the winter, for the demands of society are too exigent then ; for private reading there is no time, and a short cut to information is sought by means of drawing-room lectures and clubs, which are supposed to give to social life, without interfering with it, a lacquer of culture. In summer it is impossible to read much ; what is called the mind needs rest by that time, and the distractions of out-door life in the mountains and by the sea forbid anything but the most desultory skimming of the very lightest products of the press. To be sure, the angel of the Atlantic Ocean sees a row of pretty girls on the coast, seated on rock or in the sand, all the way from Campo Bello to Cape May, with novels in their hands, — one of the most pleasing imitations of intellectual life ever presented in the world. It is perfect when there is breeze enough to turn over the leaves. And the young men, — those who are in business, or who are supposed to be getting a more or less "conditional" education, — do they read as much as the young ladies? It is a curious comment on the decay of the reading habit in households, the blank literary condition of the young men who come

up to the high schools and colleges. Is it owing entirely to the modern specialization of knowledge that they usually have read little except their text-books?

Now we are not trying to defend the necessity of reading. They say that people got on very well in the Middle Ages without much of it, and that the women were as agreeable and the men as brave and forceful as in this age. But it is certainly interesting to consider whether, by reason of cheap and chopped-up literary food, we are coming round practically to the Middle Ages relative to reading ; that is, to reading anything except what is called news, or ingenious sorts of inventions and puzzles, which can be talked about as odd incidents in daily life are to be talked about. This habit of real reading is not acquired by the perusal of newspapers, nor by the swift dash which most people give to the cheap publications which are had for the picking up, and usually valued accordingly. It is an open question whether cheap literature is helping us any toward becoming a thoughtful and reading people. — *Harpers' Magazine for October.*

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

WE call attention of mothers to the following, taken from an article in *Youth's Companion* : —

Life — the life of to-day — reminds one of starting to run down a hill. You go faster and faster, until the very momentum of your own speed so impels you that you must either rush on madly, or fall helpless. A girl must learn languages, music, — if she has the tip of an ear for it, — drawing and dancing, very likely ; and must be well dressed and well mannered.

The poor girl lives in a whirl. She has not a moment to think. Sleep forsakes her. Of blessed restfulness she knows nothing. In an extreme case she dies — as died, lately, one of the loveliest and brightest girls in Washington, who had been doing social duty enough for three girls, at least.

This kind of illness among girls is becoming fearfully common. A charming bride lately went through the marriage ceremony with only two or three witnesses, because of a sudden breakdown in her health, after all her preparations had been made for a grand wedding. She had had nervous prostration two years before, in consequence of a too-exciting New York season, and the toils and cares of providing her wedding outfit had reduced her to helplessness again ; so that she begins her married life already an invalid.

In a less extreme case, the poor, pretty rosebud, unduly forced to hurried bloom, withers, grows pale, becomes all one nervous tremor, and then runs away, to live for a while with quiet, unhurrying nature, happy indeed if it be not too late for this placid and restful companionship to bring her healing.

"MAJOR AND MINOR."

RUBINSTEIN's sight grows dim.

HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY celebrated its fifth centenary this year.

LISZT played often in private circles, and seldom, if ever, refused when asked by a lady.

NICOLINI will accompany Mme. Patti-Nicolini on her American tour, but will not sing.

MADAME GERSTER is ill in Paris.

BACH's mass in B minor will be given next winter, for the first time in Boston, by the Handel and Hayden Society.

THE total number of Liszt's works amounts to six hundred and forty-seven, as far as known.

ART NOTES.

AMONG the pictures being separately exhibited in London just now is the "Madonna die Candelabri," attributed to Raphael, which was exhibited with a great flourish of trumpets at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York not long ago, and certain gentlemen tried to persuade the public to buy it at some fabulous price. There have been so many attempts to sell this painting as a fine example of Raphael, although it is certain that at least the background of the picture is by a later hand, that it will be interesting to notice whether anything will come out of its present exhibition in London.

"It is not copying pictures which makes an artist," said Couture in one of his lectures, "but studying them and applying the methods of their creators to your own studies of nature."

"THE painting of statues during the Middle Ages," was the subject of a paper read by M. Louis Courajod, keeper of the Louvre, at a recent meeting of the Academie des Luscip-tions. It was through the influence of Michael Angelo, he showed, that the custom was abandoned. Even at the beginning of the Renaissance period it was customary to paint in various colors statues and relief, and, in fact, every kind of sculpture, and the practice was slow in dying out. M. Courajod spoke of the many monuments that had been preserved in their original color, including the tomb of Cominines, now in the Louvre, and quoted from various written documents concerning the art of coloring stone and marble, which, with certain artists, was a specialty, even at the Renaissance. During the Gothic period architecture itself was polychromatic, and painted sculpture was a necessity. As late as the reign of Francois, Premier, — the golden age of art in France, — the propriety of painted sculpture was recognized in the majolica of the Della Robbias, and, outside of ceramic art, it appears that examples are not wanting of the approved use of

painted sculpture even in the eighteenth century.

A monument is to be erected to Millet at Herbourg, which is near Gréville, his birth-place. It is gratifying to note that in honoring the dead the living have not been forgotten. The *Athenæum* says that a number of the admirers of the great peasant painter have decided to offer his widow the little house at Barbizon, in which he lived for many years.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Treasury Department is using every effort to secure a speedy distribution of the new silver certificates, and, to that end, orders have been issued for the force employed on that work at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, to work extra hours at night, until a supply of the small notes is secured, sufficient to meet the present heavy demand. The two-dollar certificates will be ready for distribution by the third week in October, and the fives about the middle of November.

THE condition of King Otto, of Bavaria, is becoming worse. He is more eccentric than ever, and insists on remaining in solitude.

THE Mexican Congress has appointed a commission to study the silver question.

MR. BLAINE is evidently making hay while the sun shines. He has no intention that the people shall forget him as an aspirant for Presidential honors. He has spoken at Portland, and is announced to speak in Pennsylvania several times before the State election.

THE September debt statement shows a decrease of the national debt, less cash in the treasury of \$10,627,013.17.

THE New York Court of Appeals, on Tuesday, handed down a decision affirming the sentence of the lower court in the Jaehne case. He will, therefore, have to serve out his sentence in Sing Sing. The District Attorney of New York will proceed, at an early date, to the trial of a number of the indicted aldermen of 1884.

THE *Tribune* says that there is talk among the Hoffman House Democrats, of the possibility of Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, succeeding Secretary Manning.

THE French Chambers were summoned to meet on October 14.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

CARL MEYERS made, from the fair-grounds in Franklin, Penn., on Wednesday, Sept. 8, the first ascension known with natural gas, the balloon rising just one mile, and sailing about one hour.

MR. ARNOLD HAGUE, of the U. S. geological survey, who is now in the Yellowstone National Park, writes that the accounts which have appeared in various newspapers, of an outbreak of the Excelsior geyser, coincident with the date of the recent earthquake that was so destructive at Charleston, on Aug. 31, are entirely without foundation. He has been studying this geyser for the last four years, and is confident, notwithstanding various reports to the contrary, that it has not played during that time.

LARGE floating fields of pumice, thrown up by the great volcanic eruption at Krakatoa, Java, have been seen in the Indian Ocean, nearly seven hundred miles from where they were seen a year ago.

A CABLE despatch from the Cape of Good Hope, through Dr. Kruger, at Keel, Germany, announces the discovery of a comet at the Cape, by Professor Finlay, on the 26th of September.

THERE was lately described to the French Academy of Science a species of ant observed in the island of St. Thomas. A large fire having been kindled at a certain distance from the ant-hill, the ants were seen to precipitate themselves into it by thousands until it was completely extinguished.

EXCHANGES.

WHEN the exchange editor returned from her summer vacation, the large pile of exchanges awaiting her perusal fairly frightened her. But her courage has, in some measure, returned. And on reading the papers over she finds that they are almost entirely filled with very interesting accounts of commencements and class days. A great number of the September exchanges have not yet arrived, but when they do appear, they will find a hearty welcome awaiting them.

WE hear that the *Lampoon* may possibly be unable to continue its publication this year, on account of the graduation of its best editors. We hope that the report is not true. for *what* would Lasell girls do without the *Lampoon*?

WE find on our table a new exchange, *The High School Times* of Medway, Mass. It is a very good little paper, and we will be glad to exchange.

THE *Nut* for September has copied the article which appeared in the June *LEAVES* on the subject "American Girls." The *Nut* is published by the High School of St. Louis. It is not one of our regular exchanges, but is, nevertheless, quite good.

"Do the duty that comes first, and one never knows what beautiful experience it may blossom into."

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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BY THE

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ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

It is hard to realize that winter is so near at hand. We regret that the beautiful autumn has gone; yet, when we hear some girl—usually one of the new-comers—say, "Oh, but Thanksgiving seems so near when cold weather comes, and then it is such a short time until Christmas," we also begin to be impatient for the winter. We lose all thoughts of the autumn, with its chestnuting, boating, and tennis, in the thoughts of the bracing air of winter, and the skating, tobogganing, and sleighing, which are in store for us.

A great many of the girls spend their Thanksgiving vacation at school, yet they have no occasion to be sorry for staying. They are sure of a jolly time every day, and a fine and lengthy dinner on Thanksgiving day.

The girls who go away, either to their homes, or to friends, are always glad of the chance to get away from school duties, and they come back refreshed and ready for work again. When Thanksgiving has been passed, Christmas seems very near, and so we look on Thanksgiving as merely a means to nearing Christmas and home. In the midst of our Thanksgiving festivities, let us remember how little we deserve to be among those who—unlike Glory McWhirk—see lots of good times in the world, and are always in them.

WE must apologize for a serious omission in the October number of the LEAVES. Through some carelessness on our part, in announcing the changes in the faculty, we omitted to mention the marriage of Professor Cassedy. This is a most important change.—to Professor at least,—and we do not understand how we came to forget it, even temporarily. Mrs. Cassedy has charmed everybody, and we are very glad that Professor brought her back with him.

THE cooking classes are giving general satisfaction this fall. A new plan has been adopted, that of separating the students into two classes, so that those who are quite advanced need not go over the rudiments each year. The examination, which took place Oct. 13, was so satisfactory in its results, that the advanced class is by far the larger. The very practical answers which were given to some of the questions were quite amusing. For instance, in response to the question as to what some of the agents used in cooking are, a few bright girls said "common-sense," "a stove," and "utensils to cook in." A few girls, we are glad to say they were few, said they would build a fire with "kerosene." There were many more such answers, but we have neither time nor space to chronicle them all.

Mrs. Lincoln is as delightful and interesting as she was last year, and she expressed much

pleasure in the fact that so much of her last year's instruction was remembered. Those in the advanced class have, as might be imagined from the name, a greater number and harder recipes than those in the beginning class, and they expect to go home in June, if not finished cooks, at least with such a good foundation, that they will become finished in a short time.

...

WHEN Miss Chamberlayne announced that gymnastics would begin the first of November, it is hard to say whether the murmur that ran through the chapel expressed pleasure or displeasure. Yet every one has begun her work in the gymnasium very cheerfully, and there are few girls who "perfectly hate" the exercise. At present the old girls go twice a week, and the new girls three times, but this change is merely until the latter are "trained."

Miss Ransom, who was here year before last, takes Miss Fuller's place, and it seems very natural to have her back again. Has any one seen or heard anything of Miss Fuller? We wish she would put in an appearance once in a while; we would like to see her.

We think that right here is the place for a suggestion. Would n't it be a good plan to have in the gymnasium a number of fair-sized sand bags, for the girls to use as aids in straightening their round shoulders? We feel the need of "sand bags" ourselves, so we think it might be a good plan for a the girls to have them. There is but one in the gymnasium now, and that is so large as to be unwieldy. A number of smaller ones would be very acceptable.

...

THE reception mentioned in our pages, which was given on the evening of Nov. 3, was a very delightful affair. It was as much a surprise to the Seniors, who felt as if June were coming, as it was to the rest of the school; who, though they may have felt somewhat aggrieved that they were not included among the guests, nevertheless, did not show it, and seemed to be glad that the Seniors, at least, could enjoy the evening. This is a highly commendable spirit, and we submit it as a model to all future Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior classes. We hope that this reception is the first of many more such enjoyable evenings, and that hereafter the other classes may participate in them.

That would give actual proof that "virtue is its own reward."

WE think that the LEAVES would be much more interesting, and that it would be a help to all the girls, not to mention the editors, if there were more voluntary contributions. By *voluntary* contributions we do not mean that the editors should be obliged to go around and beg each girl to give something for the LEAVES. "Voluntary" means that the editors should have nothing to do with the contributions, except to be the recipients of them. We wonder if that is plain enough? A suggestion has been made that prizes be offered for the best article or story which is handed in for publication. We should be glad to hear the opinions of the school and of our friends upon this subject. And while you are all making up your minds what your opinion is, just sit down and manufacture something out of your fertile brains and send it along. We ought to hear something from the old girls, too, especially those who went abroad. Where are you, girls?

ALTHOUGH so much has already been said on the subject of birds as the trimming of hats and bonnets, yet it does not seem out of place to call attention to the subject this month, when so many of the girls are "looking around" for a winter hat. It is astonishing to see the number of birds that continue to be worn, when so much has been said and written against the practice. A law in New York State has been passed against it, so the New York girls had better be careful. The law says that any person who shall kill, *purchase, or have in possession*, or expose for sale any song or wild bird, or any part thereof, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. The punishment is either imprisonment, or a fine not less than ten or more than fifty dollars. We think it would be a good plan if such a law was passed and enforced in the rest of the States. We are glad to hear that a club of a few young ladies, who have sworn to discard birds as a trimming for their hats, has been started in this school, and we hope that its numbers will swell before long. (Call at No. 24 for further information.) In conclusion, we publish the following article from the *Christian Union*, entitled "Will It Succeed?"

"It will be a disgrace to the women of this country, if the attempt to reintroduce the wearing of birds, or parts of them, on bonnets is successful. No doubt this attempt is due to the efforts of the trade to give value to stock that was rendered almost valueless by the determined action of the members of the Audubon Society, and of women who felt the wickedness of the senseless destruction of our song

birds and birds of plumage. To urge that there can be no harm in buying and wearing the birds already prepared for adornment of bonnets, is a decidedly weak argument. Just so surely as women purchase birds for their millinery, just so surely will the destruction of our birds go on; there will be a constant effort to introduce attractive novelties, and these cannot be furnished unless our feathered songsters die.

"How can a woman of refinement or taste be a partner in the wanton destruction of these woodland and meadow music souls? To destroy life for nourishment is one thing; to destroy life, and an endless source of delight, to gratify a fancy that already has an almost unlimited field from which to choose, is cruelly wicked."

THE SPIDER IN CHURCH.

EIGHTEEN pairs of eyes are bent,
Eyes of blue with looks intent;
Deep gray eyes, eyes black and brown,
With curious gaze cast modestly down
On the floor in front of the preacher's place,
Rather than upward to meet his face.
And what is the object that moves along
With patient progress through prayer and song,
'Twixt pew and platform, to and fro?
And why must the girls keep watch of it so!
Do they fear the poor spider without remorse
May set out for their pew with unerring course,
And climb up the front and perch on the top,
His legs all dancing preparing to hop,
And swing himself out by a slender thread,
On an airy line for some poor girl's head?
If only he would! For what greater delight
Than to see a Lasell girl in such a sad plight!
Would she scream or faint, if the beast came near,
Or fly from the church in young lady-like fear,
And slam the side door in most prudent alarm,
Lest the mean old thing follow and do her some harm?
Forbear the thought; she would scorn to run;
And we cannot surmise what would be done;
For back and forth, and forth and back,
The spider moves on in his regular track,
While a smile goes flitting from face to face,
That lights each one with bewitching grace.
A soulless spider he surely must be
Who can take such smiles so indifferently.
But he never once blushes or turns his head;
While people can't think what the preacher *has* said
To cause such strange smiles from the girls of a school,
Where none ever breaks with the strictest rule.

THE HARMONIES OF NATURE.

Is there nothing in the world beyond what can be explained by the adaptation of means to ends? As I stroll over fragrant pine-needles, I pick up from the ground a twig encrusted with gray lichen; when lo! one of the tiny dots of fluffiness, in which no hint of organic form can be discerned, begins swiftly to roll along on invisible legs, defeating, silly creature, the wise and protective care that made it capable of defying detection. The mite was

the result of the law of evolution, say you, by which all little, living things are guarded from danger by their resemblance to that on which they feed. It may be so; but come further. The desolate plains of Dakota lose their monotony, I am told, to the observer, who notes the exquisite contrasts of color in their stratified clays. Glowing red and deep brown-black, greenish gray and purple, run side by side, but never mingle. What utilitarian law dictates that the dainty grasses through whose abundance Nature there compensates for her barrenness, should always follow accurately the hue of the stratum on which they wave? The deep purple heads never stray to the adjoining hillock of gray, nor the greenish, by mistake or caprice, relieve themselves against the sombre black. Nay, we need not wander so far afield; here in our own New England are countless instances of the harmonies of nature. How absolutely does the whole scheme of color in wood and meadow change with the season, from the pure, reserved tints of spring, cool as the light seen through green water, to the full tones of October! The other day I came upon a belated wild rose, which opened its pale cup in the shelter of a flaunting clump of golden-rod and field-lilies. I felt no sympathy with the puny half-hearted washed-out thing; so completely does our standard adjust itself to the shifting year. Each plant, however insignificant, conforms to this principle, chooses early in its career its own special tint-vestment, and, once committed, devotes itself throughout its brief existence to elaborating, with unerring instinct equal to that of the adept in decorative art, the chosen scheme of color. The tender leaves of budding maple-sprouts in earliest spring flush crimson with some premonition of their fiery end; and when the touch of frost startles them from their sober middle age, they assume more brilliantly in their courageous death the joyful tints with which they greeted the air. Watch one of those sturdy groups of pitcher-plants that spread with vigor in our damp meadows, the humpbacks, as it were, of the vegetable creation. It would seem at first as if the great Mother, sufficiently entertained with the curious freak of form which she has played, refrained from further emphasizing by color her erratic product; for the quiet dull green of the pitchers assimilates itself perfectly to the surrounding grass. But a creature of character so marked must somehow express the strength of its vitality; look below the surface, dig down among the rich black mud, and you shall find a heart aflame with passion, a root that glows with deep, dark, angry red. Soon the palpitating emotion contains itself no longer; the flower-stalk slowly pushes upward, and the sombre blossom opens to the light.

If it seems in its quaint form to express the very spirit of the distorted plant, still more does it do so in its wonderful and peculiar play of color, ranging from the burnished mahogany of the outer petals to the deep rose tints within. The hidden soul of the root has disclosed the very secret of its nature; and when the blossom shrivels and dies, the patient, deformed plant lives on a time in green reserve. But when it feels the coming end, then once more its true individuality declares itself, its dumb passion creeps in reddening veins through the delicate tracery of its open lids, till finally the whole whorl of grotesque leaves is suffused with a dark and sullen flush. It is easy to find yet more complex harmonies so fine, so subtle, that they seem to be the silent self-communion of the plant. Our barberry-bushes furnish a pretty instance. Each bush is a poem, throughout its graceful existence. In spring, what an exquisite, shrinking accord between the fragrant yellow bells of drooping blossom, and the golden-green of the tender leaves above! Now, in October, the leaves flush gayly in their soft crimsons, in perfect unison with the rich bloom upon the fruit; even the tiny stemlets of the blossoms take on a corresponding glow; the whole intention, the whole message of the bustle has altered. You think that its inmost nature is changed, perhaps, that it has forgotten its delicate childhood? So it would seem; but wait a moment. Break off one of these laden branches, and examine the wood within; it is of a peculiar pale saffron, the exact tint of the early blossoms. The bush flaunts not before the curious world its dearest recollection; but it preserves forever, fresh in its constant heart, unseen, unguessed, the memory of its youth. What science can explain to me, by laws of expediency alone, these harmonies of nature?

A COW-BELL.

"A PROSAIC subject," I hear my readers say. No doubt it would be, if I were to describe cow-bells in general, but if you look carefully and thoughtfully at the heading of this article, you will perceive that I am about to describe *one* cow-bell, and *but* one. It hangs, not on the neck of one of the meek and gentle creatures known as cows; but rather, hangs on the gas fixture of Room No. —. I cannot reveal the number, — I am sworn to secrecy, — but if you follow the night-watchman in his rounds about 9.30 P. M., it would not be surprising if you found out where this cow-bell hangs.

This cow-bell, too, is worthy to be described. It is not one of the ordinary sort, dark and rusty and ornamented by a hempen rope.

No, indeed! It is of silver and gold (outside) and hangs by a pink satin ribbon. Its tone is not to be described by "mine afflicted stile." In fact, it sounds very much as a cow-bell usually does, and who is able to describe that?

Did you never hear this gilded cow-bell? Think of the most chestnuty joke possible, and repeat it about the halls, (don't go too far up!) and I should not be surprised if you heard its musical tones.

OUR SUPERSTITIONS.

It will, perhaps, surprise many Americans to read, as they may do in a recent letter to a French paper, from the United States, that the people of this country are among the most superstitious in the world, exceeding in this respect the French, the Germans, and the English.

This statement cannot be proved, for it is not true that any large number of our people equal in superstitiousness the French peasantry, or even the English yeomanry. And yet, it is undeniable that our sailors are full of superstitions, and that many of our farmers are the absolute slaves of fallacies about the influence of the phases of the moon upon their crops, and upon the weather.

Many women, too, are apt to shudder at the breaking of a mirror, fearing bad luck, and a whole family of superstitions has been grouped about the cat.

The idle and foolish fear, in the South and West, that it is "bad luck" to remove a cat from one house to another with a moving family, has probably been the cause of the desertion and cruel death of more than one unfortunate animal. Many superstitions, indeed, are wicked, and all are foolish.

The belief in the "unluckiness" of Friday is common all over the Christian world, and retains a certain hold in this country, in spite of the "lucky" circumstances that America was discovered on Friday, that the Pilgrims landed on Friday, and that the Declaration of Independence was adopted on Friday. The superstition arises from the belief that our Saviour was crucified on Friday. How unworthy to suppose that the event which saved mankind should have doomed the world to perpetual ill-fortune on the day of its occurrence!

If Friday were indeed an unlucky day, nothing could have been undertaken in this year, 1886, because the year began on Friday, will end on Friday, and contains fifty-three Fridays; four of its months contain five Fridays each; the longest and shortest days of the year are both Fridays, and, more dreadful still, five changes of the moon fall on Friday.

The fear of the number thirteen is not so

common in this country as it is in Europe. The superstition has its origin in the fact that the apostles, with the Saviour, made thirteen at table. The superstition in its original form was to the effect that, if thirteen men were seated together, one of the number was sure to prove a traitor or a criminal and be hanged. As executions ceased to be of common occurrence, the notion simply that one of the thirteen would die within a year replaced the former superstition.

The accidental spilling of salt is often noted by the American housewife as "unlucky," but rather, it seems, by way of jest than seriously. This superstition also goes back to ancient times, when the exchange of a pinch of that necessary article, salt, was a sign of friendship, and, quite naturally, its refusal a token of hostility. The overthrow of a dish containing it was held, therefore, to foreshadow the end of friendship.

Superstitions about the moon are very old, and of very varied origin. Men of science tell us that there is, so far as influence of the moon upon the weather is concerned, but one chance for any such effect, and that is in the possibility that the very slight amount of heat that the full moon radiates may have some little influence in dispelling clouds and rendering the atmosphere dryer.

A good story is still told of a colored man in the South, who, though ignorant, was wise enough to get along without squaring all his acts by the state of the moon. He was a successful gardener, and the vegetables he produced were always the earliest and the finest.

"Do you plant your seeds in the new of the moon, Gabriel, or in the old of the moon?" he was asked. "Go 'long," said Gabriel; "I plants my seeds in de ground, an' lets de moon take care of herse'f!" — *Youth's Companion*.

It is stated that "true beauty results from that repose which the mind feels when the eye, the intellect, and the affections are satisfied from the absence of any want." And Sir Joshua Reynolds tells us that "it is the sense of nature or truth which ought more particularly to be cultivated by the professors of art." Hay, again, says: "Proportion is, in short, that geometrical quality in forms and figures by which they are rendered pleasing to the sense of sight, independently of their use or any other consideration."

"Did it ever occur to you when you meet people whom you very much dislike, that they probably are about as disgusted with you as you are with them, and that the amount of misery that we thus dispense probably would make a good equation with the amount we suffer?"

MAJOR DUCLIN'S STORY.

"Ah! nothing like a camp-fire and a good pipe when a man's been on his feet all day. Come, youngster, come up nearer to the blaze. A day's march tells more when one is n't used to the service. I remember how tired a friend of mine used to get in that campaign against the Russians in '77.

"Yes, against the Russians. Of course you supposed, like every one else, that I had always been on their side; and so I was, after the first; but I enlisted with the Turks, to begin with, and served with them nearly six months. I don't talk about that time. Don't know why I mentioned it now, except your eyes have a clear, bright look in them, boy, that reminds me sometimes of some eyes I used to know once. Oh! you want to hear how I came to change sides. Well, it's a story I never told before; but to-night, perhaps, it will be a relief, and then it will keep you awake. I don't like being with a man who's asleep,—its almost worse than being alone.

"I tell you, no one who has n't seen it from the inside can have any idea of the degradation of the Turks. If those English Tories had seen what I have they would n't talk so much about the noble Ottoman. I was n't particularly sensitive in those days. I didn't care a snap which side I fought in so long as there was fighting to be done, and I had joined the Turks in a careless sort of way, attracted by the adventure and novelty of the thing; but we could n't stand it long. We had n't been in the service over a month before we began to plan desertion to the Russians. We were a whole company of Europeans, and we all had the same feeling. We did n't care a snap for the questions involved in the war, but no human being could have endured the barbarity of the Turks. It was harder for Jacques Duval than for any of the rest of us, perhaps. Poor fellow, he was shrinking and delicate, not cut out for a soldier, I always said, lovable, gentle,—oh, yes,—I knew him. You see we had come from the same village. I was several years older, and Jacques had always looked up to me and admired my courage. As for myself, I never got along with women, and Jacques was more like my sweetheart than my friend. I was a dashing young fellow in those days, with good nerve, and a kind of stolid endurance that Jacques always envied me. It never occurred to either of us that I could ever do a cowardly thing. You remind me of my old self sometimes, Vincent, with your bright, reckless daring. I suppose you think that nothing could ever frighten you into doing a mean thing? Well, I thought so once.

"We laid our plans for desertion very quietly; but it was months before we could find a chance

for carrying them out, and meanwhile the wearisome business went on,—pillaging and burning village after village. We knew our risks well enough. The Turks were always implacable, and the general had threatened to make an example of the next case of desertion. He was a cruel man that general, with his full lips and broad forehead and impassive air. But there was n't one of us who would n't rather have died than carry on that hateful business any longer.

"So we watched our chance, and finally, one cloudy evening, it came. There had been a victory, and the officers, elated by success, were off their guard carousing. All the sentinels but one or two were on our side. Those we killed quietly, the signal was given, and in perfect silence we began our march.

"That was a night to remember! You can imagine the suspense, the caution. Every cracking of a tree was the tramp of the Turkish cavalry; every thud that a nut made in falling was the click of a gun. I remember that Jacques lagged behind a little, he was so tired, and looked up at me gratefully when I took his knapsack from him. He was such a boy,—not more than twenty,—and his gray eyes had a pathetic way of glancing at you. Ah, poor fellow! Well, well, fate is fate, and who can alter it? To regret a lost comrade is the business of women and of womanish men, say I, and, as you will see, no one could have prevented Jacques's death.

"By and by the morning came, damp and misty. As the light grew deeper we could see the Russian lines in the distance. There was no trace of the Turks, and we felt that relief which comes when a long strain is over.

"Suddenly we heard behind us their hateful Mussulman cry. There had been a sortie which we had n't known about. A party of them, concealed in a little copse that we had n't noticed, caught sight of us, and guessed who we were. We had a sharp skirmish; more than half of us were killed, the rest taken prisoners, and dragged back to camp.

"We knew well enough what was to be done to us. The general was a man of his word. He could n't afford to lose us all; we were too valuable troops for that; but he did n't intend to pardon us. We were to be put in a row and murdered, every tenth man of us, in cold blood. I've learned since that this decimation was a common mode of punishment in old times, but only a half-barbarous nation would use it now.

"We submitted stolidly, in a sort of a stupor, while they ranged us in a long straight line. Our boots were filled with wet mud, and we were worn out by our long night-march. The man next me had lost his cap, and I wondered whether he would catch cold. I was impatient because they placed us facing the wind, so that

the damp drizzle blew into our faces. I fell to calculating the effect of the wind on the aim of the soldiers. The fog had crawled up over the meadows, so that we could see only a few feet in front of us. A man is n't himself in one of those stifling mists.

"After all the arrangements were made, matters came to a standstill. The shooting could not begin till the arrival of the captain, and he had drunk deep into the night, and was in no hurry to leave his comfortable tent. He knew well enough that we could not escape. But oh! the weary hour and a half of waiting there, benumbed with the cold! Some of our men sank down to the ground, but the Turkish orderlies pricked them with their bayonets, and made them stand erect. I hardly ever saw in a Turk a trace of common humanity.

"Jacques was one of those who dropped down, utterly exhausted. He looked at me with a pitiful smile when the soldier roughly pushed him up. He had not much power of endurance, poor fellow, and always shrank from suffering for himself or for others. It made my blood boil to see their cruelty to him. I could stand it well enough, for I was older and tougher; but this was Jacques's first campaign, and the boy was very far from being a hero. He stood by me now, with a hunted look in his eyes, trying hard to keep from trembling. As I looked at him I remembered the whispered talk we had had the night before our march.

"'Pierre,' he had said with subdued energy, — 'Pierre, I hate myself. I am afraid. I don't want to die. Why are we running away? Their quarrel is nothing to us, and one side may be as cruel as another. I love this beautiful world, and you, Pierre,—oh! if we are caught I fear I shall disgrace you. I shall not die as a soldier should.'

"'Nonsense, Jacques,' I had answered lightly. 'To die—what is it? A sword-stroke, and pouf! it's all over. You care too much for this life, my boy. We are in the world, we march, obey orders, live on; but when the signal comes to leave there is no reason why it should be a terrible thing. I could die this minute as easily as cross this tiny brook.'

"'Oh, Pierre!' he had said admiringly, 'if only I could be sure of being as brave as you.'

"'But you will not die, my Jacques,' I answered cheerily. 'You are so young, no one would have the heart to kill you. I myself would gladly die for you, if need were. Bah, do not thank me; with my views it would not be so terrible a sacrifice.'

"Somehow things have an uglier look in the morning than at night. Ugh! it makes me squirm now to think how we stood there in the rain, waiting. Death in the field, with the cannon thundering, soldiers shouting, and the sun shining, is a very different thing, boy, from

standing up in the fog to be shot at. No glory about it, only the shame of a traitor's death.

"Would the captain never come? For over an hour we had been standing there. It began to be unendurable. If one had known for certain that he would be killed it would have been easier; but one chance in ten! Oh, the hateful suspense!

"I began to count the men. The soldier on one end would certainly be a victim, and every tenth man, counting from him; but at which end would the captain begin?

"One, two, three, four. Counting from the end at my right I was the twentieth man; from my left the twenty-first, and Jacques was next me on my left. If the captain began at my left, Jacques would fall; if at the right, I, Pierre Duclin. I saw Jacques's eyes travel up and down this line, and knew that he, too, was counting.

"I swear to you that I prayed — yes, prayed — that I might be the victim instead of my poor friend. Yes, even though, as I looked at him, I felt for an instant a touch of repulsion for his puny limbs and white, womanish face. How little such a man could do in life, compared with the career open to a vigorous, daring fellow, with some push to him. And then a strange feeling of tenderness came over me as I thought how my poor Jacques, if he lived, would be jostled and bruised by contact with the rough world, while on the other side of death, if Holy Church spoke true, Paradise was waiting for him. But in spite of all this I hoped and prayed that I might be killed in Jacques's place. My wish was not granted. Could I control Fate?

"One, two, three, four. Ten minutes more of the wearisome counting. Then — the captain.

"A speech first, brief and to the point. The Turk never wastes words. Then the order, in a clear, hard tone: —

"Begin to count, sergeant, from the right. Every tenth man fall out."

"So it was settled. I was to die and Jacques to live. I felt him quiver at my side, and saw the look of torture in his eyes. Poor fellow! The suspense had been a great strain on his timid nature. It was just as well for him to be saved. As for me, I could meet my fate like a man and a hero.

"So I waited with set teeth, following the counting mechanically. One, two, three, four, five. What is this? Stop! The sergeant has made a mistake, has counted wrong; he has omitted one man. Surely he will see it! That — oh, the fool! — that will bring the fatal number on Jacques instead of on me.

"I found that my muscles relaxed. I was conscious of drawing a deep breath. My hand, which had been clinching my scabbard, let it go, and it fell to the ground with a clatter. I

was alone in the world. The sun came out, a little bird began to sing, and I saw in a flash the gay years that were to come

"Then I felt rather than saw Jacques's white face beside me, and grew very cold. It all happened in a second. There was no time to do anything. That monotonous count, one, two, seemed to be hammering in my head. It was terrible to stand there helpless, and watch death coming to my friend. But what could I do? It was contrary to discipline for me to speak, even if there had been time.

"Eighteen, nineteen," said the sergeant, telling me off, 'twenty. Jacques Duval, stand out.'

"How a second can stretch sometimes! Jacques had ceased trembling. When the mistake had been made he gave a slight start, and had glanced quickly at me when I dropped my scabbard with a strange, troubled smile. Since then he had been perfectly still.

"When his name was called he stepped forward. As he passed he flashed one look at me. His face was perfectly composed and expressionless; his gray eyes —

"Bah! One can always read whatever one wants into a man's eyes. Why should Jacques's have had in them a half-amused surprise, grief, and a touch of scorn? It was all my fancy.

"He died like a hero, though, I must say that. Not a sound, not a movement, till he fell.

"That's all. What more should there be to tell? The rest of us were forced back into the service, and subject to all sorts of indignities. But my hatred of the murderers of my friend was a fire that burned night and day until I could avenge his death; and finally, in the heat of a battle, I managed to escape to the Russian lines, and told my story. You know the rest — how I worked my way up till I became what you see me now. You've heard how I won my rank of major by dashing into the enemy's lines and killing their leader face to face; but you didn't know that the big Turk whom I attacked so ferociously was the general who had murdered my poor Jacques. I never rested till I had found him and avenged my friend's death. No one should be able to accuse Duclin of disloyalty or say that he failed in courage when friendship was at stake. I think I can say that since the day when Jacques fell at my side I have never felt a touch of fear.

"And yet, I wonder sometimes whether the truest heroism is in not being frightened. I wonder whether there may not be something in even a sensitive, timid fellow that would make him endure and die like a hero when a bolder man might prove himself a coward.

"For, when I am alone, a strange thing happens. I see all the time, by night or day, in camp or at home, a pair of gray eyes. They

always have the same look, too, — tender but surprised, and with just a touch of contempt in them."

A CONTROVERSY.

"TELL me what is sweeter
Than a walk at night
With one we love beside us,
And the moon in sight?"

A.

ANSWER.

Gently swaying hammock
'Neath chaste Luna's beam,
Voice in softest accents
Murmuring "Love's Young Dream."

Arm encircling loved one,
Lips in rapture met,
Than a *walk* by moonlight,
Is sweeter far, you bet!

W. G. H.

No hammock, nor Luna's beam,
Love's voice, nor "Love's Young Dream,"
Ever can vie, you must own,
With a *walk* by moonlight alone.

For

Hammock may break, you know;
Luna's beams out may go;
Loved one a cold may catch
Murmuring "Love's Young Dream."

Therefore —

"Tell me what is sweeter
Than a *walk* at night,
With one we love beside us,
And the moon in sight?"

"There's a metre spondaic, dactylic;
There's a metre for laugh and for moan;
But the metre that's never prosaic
Is the 'meet her' by moonlight alone." A.

ANSWER.

How can hammock break?
Love is light!
What if moon "goes out"?
Love is blind!
And can cold approach?
Love is warm!

Therefore —

Give me the theme of my former song —
To your mind a subject prosaic;
Your logic is womanly — not very strong, (?)
Though couched in a language mosaic.

How now, Horatio?

W. G. H.

"A woman convinced against her will,
Is of the same opinion still."

A.

BEAUTIFUL souls often get put into plain bodies; but they cannot be hidden and have a power all their own, the greater for the unconsciousness or the humility which gives it grace. — *L. M. Alcott.*

GOOD ADVICE. — In your resolutions to amend your life, be specific. And begin at the place where you know you are most wrong. Don't deceive yourself with generalities. — *Nashville Christian Advocate.*

PERSONALS.

BLANCHE FORD paid her Lasell friends a visit a few weeks ago. She is at home, and "supernaturally busy," as she wrote to one of the girls, — though about what she did not say.

EVA MORGAN is studying elocution with Miss Call in Newtonville.

THE death of Alice E. Fox of Detroit, at Atlantic City, N. J., Nov. 1, will bring tender memories of the gentle girl who was with us two years ago. Even then she was struggling with a fatal disease, but eager to study, she turned very reluctantly away when too ill for hope. She has had a long suffering, in which she was patient, cheerful, and hoping against hope. She has left, also, a memory of sincere unaffected goodness with all who knew her, and an assurance of faith that she has found life forevermore.

LILLIE UPTON spent Sunday, Oct. 24, at Lasell. It seemed splendid to see Lillie's bright face again.

MISS THAYER left us for a few days to attend the marriage of her sister to Mr. H. T. Farley. Mr. and Mrs. Farley will reside in Auburn-dale.

THE Reverend and Mrs. Thomas Tyrie have recently been here as Visiting Committee from the New Hampshire Conference.

MISS NELLIE KIDDER, Class of '84, with her friend, Miss Edith Andrews, a pupil of '84, were lately here for a short visit.

EMILY E. PEABODY, Class of '82, visited Lasell on her way to visit Mrs. Harry B. Pennell, *née* Miss Grace Fribley, of Portland, Me.

WE have received elaborate accounts of Jessie McMillen's marriage to Clayton Quaw, in Oshkosh, Wis. Jessie was at Lasell in '85.

MR. J. H. McLAUGHLIN and daughters, of Cincinnati, are among the number of recent visitors.

MAY COLBURN, of Detroit, of Lasell '85, has gone abroad.

GERTRUDE EARLY, of Detroit, Lasell '85, writes that she is studying music, literature, and various interesting subjects.

MINNIE ROUTT has returned to Denver from Mt. Vernon Seminary, Washington. Her voice has developed into a deep, rich contralto. Bird is still at Mt. Vernon and graduates this year.

MAMIE MARSHALL writes that she travels a great deal, so that she feels as if she scarcely had a habitation.

"THE longest clock pendulum in the world is at Avignon, France. It is sixty-seven feet long, and requires four and a half seconds to swing through an arc of nine and a half feet."

THE OLD BEAR OF THE TURNPIKE.

IN the southern part of Maine, about ten miles from the coast, there is a road known in that vicinity as the turnpike. Down this road is a quaint little brown house, almost hidden by magnificent shade trees. This little house is in the possession of a very queer specimen of humanity. Imagine a man, lank and lean, with only one eye, long, bushy hair, which is somewhat gray, and a countenance in which every feature seems to tell plainly of rough-hewn determination. You have before you the man who is known for miles around, as the Old Bear of the Turnpike-road. He is certainly one of the oddest persons I have ever seen, both in looks and manners. He always wears an old dingy suit, minus the coat, which one could scarcely imagine was ever black.

He is one of the attractions to picnic parties, but whether he enjoys the picnickers as much as they do him, has always been quite a query in my mind. On my first picnic in that locality, I proposed to one of the girls that we should give the Old Bear a call, as I thought it would be great fun to see him and hear him talk. I must admit that when I got the first glimpse of him I felt very much like backing out, but not caring to be the laughing-stock of twenty young people, I resolved to summon all my courage and go on. We found him making wine. At first he seemed a little wrathful at the prospect of being interrupted in his work; but we paid him a few flattering compliments, such as girls are capable of, and very soon he began telling us stories in a most friendly manner, passing from one to another so rapidly that we could hardly tell where the bear story ended, and the very pathetic one of the drowning girl began. His bear story was given with elaborate details, and with evident gusto. He introduced it appropriately with the remark that there was n't another man living who had the strength and endurance that he had. He said, "I came out of that 'ere bear fight just as sound as I went in; only had one eye put out, and that don't 'mount to nothing, anyway, for I can see everything with one eye." This statement we readily assented to, for it seemed to us that that one eye had pierced us through and through in the short time we had been there. He then told us the story of a girl who had fallen from the mountain back of his house, and how he had dressed her wounds, and cared for her. To use his own words, "she would have ben alive now, if them folks of hern had n't gone and got a doctor, and the whole of 'em don't know nothin'."

He entertained us for a while in this manner, and then we thought that for the amusement of the rest of the party, we would invite him to go with us to the picnic grounds. He

seemed not only willing, but very much pleased with the idea.

In a few moments after joining the party, he spied the fire which we had built to make our coffee. I think that I never saw a person in such a rage. He called us everything; was going to prosecute us, and said that he knew we were regular cheats and swindlers by the looks of us. It seemed to me as I listened to him, that I never saw a more hideous looking creature. He looked like a maniac as he stood there threatening us, with his powerful voice, his long hair hanging over his shoulders, and his whole body fairly shaking with rage. I fear that we girls lost all the reputation for courage and bravery that we ever possessed, for it is needless to say, that it did n't take us very long to get beyond his reach. The boys, after a deal of talking, subdued him a little, and we all returned home.

A few days after the picnic, I went to hear Hon. James G. Blaine lecture, and you can easily imagine my amazement, when I saw the Old Bear of the Turnpike walk leisurely up to the stage, and take his seat among the first men of the town. This was a new phase in the character of the man. Upon inquiry, I found that he does just about as he likes. The people in that vicinity all know him, and are too well acquainted with his disposition to attempt crossing him.

He still lives there, solitary and alone, in the little brown house; sometimes appearing quite friendly and social, and again like a veritable "Old Bear of the Turnpike."

LOCALS.

"WE'RE brothers!"

"WHAT king and king's son have we at Lasell"? Ans. Richard, and Richard's son.

A. G. (*annoyed by the constant barking of a dog across the street*)—"I wish that *bovine* would keep still!"

RECENT elections of Lasellia Club are as follows: *President*, Laura Munger; *Vice-President*, Laura Conger; *Secretary*, Josephine Bogart; *Treasurer*, Mainie Wood; *Critic*, Etta Stafford; *Guard*, Jessie Law; *Asst. Guard*, Carrie Brown.

RECENT elections of S. D. Society are as follows: *President*, Daisy Loyd; *Vice-President*, Sallie Head; *Secretary*, Jessie Flint; *Treasurer*, Edith Ward; *Critic*, Jo. Wallace; *Budget Girl*, Caroline McEchron; *Usher*, Kit Prescott.

PROFESSOR (*in spelling class*). "Why are not some letters sounded in certain words?"

Girl. "For the sake of symphony."

First Senior. "What do you think of Dickens's description of 'Our School'?"

Second ditto. "Do you mean Lasell?"

MRS. EMILY HUNTINGDON MILLER recently gave us a beautiful little Sunday-morning talk about missionary work.

DR. PHILBROOK, of the Massachusetts Hospital, gave a very interesting lecture on "Emergencies," Nov. 3. It is to be hoped that, in our uneventful walks around Auburndale, we will not be called upon to set our companion's broken limb, and splinter it with fence rails. But in case any accidents should happen, we should certainly feel thankful that we knew exactly how a limb should be set or splintered.

WEDNESDAY evening, Nov. 3, was given the first reception of the year by the Faculty and Seniors. The "Grave and Reverends" countenances beamed for as much as a week before the eventful evening, at the bright prospect of meeting the pleasant people of Auburndale and of the other "wards" of the great Newton. The evening was all that was anticipated. During the evening there were two solos rendered by members of the class of '87.

PROFESSOR BRAGDON is now in Berlin with Mrs. Bragdon, the children, and Miss Carpenter. Professor writes that they are well, and reports a pleasant voyage over. He presented the "Lasell wish-bone" to Miss Carpenter in London, and it was received with "many thanks to the girls."

THE Lasell delegation to the Harvard celebration was conspicuously small, and noted for the absence of certain prominent members.

SENIOR. "Oh, say, girls. His sister has really gone out west to Bar Harbor to study medicine!"

Two nights last month were devoted to frightening the new girls out of their wits in consequence of the initiations of the Lasellia Club and the S. D. Society. The girls bore it bravely, however, and the two initiations were a great and glorious success.

WE are all anticipating the Newton Boat Club fair, which is to be held in Armory Hall, Newton, on Dec. 9, 10, and 11; especially so, perhaps because we are interested in the new boat house.

IN answer to the question, "What are you doing?" comes a charming letter from Gertrude Penfield, from which we quote the following: "I have already commenced painting Christmas presents; am president of the W. C. T. U., at Willoughby; a member of the mission band of our Sunday school, which supports a little negro girl in a Southern school; have a Sunday-school class, take vocal lessons and guitar lessons, sing in the church choir, and at all the *little* entertainments about town, and give music lessons to one pupil. Am I not busy?"

HALLOWEEN.

IT would not be right to leave unrecorded the festivities of Oct. 31, or the fates of so many of our number decided, unquestionably, on that night. Halloween happening to come on Sunday, we celebrated the day previous, our faith in the traditions and superstitions being sufficiently strong to overlook any such trifle as twenty-four hours of time.

We were literally "turned loose" in the gymnasium, and having been asked to confine our tricks and fun to that spacious room, began at 7.30 to make Rome howl, and have a royal good time. The large number of ghosts which glided in and out among the throng seemed a little out of their sphere with the brilliant light and noise. They adapted themselves to their surroundings very quickly, however, especially when they discovered the refreshment table, and made frantic dives for the pop-corn, apples, chestnuts, and pure, unadulterated water, which harmless articles were supplied in wholesale quantities.

A lively wood fire crackled in the fireplace, where two unsuspecting little chestnuts were placed side by side, and burdened with the responsibility of deciding the "stick-to-it-iveness" of the lovers they represented.

Utterly regardless of bangs, the girls dived boldly into tubs of water to bring up the apples, and also indifferent to appearances, stood, mouth wide open, trying in vain to catch the apples instead of the lighted candle, which was opposite the apple on the end of a revolving stick.

Quite an exciting race was carried on in the region of the pop-corn basket. Four young ladies—strange as it may seem to say, one teacher, and a senior among them—tried to outdo one another by getting the largest number of grains into their mouths. The statistics stand thusly: L. G. D. 125; M. R. 112; M. B. 85; A. M. 96.

On inquiring of the persons whose fates were decided by the more complicated sleight-of-hand performances, they decided that they were of too delicate a nature to be published in a paper of so wide a circulation as the LEAVES.

An organette, turned by unseen hands, added to the hilarity, which reached such an alarming height we wound up the festivities with a grand march. L. M.

ART NOTES.

THE peaceful death of Asher B. Durand, at his home in South Orange, was hardly unexpected, for the veteran artist was in his ninetieth year, and for some time past it was known that his health was failing. But now he has gone, the grief for his loss is not the

less among the few surviving friends who knew him as president of the National Academy of Design, which, sixty years ago, he helped to establish. To the present generation of artists he was hardly more than a tradition, for he seldom emerged from his rural retreat. At the Century Club, however, where his "Clare in the Catskills" is highly prized as one of the best examples in the country of the old Hudson River school of landscape, his honorable name has long been mentioned with affection and respect, and it is still worthily represented there in the person of his son. Durand and Cole have been spoken of as the fathers of American landscape. Certainly, each imparted to his work a degree of poetic simplicity and refinement to be found in that of few, if any, of their predecessors in this country. Among the best canvases by Durand are the Catskill scene, already mentioned, which, it may be remembered, was at the Centennial Exhibition; "The Trysting Tree," owned by Benjamin H. Field; "Franconia Notch," in the Robert L. Stuart collection; and "In the Woods," belonging to Jonathan Sturges. His "Lake George," painted in 1875, showed much of his early power. It is as an engraver on steel however that his work is best known to this generation. His "Declaration of Independence," after Trumbull's picture, and his "Ariadne," after Vanderlyn, are excellent examples of his careful, though somewhat conventional, style.

THERE is on exhibition at the rooms of the American Art Association a most interesting collection of fifteen portraits of really national interest. It comprises Washington, his wife, his mother, several noted contemporaneous beauties, Robert Fulton and his lovely wife, who was a niece of Chancellor Livingstone, Chief Justice Marshall, Dr. Priestley, and Mary Phillipps, who is said to have been "Washington's early love."

MAJOR AND MINOR.

MME. RIVE-KING has decided to locate in Boston when she discontinues her concert tours, and devote herself to teaching.

NEW discoveries of Schubert manuscripts have been made in Vienna.

LISZT said, "When I fail to practise one day I notice it myself, when I fail to practise two days my friends notice it, when I fail to practise three days the public notice it."

MANY people are not familiar with the different musical terms. I will refer them to the following dictionary of musical terms for infant minds:—

Dim.—Vague, hazy.

Ann. Dante.—A celebrated composer, daughter of the poet.

f. — Feeble.

ff. — Frightfully feeble.

M. D. — Go for the doctor.

p. — Powerful.

m. s. — Mess, a musical composition by a very strong composer.

Ped. — Pedantic; a classical style.

Rall. — Rallying music played at a political rally.

Rit. — Ritualistic; high-church music.

Ten. — A ten strike, very heavy, with all ten fingers.

Staco. — A pile of compositions called a stack.

Fine. — The opinion the composer has of his own works.

Grave. — The looks of the audience after hearing a dozen of them.

Lento. — Music for Lent; also reminds the musician that what is "lent" is "o'ed."

Conductor. — In music this means a man with a stick (not a broomstick) instead of a bell-punch.

Swell. — A dude.

Volti subito. — A man changing his politics.

Further definitions will be furnished on application.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE foot of a horse is one of the most ingenious and unexampled pieces of mechanism in animal structure. The hoof contains a series of vertical and thin laminæ of horn, amounting to about five hundred, and forming a complete lining to it. In this are fitted as many laminæ belonging to the coffin-bone, while both sets are elastic and adherent. The edge of a quire of paper inserted leaf by leaf into another, will convey a sufficient idea of the arrangement. Thus the weight of the animal is supported by as many elastic springs as there are laminæ in all the feet, amounting to about four thousand, distributed in the most secure manner, since every spring is acted on in an oblique direction.

HYDROPHOBIA is said not to be known in Lapland. To determine whether this was due to any peculiarity in the dogs of that country, or to some other cause, two dogs were brought to Paris, and inoculated by Pasteur. They both contracted the disease.

WOOD oil is now made on a large scale in Sweden from the refuse of timber cuttings and forest cleanings, and from stumps and roots. Although it cannot well be burned in common lamps on account of the excessive amount of carbon it contains, it furnishes a satisfactory light in lamps specially made for it, and in its natural state is the cheapest of all illuminating oils. Thirty factories produce about forty thousand litres of the oil daily.

POLITICAL NOTES.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has issued a proclamation designating November 25 as Thanksgiving Day.

THE public debt reduction during October was \$13,201,619.50.

THE President finds it absolutely necessary to the proper performance of public duties that the time between the 10th of November and the next meeting of Congress should be at his disposal, free from interruption. Within this period he will be obliged to deny himself to visitors, except upon actual public business of importance. This will not be construed to include applications or recommendations for office. This notification is given to the public thus early to dispose in advance of the plea that a trip to Washington has been made in ignorance of the President's arrangement. The usual public receptions at half past one o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays will be continued.

THE Swiss Federal Government proposes to purchase all railroads in that country.

A SENSATION has been caused throughout Spain by changes that have been made in the army, including the dismissal of 1,400 first-class sergeants and the promotion of 1,300 sublieutenants to lieutenantcies. The removal of the sergeants was decided upon to prevent the recurrence of any conspiracies.

EXCHANGES.

THE covers of several of our exchanges are so much improved in appearance that we cannot forbear adding our compliments to the long list already received. Like some others we come late, yet we come. We take it for granted that this change in externals is made entirely on the "inner evermore to outer" basis.

JUDGING from the last two numbers of *The Courant*, Yale men are given to "Reveries." The bachelor and romantic young man has each had his turn, and each has come to the prosaic conclusion that the "earth of a dusty to-day is dust of an earthy to-morrow." Now will not some obliging Yale Freshman "reverize" and elaborate a theory of criticism for the exchange editor of *The Courant*? "Were it not that hardly no censure is needed," we ourselves might venture to suggest that a school publication—if criticised at all—is to be judged according to its merits, and not according to the sex of its editor. Such statements as "gallantry forbids anything derogatory," are entirely without point. We can only conclude that the exchange editor who makes use of them is particularly impressed by Miss Taylor's

treatment of the *Sigma Chi* man, in the last issue of *The Golden Key*, and is making a bid for the titles "Gentle Youth," "Fair Sir," and "Pretty Mr. Editor."

THE next to the last number of *The Oberlin Review* contains an excellent article on "Literary Work in College Journalism."

To *The College Argus* belongs the glory of inaugurating a series of papers on "How I was Educated," which bids fair to rival those in *The Forum*. After all, why speak of rivalry, when methods are so fundamentally different? According to his own confession, the only books used in preparing the *Argus* man for college were woman's looks.

OF the two exchanges which come to us from women's colleges, it is characteristic that *The Sunbeam* should be occupied with the subject of "Woman and Her Work," while the *Vassar Miscellany* is theorizing over "The Twilight of the Poets." By the way, how many more decades are we to wait for the woman who can write about woman without underlining such words as "evolution," "right," "helpful," "gentle," and "womanly"; and who, above all, will not make it pre eminently the province of woman "to foster the noble aspirations and grand purpose [of promising young men] with the sunshine of her sympathetic nature, not blight them with the frost of indifference or discouragement"?

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

FOR she was dead,
There on her little bed she lay at rest.
The solemn stillness was no marvel now;
For now she slept the lasting sleep of death.
No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free
From trace of pain, so fair to look upon.
She seemed like one fresh from the hands of God,
And waiting for the breath of life to come,
Not one who had endured both life and death.
Her couch was dressed with berries and green leaves,
Plucked from a shady spot to which she used
To roam. These were her words: "When I am dead,
Place near me something that has loved the light,
And always lived beneath the bright blue sky."
Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead.
Her little bird, so slight a finger would
Have crushed, was stirring nimbly in his cage.
His mistress' heart was motionless and mute.
Where were the traces of her early care,
Her sufferings and fatigue? All now were gone.
Indeed, all grief was dead within the child.
But peace and perfect happiness were born,
And here were shown in beauty and repose.
Now she was past all help or need of it.
The ancient room she seemed to fill with life,
Although her own was waning rapidly,
The garden spot she used to tend, the eyes
Her cheerful little heart had oft rejoiced,
The paths which she had trodden as it were
But yesterday, would know her never more.

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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I SAT one eve, in deep unrest,
A bitter pain within my breast;
I could not bear its withering blight;
I sought the refuge of the night.

I passed a beggar on the street —
A child with bare, uncovered feet;
I had no silver, and no gold,
I smiled into its face, so old.

I walked alone, till break of morn —
An altered man — the heart ache gone;
The smile I gave in want of gold,
At morn was growing in my soul.

P—.

ONE holiday past and still another before us! The standard question and answer — "Had a good time?" "Splendid!" — in regard to the gayeties of the Thanksgiving vacation have been drowned in the general exclamation, "Two weeks from to-day, I shall be home!" Until now, the time for the home going has approached so near, that we can only wait in blissful silence. How much more these homes will be appreciated! We wish that preaching were in our line, — this is such a fine place for a sermon. Fancy work now has full sway. It is a mystery how much can be done in a few spare moments each day, and the number of lovely, dainty presents made, prove that those spare moments are judiciously used. The poor mortals who know not how to use their moments so judiciously, gaze in open-mouthed wonder at the others, and saying, "Why, I don't get a moment to do fancy work!" Nevertheless, the latter do not seem to have their lessons any better than the former. "How doth the little busy bee," etc.

WE publish this month a few words from Professor Bragdon. We are very glad to learn of his voyage over, and that he and his family are enjoying their life abroad. It is also delightful to know that he thinks of us so frequently. We hope that when he comes back, he will find the school improved and fully equal to all his hopes. All the girls will read his letter with interest and pleasure. We all wish himself, his family, and Miss Carpenter a very happy Christmas and New-Year.

PATTI has come and gone! But never will the memory of that delicious evening fade from our minds. It was a delightful way in which to begin our Thanksgiving vacation; and from noon until the evening of Nov. 23, our spirits gradually rose, until we could scarcely contain ourselves. It would be superfluous to comment upon Madame Patti's singing. Cold-blooded critics may pick her to pieces, but as for us, her very name sends a thrill through our hearts. We forget our surroundings and wander back to that evening, when she stood before us, and her voice yet

lingers in our ears. We enjoyed very much Madame Scalchi, Signor Galassi, Signor Novara and the others; yet to quote from the *Critic*: "Such shining satellities would have dimmed the comparative lustre of any other central luminary, but in this case, they only served to whet the appreciation of the public for the world's greatest vocalist." It seemed to us that she looked up at our balcony, when she sang "Home, sweet Home," as if she felt that we could appreciate that song as well as any one. (We hope no one will forbid the thought; we know it is rather conceited.) At any rate, Patti echoed our sentiments in that song, and most of us enjoyed it more than the rest of the programme.

WHAT is this we hear? Rumor or truth? Can it be possible that Lasell is to banish that oldest existing institution, — the "lists"? Alas! we are unable to say whether or not this is the truth. The Faculty smile inscrutably when questioned, and, so far as we can judge from them, the report may be nothing but nonsense. When we came last fall, this rumor was here before us, and it proved then to have no foundation. We hope that now, also, we may be experiencing nothing worse than a renewal of our old "scare." For indeed, it is a "scare." So far as we have heard, the girls would be sorry to have the "lists" abolished. And we do not mean merely the self-governed girls, but those of the other "lists" also. To be sure, those girls who are on neither list say that it would make no difference to them. Yet it seems to us that the "lists" are an incentive to harder work and better conduct; and were this incentive to be taken away, would not Lasell descend to the level of the common boarding-school? We have heard many girls say that Lasell is not their idea of a boarding-school at all. They expected to find a boarding-school a place for fun and feasts; but they have been disappointed in that respect here. Lasell certainly is much better than most schools for a good solid education, with a judicious sprinkling of good times. And is not this due in great measure to the "lists"? We do not mean to insinuate that our Faculty could not manage Lasell without the aid of the "lists."

No indeed! Nevertheless, we fear that Professor Bragdon would not have been so willing to leave the school a whole year, if the "lists" were not in existence. For this reason we cannot bring ourselves to believe that they are to be abolished this year. Anyway, the question must be decided before Christmas. In case the old plan continues, we hope that the Faculty will make out the "lists" themselves this term, instead of appointing a committee of the students. The committee plan worked very well last spring, where all were acquainted, but it seems to us now that the teachers know best the characters of the new students. One of the girls remarked the other day, "I don't know half the new girls!" So it is with a great many of us, and how can we do justice to a subject about which we have no knowledge?

It is with great sorrow that we announce the death of Mr. Noyes, our Mamie's father. Mr. Noyes had been quite sick, although not dangerously so, we were told for some days, and Mamie was called home to aid her mother. We expected her back every day, and were much surprised and shocked to hear of her father's death. Mamie has the sympathy of the entire school in her great bereavement. Her classmates regret very much that she will not be with us in our graduation, and we would say more to persuade her to come back to school, did we not know that it would be wrong to urge her from her duty, which she feels to be at home with her mother.

We suppose a farewell speech is expected from the departing staff of editors. We, however, mean to "fold our tents like the Arabs," etc. If we were to make a farewell speech, we are very confident that it would not fulfil the expectations of our readers. Therefore, we prefer to leave the world forever in doubt as to what we could have said, had we only been willing to exert "all the powers of all our minds." There are, however, a few "notes and observations," which press for utterance; therefore we utter them. But any well trained mind will at once perceive the distinction between "simply saying something," and "making a speech." It is, no doubt, customary to thank the friends who have helped us, and to say that our labor has been very enjoyable. Contrary to custom, however, we lay down our pens with a sigh of relief. To those who have helped us we are truly grateful, but they are few. We wish that we might say a word for the coming editor and her aides-de-camp. Every one must agree with us that our paper is the result of a

constant effort on the part of a few rather than of the school. One member of the Association echoed the sentiments of a great number of the students when she said, "I do not care much for the paper, for I never read any thing but the local's." What kind of a sentiment is that with which to help a paper along? One of the professors said the other day, "What does the paper amount to, anyway?" You may be sure that he never took enough interest in it to even look to see whether or not it did amount to anything. Would it not be well for all of us to try the plan of building up with at least one hand next term, even if we do feel ourselves in duty bound to tear down with the other? We do not suppose that any amount of urging will help the matter. It is almost hopeless to attempt any revolution in this line, for each one, as she reads this, will say, "Why does not some one write for the paper who can write! I would if I could." When it comes to writing something for publication, every one is very modest about her own powers. A meek and lowly spirit is often very desirable, but if ever there is a "time to refrain" from too marked an exhibition of this spirit—and we believe that there is—it is when the editor calls for aid.

VARIOUS are the forms and voices which have been given to what is termed the "Spirit of the Age." It is called in turn, "intensely practical," "nothing, if not critical," and one writer says that it has a tendency to rest its hope of the hereafter on its knowledge of bric-a-brac. We are as far as possible from wishing to make this last statement our own, and yet it suggests a real, present danger. The modern worship of culture is to often carried on at the expense of earnestness, and individual thought. As a people, we are so afraid of making ourselves ridiculous, of unconsciously attacking an "established fact," that we alternate between two lines of conduct. Either we "agree with our friend on the other side of the house"—our friend, representing the man who is supposed "to know"—or we utter what are really our most solemn convictions, in such a light, mocking tone that Mephistopheles himself would be puzzled as to our actual belief.

Especially in a community like our own here at Lasell, do we feel the need of first thinking to the point and then standing by our convictions. Earnestness and steadfastness of purpose are great needs here and elsewhere. "I [time] am here to-day, to-day and tomorrow who knows where?" was part of the sentiment on one of the prize Christmas cards two years ago. Now, as we so often hear quoted from the rostrum, "The

moral of this observation lies in its application." Let us each take a scrap of paper and make out a list, not—as Thackeray bids us—of all the gentlemen we know, but of all the Lasell students whom we think might make a more personal application of that "I" in the lines quoted above.

BERLIN, NOV. 26, 1886.

DEAR EDITOR,—Will you kindly allow me, through the columns of your paper, to return thanks to the dear "old girls," for the delightful remembrance that comes from them to me, across the sea? You have your wish. Happy hours are rapidly making happy weeks, and happy months.

We thought of you much yesterday, as we dined at the same time as you, although by the clock, we sat down at seven.

You must know that, even in this land of sauer-kraut and sausages, we had a genuine American Thanksgiving dinner; roast turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie, etc.

The ladies of the American Christian Union undertook to make strangers feel at home. The markets are filled with geese, yet the turkeys were obtained without special trouble, but where was the cranberry sauce? There were no cranberries in Berlin. They sent to Hamburg. There was a kind of German cranberry—no other. They sent to Dresden, and there was found a box of real American cranberries, grown on Cape Cod.

Then the mince pies. One good lady undertook those. Having procured the materials, she hired a bakery for two days, for no German house has its own oven. But, there were no tins, for a mince pie had never been baked in that oven. At last, a tin was found that had been brought by a pie-loving American from the old home. This was taken to the tinman as a pattern. In his slow, German fashion, he looked at it, turned it over, showed it to his wife. They consulted over it, and finally decided they could not bother with them, and it would not be worth the trouble if they did, for nobody could ever get the pies out of the pans. Finally, a man was found who undertook the work. But, alas! the bottom of the tin came out before the pie was baked. At last, however, success crowned their efforts, and better mince pies could not be desired.

Among the toasts one was to the emperor; that truly was not quite American, but by that time we were all so happy that it was received with a hearty good-will.

Fanny Wiswall and Grace Stebbins were among the representatives of Lasell, and we all unite in hoping you had as good a time as we had.

Sincerely yours,

C. C.

DEAR LASELL:

Not a day passes but I think of you many times! Do your ears burn all the time? Here we are for our Thanksgiving, in our own little third-story home in Berlin, Hedemann Str. 15. We have our kitchen, our German maid, our own housekeeping, just as we want it. Expect to join other Americans here in a Thanksgiving dinner, to-morrow at 6 P. M. Met Fannie Wiswall and Grace Stebbins last Sunday at church, and Miss Carpenter has met Mamie Harmon Hellier. Lasell has its proportion of the Berlin Americans! We expect to stay here until January 1, so as to see a Berlin Christmas. We often see the Emperor or Crown Prince or some one or more of the "royalty," and Miss Carpenter runs after a carriage yet as fast as any of us! I see face after face, and I think of what you are doing almost every hour. Keep brave hearts and loving ways. Above all, be true, dear girls!

C. C. B.

THE FAST BOAT.

WITH goods stowed in our snug room, well aft in the aristocratic, uncomfortable quarter, we pace the deck of the "Etruria," watching the busy stowing of trunks and the hasty coming and wild ways of late arrivals. Our pacing was not graceful, for we had the same trouble which you girls found with the floor of Lasell's dining-room the first of the year. Did the same man daub both floor and deck? Every step sticks, every raising of the foot from the freshly rosined floor is an effort. The children try to run,—it looks so tempting,—but give it up, and go about hauling one foot after the other grotesquely. Incautious boys find trouble in rising from their seats. Every newcomer looks to see what ails his shoes. Half past two comes, time to be off, but Uncle Sam is late with his mail-bags, and we wait for him nearly half an hour. Bad example! While we tarry, the "Fulda," no, "Gen. Lloyd," and "La Bourgoyne," the crack ship of the French line, pass down the river. The Inman "City of Chester" and the National line boat had gone earlier. At 2.54 three tugs pull and push the great hulk into the river, turn it round, and at 3.04 the screw begins its steady whirl. Rapidly the city with its smoke goes by. Bedloe's Island, with its noted and noticeable statue, really an ornament to the harbor, pointing the seafarer to a higher power; Governor's Island with its long, useless fort, the last home of the gallant Hancock; the high bridge, Long Island, Staten Island, and the forts, take in turn our good-bye. There is nowhere a handsomer harbor than our New York Bay. As we round the awkward horseshoe curve of Sandy Hook, we slow up, and as we cross the

bar the big boat—she draws 26 feet—strikes the bottom twice. But she slips over, drops the pilot with the last home letters, and strikes out, like a carrier-pigeon, for home. The French ship is just ahead, the German and Inman have cut across the shallow water, and are almost out of sight. We gain on the Frenchwoman (she is a fast one, said to have been built to beat the "Etruria," and it is of interest to crew as well as passengers to see whether she can do it), and presently the two are side by side. For some moments it seems to be "neck and neck," but gradually our boat draws ahead. All the evening her white and green lights follow us like the eyes of a hound (queer about the hound's eyes being of different colors, but I can't lose the figure) on our track, but in the morning she is not in sight. The Inman we passed while racing with "La Bourgoyne," and during the evening we see to the southward the lights of the "Fulda" steadily receding. The "Etruria" rides easily, and her engines work with a conscious power. The water flies past, and the bright moon looks down on a very contented passenger alone on the sea. The evening is delightful, I enjoy it after a fashion. I could n't help enjoying such an evening at sea. But I want some one to share it. (The chicks have already succumbed to the strange motion, after bravely but vainly trying to dine, and have concluded that ship's beds look nicer than ship's food, and are fast asleep.) I have never crossed before without either wife or some girls who enjoyed the "moonlight on Killarney" as well as I, and it seems strange to be alone. "Do I like the fast boat?" Yes, I like anything that fairly beats. I like the rapid motion. The children being ill, I am glad to get across soon. She is a boat that knows her work, and is fine in many ways. Out of the seven and a half days, we had five of rough weather, part of it so severe as to be noted in the English papers as "one of the worst," etc. During this the "Etruria" behaved well, very well, I must say. A sea captain said, "This boat rides so well that half these folks don't know how heavy a sea we're having." But, as compared with our two Boston boats:

First. The officers were less courteous. They act as if passengers were a necessary evil. (I wonder if the New York air is to blame?) I had occasion last summer to be surprised by the lack of courtesy of the New York Cunard office correspondent, or did it only happen so on this boat? And the inferior take their cue from the superior. I asked one of the sailors whose sole duty it is to wait upon passengers on deck, carry chairs, wraps, etc., and keep the deck clean, "What kind of a bird is that?" *Without looking*, he said gruffly,

"Don't know." Another began to scold a poor child because her sea-sick spell would not wait till she reached the vessel's side. This sort of thing might happen once in a while, but should be the rare exception and not the rule.

Second. The food was not so good nor so plentiful. Several spoke of the fare as "second-class." Soups were poor. Many things which might just as easily have been good, raisins, oranges, etc., were not the best. And we were often told, "It is finished," "There is no more." The boat can take six hundred and fifty to seven hundred passengers. We numbered two hundred and sixty-four, so there was no excuse for scanty supplies. Our steward—I do not know it was so with others—was often quite deaf, slow to serve, and all were very quick to clear away, often bringing the cloth quite up to our plates while we were still eating.

Third. There were no ladders for upper berths, and no basins or other conveniences for sea-sick passengers,—an inexcusable lack. There is no atlas in the library, and in many small ways not worth mentioning there was a feeling of illiberality in the service, which was very unlike our feeling on the Boston boats.

It is said these fast boats have not yet paid their way. That is no reason why ordinary and usual comforts shall be withheld. They burn three hundred tons of coal daily and bring their passengers across soon, but that is no excuse for not treating them civilly. An English lady told a story which illustrates what many felt:

A passenger asked for a clean napkin instead of one much soiled. "No," said the steward, "you cannot have a clean napkin till the day for changing, but the Cunard Company never lost a life."

The "Etruria" has a splendid promenade deck, the best I ever saw, but with a full complement of passengers the chairs must crowd it, and walking be as difficult as on a smaller boat. Her daily runs were 409, 412, 424, etc., knots, and that is good time, and she held her own remarkably well in foul weather and kept her screw well in water. What a rare trip one would have on her with the "personnel" of the "Pavonia" or the "Cephalonia!" In conclusion: For speed the fast boat was faster, but for comfort give me the Boston boats. By the way, I hear something about the "Pavonia" getting into the wrong dock lately. How was that?

On the whole we were a very fair company. There was more betting and gaming than I am used to, and some rather rough men.

"These boats carry neither cattle, sheep, nor pigs" is advertised of certain vessels. I have never found the boat that did n't carry some

pigs, and we occasionally heard a "squeal" on the "Etruria." Some things were amusing enough, but this letter is long enough. Pity you say to leave out the amusing things when the rest of it has been so dry. Yes, but then —. I was very glad to make the acquaintance of Capt. Ryder, of Chelsea, Helen Underwood's uncle, whose company was a constant pleasure and profit too. He says, "Helen is a l — w — b — s —." Also, strangely enough, of Mr. Stilwell, of St. Louis, the husband of the sister of our dear Julia Miller. He gained the children's hearts at once; mine he had already when he told me who he was. And Mr. Tucker, of Farwell, Harvey & Co., who was crossing in the interest of the firm. And the London lady who sat next me and was very entertaining and friendly and interested in the children, but — did not invite me to her house! C. C. B.

BOOKS ADDED TO LASELL LIBRARY IN OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1886.

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

Becker, W. A. Gallus; or, Rome in the time of the Emperor Augustus . . .	937.6
Corson, Hiram. Introduction to the study of Robert Browning . . .	824.19
Hamerton, Philip G. The Graphic Arts . . .	740.1
Hamerton, Philip G. Landscape . . .	758.1
Johnston, Keith. Africa. A Compendium of Geography and Travel . . .	916.1
Keane, A. H. Asia. A Compendium of Geography and Travel . . .	915.14
Low, E. J., and Paling, F. S. Dictionary of English History . . .	903.2
Shakespeare — W. J. Rolfe, ed. Hamlet . . .	822.20
Shakespeare — W. J. Rolfe, ed. Midsummer Night's Dream . . .	822.21
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Shakespeare — W. J. Rolfe, ed. Julius Cæsar . . .	822.23
Shakespeare — Othello and Desdemona — A Critical Essay by Dr. Ellits . . .	822.24
Tennyson, Alfred. The Young People's ed. by W. J. Rolfe . . .	821.3½
Tennyson, Alfred. Select Poems, ed. by W. J. Rolfe . . .	821.3¼
Stedman, E. C. Victorian Poets . . .	824.19

"THE three lessons that are all the better for knowing: that cheerfulness can change misfortune into love and friends; that in ordering one's self aright one helps others to do the same; and that the power of finding beauty in the humblest things makes home happy and life lovely.

BREEZE.

"GET up, Breeze," said the Rev. Philetus Carter. Breeze pricked her pretty ears, arched her neck, and danced along. The road was stony, and the shabby old buggy rattled and shook till it seemed as if it would come to pieces; but the Rev. Philetus was not alarmed. The buggy was an old friend, well used to rough treatment, and would carry its master on many a journey yet.

He was not thinking of his carriage, nor of his gay little horse, nor of the forlorn road over which he was travelling. If you had asked him, he would have said that he was not thinking at all, as he sat there, in his rusty, black coat, his hat pulled over his eyes. There were a good many odds and ends floating about in his mind. In the first place, he was cross. He ought to have been on his way an hour ago; but poor old Widow Cole had been so doleful with her rheumatics, that he had not had the heart to leave her. Next, he was afraid that he should not get to Simsbury, the other side of the creek, in time to conduct the evening meeting. If he didn't, Brother Hopkins would have it, and Brother Hopkins's gift lay not so much in the power to edify the faithful, as in the direction of funeral services, which always satisfied his aspirations. But, chiefly, Mr. Carter was just a little worried about the tides. Chignecto Bay, which he had to cross, is the most dangerous place in the Bay of Fundy. At one time, the whole creek will be perfectly bare, nothing visible but wastes of sand, as far as the eye can see; fifteen minutes later a sheet of blue water will be sparkling in the sunlight.

"Get up, Breeze," said Mr. Carter.

After a good half-hour of trotting, they reached the bluff overlooking the creek. Twilight was coming on, and over the yellow sand there stretched a dull gray sky, with just a streak of clear pale green at the bottom. Far away at the horizon was the dark line of the sea. Little fishing-smacks lay stranded here and there on the sand, their sails flapping with a dejected air. Any one used to the scene would know that the dark specks moving near the ships were fishermen hunting for mussels. On the cliff was a forlorn little shanty, looking as if the next gale would blow it over. Mr. Carter stopped, jumped down from his buggy, and knocked vigorously at the door.

"Is Mr. Merrykin within?" he called out, as no answer came to his raps.

"What do you wish?" said a deep, sulky voice. The door opened slowly, and showed a gaunt old fisherman, whose knotted face broke into a kind of a smile as he recognized his visitor.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Carter," he growled out slowly. "Come in, won't you?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Merrykin," answered Mr. Carter cheerily; "can't stop to-night, I have to be over at Simsbury by eight, and I wanted to ask you if it was safe to cross the creek."

The old man scratched his head, looked at the line of the sea, studied the horse and buggy, and shifted from one foot to another, while Mr. Carter drummed impatiently with his fingers on the back of one hand.

"Well," said the fisherman, deliberately, "your horse looks pretty spry. I reckon if you start about now, and go across where you see them tracks, you'll be at Simsbury in an hour and a half, and the tide be n't due for a matter of two hours yet."

"Thank you, Mr. Merrykin, thank you," said Mr. Carter, jumping into the buggy, and driving away as fast as he could. The light was growing dim, and the long waste of sand looked rather crawly. There was something uncanny about the great stretch, where no vegetation was visible, except an occasional patch of brown seaweed. When Breeze came to the edge of it she stopped short, and refused to go on. Breeze was a pony with a mind of her own, and when she had made it up, it was no easy matter to change her intentions. The Rev. Philetus knew by experience that the whip never had any effect; so he adopted his usual method when he and Breeze disagreed, and, leaning forward out of the buggy, began to reason gently with her.

"Now, Breeze, see here. You don't like the looks of that sand. Well, neither do I. It's cold, and it's sort of creepy, and there's a great deal of it. But you know very well, Breeze, that people have to do what they don't like to get what they do like. If you want any supper, you've got to cross this creek. Moreover, I tell you that you've got to cross it any way. Now be a sensible horse, and don't make a fuss."

All this the Rev. Philetus said very slowly, in a clear, even voice. Breeze listened with a disconsolate air, poking the ground with one shaggy hoof. If ever a pony could pout, I should say that Breeze pouted; but she was a rational horse, and when her master had finished his exhortation, she kept still for a minute, and then, having vindicated her dignity, started forward over the sand with a vigor that gave the old carriage a hard jolt. Mr. Carter always said — in private, be it understood — that Breeze had more sense than most of his parishioners. She was an obstinate little creature with every one but her master, but with him, she was wonderfully intelligent and docile, and the long journeys that they took together over Mr. Carter's scattered parish had brought about a great friendship between master and horse.

Truth to tell, Mr. Carter did not feel very easy as Breeze carried him quickly over the sand. He knew that he had plenty of time to get across, unless he lost the track; but the evening was cloudy and it was already nearly half past six. Maria was expecting him home to supper about this time. How pleasant it would be to be sitting in their cosy little dining-room, with Breeze in the barn, comfortably chewing her hay! He did not wonder that the poor beast did not want to cross this howling desert of a place; there was an ugly look, somehow, to the little pools of salt water that the wheels splashed through. Some gulls were whirling overhead, and crying hoarsely in their shrill voices; it was strange that the birds should be so far inland; they usually came up the creek only when the tide was in. There was a peculiar saltiness in the air, too, or Mr. Carter imagined so. Once he passed a few rods from a stranded schooner, and half thought that he saw the men signalling to him; but he was too hurried to stop, and besides it was not light enough to see distinctly, as he urged Breeze on.

He had been driving over the sand for at least three quarters of an hour now. He calculated that he must be more than half-way across. The opposite shore loomed up in front of him, looking nearer through the darkness. He was not very far from the head of the creek. Things began to seem more cheerful, and he found himself humming "China."

Suddenly, he heard a sound, low, but distinct. Breeze pricked up her ears, stood still for an instant, quivering all over, and then dashed forward, at a pace which her master had never seen before.

Far in the distance, the dark line of the sea, which had vanished in the twilight, appeared once more. It seemed to grow, to raise itself, to become more distinct. It was coming nearer. The sound was not low now; it grew every instant, with deafening force.

The Rev. Philetus did not need Breeze's piteous neigh to let him know what had happened. The old fisherman had told him wrong. The tide was coming.

There was no hope of escape. He had barely time to understand before it was upon him. A tremendous mountain of black water, breaking into white foam, it rushed onward with a terrible roar, sweeping the little horse and buggy up from the ground, and tossing them as if they had been playthings.

The water was very cold. That was the first thing of which Mr. Carter was conscious. The next was irritation with old Mr. Merrykin. Lifted for an instant on the crest of the wave, he could see, where a moment before had been gray sand, a wide plain of seething water. He caught sight in the distance of

the schooner which had signalled him. She was floating on the top of the waves, her sails filled with wind, exulting in the power that had come to her. Then the whirl of waters blinded him, and he could see nothing.

There was no use in trying to save himself. No human being could live in such a sea. He set his teeth and clinched his fists, and waited for the death that was coming.

Suddenly he remembered Breeze with a great feeling of pity. It had not occurred to him to pity himself, but it seemed terrible that the noble little horse should die so, she was a plucky little thing! he knew that she could swim, and he could at least make an effort to save her life. A man might die worse than in trying to help a creature who loved him, and had done him good service. He would give her a chance, at least.

He was buttoned in by a boot, from which he had to set himself free before he could do anything. The leather was soaked with salt-water, his fingers were numb with cold, and it seemed as if the buttons would never yield. Finally, he managed to unfasten them all. He pulled from his pocket a knife — a good stout one — and began to hack at the harness. Half over, half under the water, dazed and blinded by the roar and the spray, he shut his eyes, and set his teeth, and cut with all his might. He could feel and hear poor Breeze, panting and struggling in the darkness. With that clumsy buggy acting as a rudder, she never could be saved.

The winds blew and the waters roared, and still he cut. Clambering out over the dashboard, he climbed on Breeze's back. His knife was gone, hewed down to the stump. Only one strap was left. With both his hands he clutched it, and pulled. He was a strong man, famous in muscular exercise of all kinds. The leather creaked — strained — yielded. The strap was broken, and Breeze was free.

Just then came another wave, almost as large as the first. The Rev. Philetus clutched his horse's mane; the great mountain of water swept over both man and horse, and they were carried far up among the rocks on the shore.

Breeze struggled bravely. Half swimming, half walking, she tried to gain a footing. The rocks were covered with slippery sea-weed; but she scrambled up them, in water to her knees, and had almost reached the sands above when — she stumbled. Her feet were entangled in the long reins, which Mr. Carter had forgotten. After an instant of terrible struggle, man and horse fell down the rocks, and were swept out to sea by the undertow.

The next thing that Mr. Carter knew, he could still feel Breeze's back under him. How long a time had passed, he could not

tell. All around was a black sheet of water. The moon was shining through a rift in the clouds; in the distance was a black object, which he took for a rock. The poor little horse was swimming feebly and breathing hard as if nearly exhausted, and her master feared that her strength would hold out only a little while. "Good by, Breeze," he said aloud, his voice sounding strangely across the still water; "I did my best to save you; but I'm afraid you'll have to die with your master." He leaned over and patted her neck, the pony gave a mournful little whinny, and Mr. Carter lost consciousness again.

When he came to himself, he felt the sun shining in his face. For a long while, he lay with closed eyes, able only to wonder whether whether or not he was alive. Finally, when he had made up his mind, he opened his eyes, raised himself on his elbow, and looked about him.

It was a bright, cloudless morning. The treacherous tide had gone out again, and only here and there a little blue eye of water twinkled up to the sky from the white sand. Far away, almost in the middle of the creek, Mr. Carter saw a melancholy black object. It was his buggy, much broken and dilapidated, left stranded on its side by the retreating waves.

Close by him, on the sand, lay the body of poor little Breeze. Her master called her, but in vain; she would never answer him again. The brave little horse had saved her master's life; she had swum with him to the shore. But the struggle had been too much for her strength, and she was dead.

Mr. Carter found, by looking about him, that he was about two miles from Simsbury. Gradually and with difficulty, he made his way in that direction; but he was so exhausted that his progress was slow, and the sun was high in the heavens before he reached the little white church, which stood on a bluff overlooking the bay. A hymn was being sung inside, and Mr. Carter, wondering at a service held at so unusual an hour on a week-day, crawled in and took his place behind a pillar.

At first he could not tell what they were doing. It was a funeral hymn that they were singing, and he did not know that any one had died. But, a brig had been overdue; it was possible that news had been received of her loss.

In time, Brother Hopkins rose to address the meeting. His face, always doleful, was a shade longer than usual; his coat-tails had a dejected air; tears coursed each other down his flabby cheeks. Mr. Carter could not help feeling that Brother Hopkins was thoroughly enjoying the occasion.

"Alas, my brethren," said the speaker, in long-drawn-out and melancholy accents,—"alas

for the mournful occasion which brings us thus together on this fair morning. All nature smiles — and we alone must grieve. We have not even the satisfaction of having in our midst the remains of our beloved friend. A prey to the devouring elements, what were our feelings, when by this morning's light we beheld on the sands the wreck of his well known vehicle! But, my brethren," — and here Mr. Hopkins's voice grew very solemn, and he spoke as if each word made a pleasant impression on his palate, — "one consolation at least is ours. Not a family among us that has not been similarly bereaved by the decease of some beloved one. On how many an occasion, such as the present, has Brother Carter been the sympathizer and the friend! Let us be comforted in reflecting how happy he would be, could he know that we, in our turn, are rendering to him the same service, and paying back our debts."

At this moment, a woman's sob was heard, low yet distinct. Mr. Carter sprang to his feet. He had kept silence so far, at first from bewilderment, then from amusement; but now, it was time to speak. Walking right up the aisle, he paused in front of the horrified speaker, and said, in loud and cheerful accents, —

"Brother Hopkins, I guess you need n't trouble about paying that debt just yet. We'll let it run awhile longer!"

That evening, the Rev. Philetus Carter was seated at his cosy tea-table, waited on by his wife and daughter. The vision of the night before was fulfilled in part, but in part only.

"Do you know, Minnie," said the Rev. Philetus, "it was all very well to be so glad to see me back again; but for my part, I can think of nothing but Breeze's whinny, just before I fainted. Poor, plucky little horse! I thought I could save her, but the saving was all on her side, and if I had had my way, I should have asked Brother Hopkins to continue the funeral to her memory."

APPRECIATIVE WORDS.

THE address referred to below is the first of Dr. Parkhurst's course of lectures on Evidences of Christianity, before our Senior class. It will be seen that others share our enthusiasm in the reception of the thoughts of our beloved and able lecturer.

"The many friends of Rev. Charles Parkhurst will rejoice to see that he is appreciated in his efforts elsewhere. The *Cheshire Republican*, of Keene, N. H., in its report of the State Sunday School Convention, held there recently, has the following: —

"The closing address was given by Rev. Charles Parkhurst, of Dover; while all did well, he carried the convention to a point of

interest not before reached. His theme was "Historic Evidence of the Truth of Scripture in Place, Monument, and Art." While this address was evidently carefully prepared, showing much research in archæology, its logic was convincing, and it was also delivered with eloquence and power, impressing the audience to a degree seldom witnessed."

TWO IMPRESSIONS OF LASELL.

FIRST IMPRESSION.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through a Bay State village passed
A hack. Inside might be detected,
By aid of dim street light reflected,
Two school-girls: one with manner gay,
Explaining objects by the way.
The other one with eager face,
Showing keen interest in the place.
For to the one a boarding school,
With line and plummet, task and rule,
Was something new, unknown, untried;
While the companion by her side,
Returning thence a second time,
Had brought a friend. — And hence my rhyme.

"See, there's Lasell"! And through the glooming
It seemed a German castle looming.
I've seen those castles — in a book —
And that's the way I think they look.
'T was throned majestic on a hill;
And all the valley seemed to fill
With classic shade. Lights twinkled there, —
But glimpse of faces passing fair,
And rippling laughter, snatch of song
Borne by the fragrant breeze along,
Made German theories fade away,
And Oriental ones hold sway.
What if some Sultan bold, possessing
Aladdin's lamp, by magic pressing,
And wishing with that goblin rub
To place his harem by the *Hub*!
A Geni from the realms of space
Had instant snatched it from its place,
Impelled it flashing through the air
And bid it hang in radiance there?
Great ghost of Boston! Pray excuse me,
'T was but a dream that did amuse me.

Sweet rural sounds one loves to hear
Fell lingeringly upon the ear;
And woke me from my mystic dreaming,
With castles, harems, houries, gleaming;
Quick all my fancies vanished, till
I only saw upon that hill

A spacious pile of modern plan;
So late, 't was even not "Queen Anne."
The "Persian palace" air had fled,
Utility ruled there instead.
From base to dome (was this a dream?)
An air of "culture" reigned supreme
A subtle influence from "the Hub,"
Where poets write and bookworms grub;
Where Harvard condescends to shine
With boating club and base-ball nine;
Where Wellesley brings harvest sheaves,
And Lasell buds expand in "Leaves."

Such favored spot! such classic pile!
Enthused me as I gazed the while.
Gaunt giant branches overhead,
A dim protection seemed to shed;

The crimson of the sunset hue
Had faded softly into blue.
Light clouds (like cowed monks) shaded soon
The brightness of the crescent moon.
Till one lone star of purest ray
Seemed lovingly to point the way
To this famed Mecca; where A. B.
Is longed for by each devotee,
Thus proving plain as A, B, C,
A maid a bachelor can be.

Thus when in seach of wisdom roaming,
I saw thee first amid the gloaming;
A beauty more than I can tell
Was breathed around thee, fair Lasell.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Nine o'clock next morning. — No twilight illusions.

With a singular lack of animation,
I offered my letters of recommendation;
From teachers who guided me truly and well,
In my Jersey home so far from Lasell.

As Robin Hood one slight blast blew
And to his side his warriors drew,
So the Professor a word let fall,
And instructors — a multitude — arose at the call.
My courage seemed dozing away by degrees,
The blood round my heart 'gan to curdle and freeze,
As this *cyclone* of teachers quizzed me most tenderly,
I from my small stock of wit paying slenderly.
To make this grim process still more emphatic,
They employed the method called the "Socratic."
They questioned of Latin, French, German, and Greek;
When the good plain English I scarcely could speak.
Arcs, segments, and circles were passed in review,
Geometrical problems I never saw through.
"Could I name the last Cæsar that sat on a throne?"
That I'm morally certain I never have known.
Greeks, Egyptians, and Hebrews are all Greek to me,
And the old Roman Fathers any others might be.
When *socrated* (an original word you may say)
Of authors upon that unlucky day,
The ancients and moderns would not stay apart,
And I fear I had Plato mixed up with Bret Harte.
Asked to name the philosophers dead or "extant,"
I only gave one; and that one was — Kant.
I knew as little that day I suppose,
As a nineteenth-century juryman knows.

Over probable sequel I drew a thick veil;
Only saying that when you "prospect" Auburndale,
May you witness the exquisite twilight adorning,
Without feeling the anguish that comes the next morning.

H. S. J.

SHE is small and plain and insignificant; her ideal is stately, beautiful, commanding. She is a nonentity, her ideal has a vocation and fills it with her beautiful life gracefully and entirely. She has spent hours dreaming of worthy deeds of which she is to be the heroine; disturbed in these dreams, she has lost her temper completely at what she is pleased to call the mean commonplaces of her life. She is made supremely happy or supremely miserable by — a trifle.

Her ideal lives a bright, happy life, above the petty ills and worries; and, though her feelings are strong, she is not swayed by every

passing event. Her ideal is a woman to whom others look for counsel, a useful, sympathetic woman who can be a help in time of trouble, and yet a bright-hearted, sunny woman who is welcomed by gladness as well as by sorrow.

She is a failure in the sick-room; her boots creak, her voice drops to a deathly whisper, she lets the medicine trickle down the neck of her patient, and makes herself so troublesome generally, that she is driven away to make room for her ideal, who comes in with a noiseless tread, a low, sweet voice, and a cool, steady hand that soothe and comfort as well.

In short, she is nothing that she would like to be; and, though she tries to imitate her ideal, the result seems so much more like a caricature than even a very poor likeness, that she is almost tempted to give up entirely.

But her stock of hope seems inexhaustible, and after she recovers from the shock of her last failure, she finds herself still expecting to some day approach her ideal.

PHYLLIS.

LOCALS.

French Teacher. — Miss L —, please translate, "Is your cousin ill?"

Pupil (who has not yet filed down French pronunciation to a cambric needle point). — "Votre cuisine, est elle malade."

ONE of the "subs" says she is sorely troubled with her *bronical* tubes. Poor girl!

THE morning before the Thanksgiving vacation began, the following confronted our eyes from the bulletin board: —

THANKSGIVING AT LASELL, 1886.

Schedule.

Thursday. — "Ye Fast Day."

Breakfast. — 8 A. M. It's the early bird that gets it.

Banquet. — 2. P. M.

Spicy. — Same as last season.

Grand Gathering. — "Gym," 7 P. M.

Friday. — "Dreams of Yesterday haunt Me"

Breakfast. — 8 A. M. "Come early and avoid the rush."

Lunch. — 12.30 to 1.30. *Go as you please.*

Grand Spread. — 5 P. M. "Merry go Round." "Gym," 7.30 P. M.

Saturday. — "Nay, not so fast, Father Time."

Breakfast. — 8 A. M. "None but the brave deserve the fair" — beefsteak.

Lunch. — 12.30 to 1.30.

Table d'Hôte. — 5.30 P. M.

"Lasell Ideals," in grand uproar. "Gym," 8 P. M.

Temperance drinks.

Sunday. — "A little oasis in a desert of noise." The day as usual.

Evening song. — 7.30 P. M.

Monday. — Curtain to slow music.

The foregoing programme promised much for Lasell girls, who were to stay here during the vacation, and they were not doomed to be disappointed. Besides this public programme, there were numerous private spreads, banjo recitals and candy pulls, which were attended with much festivity.

Thanksgiving day was as enjoyable as always, and we are glad to say that the dinner did *not* last too long, and the toasts were, on the whole, very good. The guests especially acquitted themselves in this respect very creditably to their hosts, and Mr. Barnard's friend was especially witty in his extemporaneous speech.

The following is a list of the toasts: —

"The day we celebrate" . . . *Miss Sheldon*
 "Our guests" *Miss Walston*
 "Lasell" *Miss Chamberlayne*
 "Our Berlin family" *Miss Ninde*
 "The noble birrud" *Lowe*
 "The hour and the man" *Aman*

Those who entertained guests at dinner, were: Mr. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. Cassedy. Miss Byran, Miss Peck, Miss Etta Stafford, — on whose side we were rejoiced to see Lu Walston of Smith College, — Miss Sinsabaugh, Miss McEchron, and Bessie Shepherd.

Besides the toasts mentioned in the *menu*, there were quite a number of informal toasts.

LASELL students are much indebted to Mr. George Riddle for an enjoyable evening of his select readings, not long ago. This is the first time Mr. Riddle has been here, and we all hope it is not the last time he will make the chapel ring with responsive hilarity from the girls.

WE have recently sought to make an engagement for a reading by our old friend, Professor Raymond, but he has declined to come this winter, in a very pleasant and kind note, and says that physical ills will probably keep him from seeing Lasell very soon.

MRS. BUTLER, who, with her husband, has been a missionary to India for many years, gave an interesting talk in the chapel, Sunday, November 21. Those who are interested in India enjoyed, especially, her vivid descriptions of the horrors of the Indian mutiny, and the life of the Indian women. It will be a difficult task to elevate the morals of this depraved people, but with such energetic souls as Mr. and Mrs. Butler to work, we hope at last to see an emancipation from their ignorance and degradation.

THE Newton Boat Club Fair was quite a society event for Lasell. A number of girls went to it, and returned with glowing accounts

of the beautifully decorated hall, and of the superb entertainment given them.

TOPICS AT SENIOR TABLE.

"Nebular Hypothesis" (*not* often).

"Woman's Suffrage" (succeeding Miss C. Chamberlayne's lecture on gossip).

"Newton Boat Club Fair" (in short, telling utterances).

"Evil Influences of Novel Reading during Vacation."

"Dixey *versus* Booth" (majority in favor of former).

The above list often interspersed with stale jokes, as "We fry ours in butter," "It's naither, it's aither," "I'll take light meat, please!" "Beasts in Barnum's circus," and on extra occasions the members of '87 regale themselves with a story or two about the "Hog that ran up the tree, or McE's summer adventure with Adolphus." In closing this list, let us add a piece of advice to the other tables in the dining-room, — that they shall in future profit, as far as their abilities will let them, by the example of the illustrious Seniors, as regards intellectual food and nourishment.

PERSONALS.

MISS ANNA LOVERING has been spending the Thanksgiving vacation in Auburndale, and made a pleasant call on her friends at Lasell. She belonged to the graduating class of '81. We regret to learn that she still has the difficulty of weak eyes, which proved such a drawback to her work here. But nothing dims their brightness or the cheerful humor that makes her seem not a day older than when she was here. We hope to welcome her often at Lasell.

DURING the Thanksgiving vacation, Miss ELEANOR NICHOLS had the great misfortune to lose her mother. Mrs. Nichols was an excellent woman, well known to some of our members.

MISS MINNIE BIGELOW, a pupil who left Lasell four years ago, made us a brief call recently. The few persons who were here at that time were very glad to see her. She is much in earnest in various plans for reading and study, and evidently has not neglected to gain the advantage of the years already gone. She was one of the European party of '82, and remembers it with enthusiasm.

MR. SHEPHERD recently visited his father in Washington.

THE Chamber Concert given at Lasell, November 23, '86, was very enjoyable. The Orphean Club, assisted by the mixed chorus, sustained its part admirably, as it always does. Miss White, whom we had the pleasure of hearing last winter in the concert given by Mrs. William H. Sherwood, was as charming

as ever. Miss Webster, who has recently returned from her studies abroad, handles the 'cello as if she was thoroughly acquainted with it. The following is the

PROGRAMME.

FIRST PART.

- CHORUS. The Watchword *Piusdi.*
MIXED CHORUS.
CHORUS. Homeward on the flowing tide *Gaul.*
ORPHEAN CLUB.
'CELLO SOLO. Concerto, A Minor *Gollerman.*
MISS WEBSTER.
CHORUS. Night winds so gently flow *Calkin.*
MIXED CHORUS.
SONGS. { *a.* The Seasons *Clayton Johns.*
 b. Behüt dich Gott *Nessler.*
 c. The Seaman's Wife *Herman.*
MISS WHITE.
VOCAL QUARTETTE. Moonlight *Hollander.*
GETHERELA QUARTETTE.
First Soprano MISS HOLLINGSWORTH.
Second Soprano MISS BAILEY.
First Alto MISS JOY.
Second Alto MISS MUNGER.

SECOND PART.

- 'CELLO SOLOS. { *a.* Larghetto *Lefebvre.*
 b. Papelon *Popper.*
MISS WEBSTER.
CHORUS. Stars are in the quiet skies *Rimbault.*
MIXED CHORUS.
CHORUS. Oh calm and lovely those evening bells *Abt.*
ORPHEAN CLUB.
SONG.—Serenade. O Swallow *Piatti.*
(With 'Cello Obligato by MISS WEBSTER.)
MISS WHITE.
CHORUS. Hunting Song *Smart.*
MIXED CHORUS.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

MME. MARIE ROZE contemplates coming over again, and, if she does, will give operatic concerts similar to those Patti is now giving.

THIS year NEVADA sings to her babe.

PATTI's favorite color is red, and Mme. Nilsson's is blue. Both match well with American gold.

RUBINSTEIN has completed a sixth symphony, which will soon be heard in Leipzig under his own direction.

ANOTHER piece has been composed to be performed on the black keys of the pianoforte. Such music finds ready sale in the South, as it is intended for the dark keys.

THE organist leads a hard life. He not only peddles music, but gains his livelihood by "manual" labor.

ART NOTES.

M. BARTHOLDI says that, so far as he knows, the great statue of Liberty is the first example of a copper exterior mounted on iron trusses

A BILL for the establishment of a National Art Gallery, under the patronage of the United States government, is being talked about in New York.

By the will of Mrs. Cornelia M. Stewart, widow of A. T. Stewart, it would seem that a large portion of the great art collectors will adorn the walls of the proposed seminary for women at Garden City.

MR. WEDMORE, of London, is still absent in France, which has caused some delay in the publication of his book for collectors, on "Whistler's Etchings"; but it may be issued during the present month.

THERE will soon be seen in New York, at the Metropolitan Art Museum, a collection of thirty or forty old masters from a noted Paris collection. In the collection will be fine examples of the Dutch school, several pictures of Rembrandt, Rubens, and Van Dyck, and works of other great masters.

A STATUE of Schiller has been unveiled in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The statue consists of three main features,—a base of gray polished granite, five feet high, approached by two steps, a pedestal, six feet high, of bronze, and, lastly, the statue, nine feet high, making the entire structure twenty feet in height. Mr. Henry Mauger, of Philadelphia, was the sculptor.

THE announcement of the visit of Munkaczy to this country is made, and he will probably arrive before our readers see these lines. His "Christ before Pilate" will be exhibited in the Tabernacle, in Twenty-third street, New York, and probably with this will be shown very many of his paintings, now owned in this country. He will paint a number of portraits during his stay here.

THE American Art Galleries of New York, will be made very attractive this season with many strong exhibitions, both of native and foreign pictures. At the present time, the galleries contain a fine collection of French paintings.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

By placing a small telescope or opera-glass in front of a photographic camera, very satisfactory views of distant objects can be obtained. The proper position of the additional lenses can easily be found after a few trials.

AN English exchange says that a woman in Pittsburg made a terrible mistake the other day. She became greatly frightened when a terrible storm broke over the town, and ran up to her bedchamber for a vase of holy water with which to sprinkle herself. In the excitement of the moment she seized a bottle filled with sulphuric acid, and dashed the contents in her face and over her head. The physicians who attended her say that she will in all probability lose her eyesight, and that her face may be disfigured. The acid had eaten into the flesh before its course was stayed.

POLITICAL NOTES.

OWING to the heavy payments, amounting to over \$12,000,000, it is thought at the Treasury Department that there has been very little, if any decrease in the public debt for November.

PARLIAMENT will meet on January 13. The government will ask for the whole time of the House to deal with precedence rules.

MR. GLADSTONE declines every request to speak until Parliament reassembles. He has sent letters to several of his late colleagues, stating his programme for the coming session. He approves an immediate challenge of the government, to state its Irish policy in the debate upon the address, although he expects that the Unionists will maintain their adhesion to the government. Afterwards he will assist in an effective settlement of the precedence question. The Scotch home-rulers will hold a conference and mass demonstration at Edinburgh, on January 12. Their platform urges that national legislature be granted to the respective nationalities of the United Kingdom, each legislature to control all local affairs, with an executive responsible only to the national electors.

FRANCE and Mexico have concluded a treaty of commerce.

THE London *Standard* says it is seriously proposed at Sofia to nominate an American for that throne.

EXCHANGES.

AMONG the new exchanges for this month is *The Quill* from Stapleton, N. Y. This promising little paper has only been in existence since Thanksgiving. It is quite a good number for the first issue, and we wish it all success.

THE *Doane Owl* has a new departure in the way of filling up the exchange column. We cannot say that we like it. Such remarks as this, "I ain't mashed on the Hesperian" (if we may presume to criticise anything issuing from the mouth of a "Scientific Senior"), most certainly do not look well in print. The column is mostly made up of such spicy comments on college papers.

THE *Nassau Literary Magazine* comes to us for the first time this year. It is one of our best exchanges for this month, full of interesting and instructive articles. Especially worthy of note is the one on "Arthur Hugh Clough."

THE *W. T. T.* is as good as ever this month, and has some very well-written editorials.

WHERE is the *Lampoon*? We have not seen his dear familiar face this month, and we miss him very much.

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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SNOW SONG.

In silent wonder, far as eye can see,
A white earth waits, the laden clouds dip under,
And, drifting earthward, cover field and tree
In silent wonder.

No angry rush of wind, no shock of thunder
Tears tintless cloud from cloud, but silently,
In slow, soft rhythm, flake by flake, they sunder:
Till, wrapped in dreamy unreality,
The far, pale arch above, the white earth under,
Confess unfathomable mystery
In silent wonder. x.

THE New Year has come. It has also begun to go. It has accomplished both these wonderful feats with no material change of programme from last season, and with a punctuality worthy of a better cause. It has brought in its train the usual amount of weather, bills from way back, and paving stones for a warmer climate than this. It has found the small boy and the boarding-school girl intent upon the annual diary, destined to contain the exciting record of the usual one consecutive weeks. It has *not* found the LEAVES' subscription list much increased, but we hope as it grows older it will grow wiser in this and some other things.

WE, the new editor, propose, in the editorial column, to revel in a printed expression of our sentiments upon all subjects. We have been so repeatedly assured that "no one ever reads the editorials, anyhow," that we have at length come to believe it. However, we propose to be *sure* on the subject. If a free expression of our rather unique views does not settle the question, we shall try bolder methods. Reversing the usual order of things, whereby the most thrilling tale is interspersed with advice to use "Salvation Oil," we shall interrupt our driest editorials by such interesting items as this: "The handkerchief found in Pinkey Thompson's room was marked Alonzo, and not Alphonso, as reported." (*Yale Courant* please notice.) If *this* fails to accomplish our purpose, we simply sha'n't write any editorials. Then we shall know whether they're read or not.

WE are happy to observe that the august pupils of Lasell Seminary have returned from their vacation, with the feverish pulse of longing to get home, pretty well reduced to the healthful beatings of a desire for knowledge, and a realization that old Lasell is a pretty good place to obtain it after all.

ANY benevolent but mistaken person who may be casting a halo of martyrdom about the brows of the fifteen maidens who enlivened this building by their presence during the holidays, is hereby warned that halos are not be-

coming to our peculiar style, and are, moreover, decidedly out of place. Halos are not usually considered quite consistent with frolics by day, feasts by night, and a good time at all hours.

We realize that we have not the excellent preparation for the term's work, which the others got in the shape of long journeys, endless excitement, and an extra dose of homesickness; but we have heroically made up our minds to forego these benefits.

THE Auburndale Small Boy has at length discovered an employment exactly suited to his perennial youth and love of dangerous adventure. He has taken his life in one hand and a map of Auburndale in the other, and proposes to act as a guide to Lasell callers, piloting them safely over the tortuous route from the Sem. to the station. Out of gratitude to the dazed youth, whose direful flight and frantic appeals for directions first suggested this guide scheme, the S. B. will give special and careful attention to Harvard men.

We have for some time been trying to find a suitable employment for the neighboring Younga Merika, and can only wonder, after our last summer's experience with Vesuvian guides, and our two years' knowledge of the pride of Auburndale, why we did not think of this occupation before. It is so exactly suited to him in every respect, and he will surely enjoy an occupation which has such a delightful Greek-meets Greek flavor about it.

HARVARD is fast becoming a Fashionable Charity, and we'd like to know how she manages it. With which of her numerous charms did she make herself so irresistible to the hearts and dollars of Greenleaf, Williams & Co.? We wonder if she could be induced to part with her secret? We at Lasell are sadly in need of a new chapel and club rooms, and see no immediate prospect of obtaining them unless some benevolent millionaire defrauds his relatives in our behalf. Of course we could never hope to rival Fair Harvard in the affections of those who have anything to leave, still, we should like our modest little share. Some take all, but Harvard leaves none.

Y^r editor does n't know much about politics, but here are some of the things she thinks:—

Liberty is to be congratulated on her yard wide mouth, if her utterances are to have any weight in the city over which she presides.

Gen. Logan's death is peculiarly unfortunate, since it has probably destroyed all chance of Mrs. Logan's becoming President of the United States.

Whatever elation Mr. Blaine may feel, because of his increased chances for the Presidency, must be about neutralized by his knowledge that rheumatism *can* kill a politician when it gives its mind to it.

As the four-below-zero weather comes on, the number of strikes perceptibly diminishes. The laboring man recognizes the buttered side of his bread, after all.

Out of consideration for our e. c.'s, *Harper's Weekly*, *The Judge*, etc., we earnestly hope the surplus revenue will not be devoted to the establishment of a navy. We should be sorry to see such worthy publications deprived, at one blow, of two such exhaustless mines of comment and cartoon.

CHRISTMAS LITERATURE.

"SNAKES in Ireland? There are no snakes in Ireland."

"The King of France, with forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

Strange, that the more we try to fix our mind on our subject, Christmas Literature, the more it wanders to such seemingly foreign statements as those given above. Now, our minds are usually nothing if not logical, and possessed of vast powers of concentration. Therefore, we know that there must be some method in our present madness. Involuntarily we turn to Howells, confident that a writer who always generously insists that men shall do all the thinking of the world, lest by any chance Marcia, Imogene, Irene, Statira and the rest of us should become "too mental," must somewhere have written out the explanation that we want. Nor are we disappointed; in the "Editor's Study," he tells us that there is no Christmas literature, that is, that we no longer have any Christmas writing that corresponds to that once done by Irving and Dickens.

This is the day of "selections from various authors," and of illustrated poems. In the magazine world the short Christmas story flourishes. There are no longer books of avowedly Christmas character, though there are books and certain other forms of writing—notably Howells's farces—whose first appearance is reserved for Christmas time. By the way, can even a farce be too funny? Either our laughing ability is suffering a severe reaction, or those farces—notably the last one

-- are coming too often, and staying too long. The *idea* of the mouse appeals as strongly to us as it did to the other ladies; but it seems as if the size of the idea is in inverse ratio to the commotion it creates. Even at Christmas time, when we are in our most genial mood, we cannot laugh more than five minutes in succession over the same situation.

We suggest that Mrs. Howells write the next Christmas farce; that she take for her characters one lady and several gentlemen; that the lady faint in *medias res*, and that the gentlemen act perfectly natural; that is, that they perform their usual antics at such a time. Truly we all have our hours of weakness! Perhaps Mr. Howells will kindly lend the restoratives applied with such marked success by Mrs. Roberts on a certain occasion.

DEAR GIRLS:—I meant to have arranged with Mr. Shepherd to take those of you wishing to Philadelphia and New York to see those cities during your Christmas vacation. But I forgot it until too late. Any how, you would not care to visit those great and wicked cities when noble and famous and witty and wise Boston is as yet an unknown land to many of you. I hope you took good opportunity to "do" Boston in your two vacations? I don't mean just Washington and Winter Streets, but Faneuil Hall, King's Chapel, the churches, etc.

Miss Carpenter knits most of the time. She must have knit two or three silk quilts already. I opened her trunk (in her absence) for the customs officer in Cologne, and he looked amazed at the skeins of red yarn and said, "Geschaeft," and I don't think he yet quite believes my denial of any such intention.

She says the LEAVES are getting better. I tell her they always were, only she didn't notice them till she was off here where she had nothing to do. I think there is a promising lot of advertisements. The reading matter is always good. From an editorial in November No. one might infer that you of the advanced cooking-class think you are nearly "done," but you must not forget that you will have examinations for a third year, and a third year's work yet.

Who wrote "The Spider in Church?" I had to laugh for thinking of the girls so "scared"! and under the stress of the "proprieties"! By the way, don't you think it would be pleasant if every article in the LEAVES was signed with initials, if not with name? And, by the way, too, does no one know of a use for the LASELL LEAVES *Fund*? Congratulate Louise Dietrick for me on her Hallowe'en triumph!

I wish I could share with you my enjoyment of the pictures! The music is good enough,

but you have just as good there. The only advantage the Old World has over the New is its pictures. That is a hasty remark, made without thought. So don't take it for too much. But I will not change it now. Do you really *enjoy* pictures, good pictures? If you do not, begin now to learn. Go into the parlor alone and sit down before the little girl from Capri and look and look till you begin to get acquainted with her; till she begins to be a girl, not a picture to you (which will not be long if you have any eyes). Try and get her to tell you her story. She will tell it without your trying if you overcome her shyness with your friendliness. Another time get where you can see (it is in a bad light—must be changed) the engraving which is full of color, though black and white, of the Assumption of Mary. But don't go too fast from one to another. Go many times to one, any one that attracts you, and get acquainted with it. When you learn to enjoy good pictures, you will never be alone in the world again! How I wish Lasell or I—I don't care much which—had a long purse that I might bring you home some of these beauties! Don't you wish some one would give—so many people are giving to schools—us some money to buy some? When you get older, won't you coax some to do it? You ought to go, as often as you can, to the Museum in B. That is a part of education, an end,—the end of it, I had almost said,—to be able to see beauty and to love it.

We are having another sort of enjoyment out of the different orchestra leaders at the concerts. The various contortions are sometimes too much for my risibles! One man's hair was cut square in the neck, and stood out from his neck, and as he worked over that orchestra (we had a good side view) that hair kept working over that neck! His sharp nose went out over the orchestra and his hair out over the audience, and as his nose went one way his hair went the other, till one could think of nothing but a caricature Nast used to make of Carl Schurz! Another evening, Joseph Joachim, "the best violinist in all the world," as an enthusiastic Teuton affirms, was leader. He is a large man with full, black beard and black hair all but one round bald spot, not *way through* yet, but bald enough to catch your eye and make you watch it and keep you wondering how long before it would be way through. As it goes around it becomes the centre of your gaze, and you follow it about and wonder how old he is, if it feels cold, if he wears a silk hat; bob, bob, bob around it goes and your eyes after it, only when they go to his wrist while he adjusts a cuff which does not stay put. Is n't it a pity to think of such things when good music is sounding? One evening we heard *the Sym-*

phony of Max Bruch, which was dedicated to the New York Symphony Society in 1882, worked over from '82 to '84, and is yet in manuscript and ought to be kept there till it is "worked over" some more, and then perhaps the audience, as well as leader and orchestra, will not have to work over it so hard! Most of it is rather rough kind of music! At this concert is a "Liza Lehman, from England." She looks like an American, and sings like one. Her singing seems to me (prejudiced?) finer in quality than most of the German singing I have heard, as a fine face is different from a pretty one. For encore she sings delightfully "Annie Laurie," and I fill up right away. The piano player (Miss N. Janotha) did good work indeed. Her fingering was odd. Her hands seemed to lie on the keys, the wrist *seemed* lower than the keys, and the most of the work was done by fingers, and much of it could hardly be seen. Grace Stebbins was there, ask her.

C. C. B.

In Memoriam.

JOSIAH LASELL.

READ by Mrs. Isabel Jennings Parker at the reunion of the Alumnae Association, June 16, 1886:—

I am to offer some brief memorial of our most beloved and honored teacher, whose recent death makes this day sad with a new sadness for some of us.

It is most fitting that we remember him here where he passed many years of his early manhood, where he proved his rare gifts as a teacher, where he won his young bride, a member of the first graduating class, from whose side he was taken a few weeks ago, so suddenly that it was to him a translation.

We who were his pupils need not to be told of his virtues, his gifts, his goodness. They are written in our hearts, not to be erased.

In the dear old days when we were studying here, there was much to make us happy. And no students ever had more zealous and earnest help in their struggles toward intellectual and moral excellence, than we received from our two teachers, Mr. Briggs and Mr. Lasell, as we called them, when titles were less freely used than now. A score of titles would not express our loving reverence for them both. We can hardly speak of one without the other, so united are they in our memory. Though unlike, they were singularly suited to each other; the one, full of enthusiasm for mathematical and natural science; the other, equally zealous in classical and metaphysical study; the one, constantly filling our minds with knowledge from the perennial fountain of his own well-stored brain; the other, teaching us how to arrange that knowledge, and make us useful.

The one taught us to solve difficult problems; the other trained us to reason correctly. The one was noble-hearted, large-minded, generous to a fault; the other, no less noble and generous, was far more exacting.

Is there not some Alumnae present, who remembers one of the occasions when we came from recitation with red eyes, which Mr. Briggs quickly noticing, assumed an air of mock resignation, saying: "There, Jo has been giving his class a lecture. Now I shall have no lessons for a week?"

Each seemed the complement of the other, and the course of instruction would have been incomplete with either one alone. After his colleague removed, the senior principal was like a bird with one wing.

But, O sisters of those bygone days, shall we ever forget the kind and watchful care they together gave us? The wise and thoughtful discipline so lovingly administered, the unfailing approval, or the just rebuke which our conduct merited, showing us constantly how we were surrounded with their watchful care at every step? Looking backward as we do to-day over so many years, do we not remember more gratefully than ever, how much we owe to those two dear instructors whose voices we shall no more hear?

And when class by class, year by year, we passed our severe examination on this platform and received our diplomas, did we not feel that, go where we would, their benediction would follow us?

Just here, let me read an extract from a poem read on our twentieth anniversary, by my classmate and your president, Mrs. Sampson, referring to our chagrin on being discovered in some iniquity:—

"For so deeply we revered him,
That his slightest word or look
Woke contrition in each bosom,
Sent the boldest to her book.
For to us the incarnation
Of all that's wise, he seemed,
And to strive for his ideal,
Too hard no labor deemed.
Gladly now, with riper judgment
To that mind so clear and keen,
We renew the loving homage
Rendered them at sweet sixteen."

At the first meeting of this association, Mr. Lasell was with us, and we heard from his lips something of the last days of his fellow-principal.

And to-day we look upon his completed life. On Sunday evening he joined heartily with his sweet, strong voice, in the praises of the Lord's house at evening service, went home and wrote a long, kind letter to his nephew, George Lasell Briggs, retired to rest, and early on Monday morning he entered into the rest of Paradise. His eager, earnest soul passed onward to the

new life with no interval of illness and pain. For this we may be thankful, and for all his noble, gentle deeds and words.

Though he had numbered threescore years, yet he went to his grave

"In all his glorious prime; in full activity of zeal and power.

A Christian cannot die before his time: the Lord's appointment is the servant's hour."

RECEPTION.

WEDNESDAY evening, Dec. 15, was the occasion of the Junior reception; the second of the series given by the faculty to the students of Lasell. The parlors, tastefully trimmed with flowers and plants, were brilliantly lighted. The evening was enlivened by vocal and instrumental music of superior quality, which cannot be too highly complimented.

The guests were received by Miss Lina Jones, president of the Junior class, aided by Miss Eddy, and also by Miss Sheldon, as the representative of the faculty. Refreshments were served in the course of the evening. In the hall stood the flowing bowl, which refresheth, but intoxicateth not. Pleasant social intercourse and good cheer reigned supreme during the entire evening, and when the hour of departure came, the guests reluctantly bade adieu to the classic walls of Lasell.

Social intercourse at Lasell has been a somewhat neglected department in former years, but the teachers, with their usual solicitude in forwarding the best interests and happiness of the girls, have made a good beginning in instituting school receptions.

LASELL GIRLS IN EUROPE.

We expect to take the Southern tour of Europe next summer, and if the experience of former years is of value in arranging and planning a delightful foreign trip, the one proposed will be a grand one. Every one who has been abroad with any of the Lasell parties can testify to their perfect management and unqualified success, and if a sufficient number of persons can be engaged for next season, there is no reason why the summer may not be a charming and instructive one in foreign lands. The trip will include the greatest points of interest, from the home of Scott to Mount Vesuvius, and that means a good deal. Any who are proposing a trip to Europe next summer may have a complete outline of our route upon application. Address all letters to W. T. Shepherd, Lasell European Party, Auburndale, Mass.

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT FOR DECEMBER, 1886.

Gregory, D. E. Practical Logic . . . 160.5
Mombert, J. L. Great Lives . . . 920.34

A POEM.

Read at the Meeting of the Lasell Alumnae, June 16, '86.

[Written by Mrs. Reed; read by Mrs. Potter.]

To you, beneath Lasell's fair oaks,
So many miles away,
Greeting, dear girls of fifty-nine,
I clasp your hands to-day!
We are the self same girls, except
A quarter century older —
Which does not mean our loyal hearts
Have grown a shadow colder.

What have they brought, these vanished years,
Since young and glad, we stood
Expectant, on the hither side
Of joyful womanhood?
I pray you, what may be our score
Of credit that remains —
How balance Father Time's accounts
Of losses and of gains?

Lost — youth! Adown our afternoon
Sometimes a violet's sheen,
Of morning pink of hedgegrow rose,
Or cowslip's gold is seen;
But youth has gone — the bubbling life,
When but to breathe was bliss,
And present joy did quite suffice
For all we chanced to miss.

Lost — innocence of sin and ill;
Lost — ignorance of pain;
Lost — friends uncrowned, some gods, whose brows
Our hero-worship claimed.
Lost — health perchance. Lost — buoyant hope's
Fair pinnacles of cloud.
Gone, the entrancing atmosphere
In which we lived and moved.

Lost from our vision those whose lives
Are of ourselves a part;
Them missing we henceforth abide
In homesickness of heart!
O mute, inexorable Time,
With hush'd feet speed thy years;
Small care to thee, that heavy eyed
We hold our watch with tears,

As one by one they say "good by,"
The friends of early days,
Loosing their feet of pilgrim shoon
To walk the heavenly ways.
Do we not miss her here to day,
Our sister beautiful,
Whose daily walk and work and aim
Was ever dutiful?

Gone from her children's sight, yet now
With wider power to bless
Her heaven-instructed ministries,
The mother love attest.
Oh write not "dead" against her name;
She lives — she lives to-day
In even more beauteous womanhood
Than when she passed away.

Like the sweet music which her hands
Evoked in years long fled,
She *lives*, a gracious memory —
We will not call her "*dead*."
Thus scores the column of our loss —
Now turn we to our gains.
Stand we quite bankrupt with the years?
What of life's dower remains?

Gained — husbands, children, homes — who shall
Make reckoning of this wealth?
Our inner world of thought and love,
Our own, for life and death?
Thou canst not reckon values, Time,
In *souls*, and tell their worth,
Or smelt to ducats mother-love —
Thy reckoning is of *earth*.

Gained — age — nay, smile not, mellow lights
And vistas soft appear,
Crude colors blend, harsh outlines fade
At longer range and clear.
Groups that in passing, sore and dread
Affrighted and dismayed,
Now sometimes seem in retrospect
The shadow *God's wing* made!

Wrenches that rent our faith in men
Sent us straight back to God,
Making us prayerful lest *we too*
Forsake His grace and word.
Gained — pain! strange gain? Nay, verily,
Since pain doth turn the key
Of others' woe, that entering, we
Bear heavenly sympathy.

We in the midst of sorrow's cloud
Exchange swift countersign
With other pilgrims in the dark —
Pain's touch is true and fine!
Lost innocence; but gained the power
And will to chose the right.
Weep we that evil's seeming grace
Grows ghastly in truth's light?

How could we know, long years ago,
When strong were hope and health,
That even pain hath recompense,
That poverty holds wealth?
Slowly and painfully we learn
That our dear Lord would teach.
Still children, how we sigh and strive
Earth's pleasant fruits to reach!

We beat, with bruised wings, our cage
As our beloved go;
We cry, "Be merciful, O God!
Thou know'st we love them so!"
Yet, as they silently go forth,
Heaven lies about our way.
The *real* home is where *they* bide,
The *transient* where *we* stay.

This poor life grows significant
Only as we are trained,
Each by *His* wisdom absolute,
So that our saints have gained,
And day by day, and year by year,
God's truth throws broader light,
Unfolding with each century's dawn
Before man's seeking sight.

We live in grand heroic time,
Athrob with vital thrills;
Truth glows with unaccustomed light,
Caught from the heavenly hills;
For truth is life, and life *must grow* —
The quickening Spirit waits
To fill our souls — as to the Sun
We turn us towards his face!

So hope grows stronger, though its type
Is higher than of yore;
We feel how broad and strong the Love
That bideth evermore!

His morning dawn lights up the sky,
His "kingdom is at hand";
Even where cruelty abides
His loyal soldiers stand.
And *good* can only be of *Him*,
Whatever name it bear;
For feeblest trust towards Him is *faith*,
And longing is but prayer!

So stands our tale of loss and gain,
Dear girls of fifty-nine.
Would we retrace the hither way
Back of our mid-day line?
Nay, verily. Better by far,
Though knowledge came by pain,
To *know* what enemies we face
Than in false bliss remain.

Better, if He shall count us fit
To help and bless and cheer,
Than rest alone in bliss of love
Of all we hold most dear.
Since thus we grow, like Him we serve —
"The Life, the Truth, the Way" —
Cheer comrades! greeting and good-by.
"Faith — Labor — Victory"!

MILWAUKEE, WIS., June, 1884.

OUR NEED OF SUNLIGHT.

WE make no plea for the free, out-door life of the gypsy maiden or the Indian chief. The spirit of our age tells us but too plainly that primitive life has its drawbacks, especially in thunder-storms. Civilization is far preferable, but civilization implies a growing state, and sunlight is necessary to the best growth. We speak now of a figurative sunlight, and that, too, in spite of Peter Bell's patriarchal age, and wide-spreading family tree.

In this day of analytical, sceptical tendencies, there is special need of much social sunlight. Cheerfulness, enthusiasm for life as life, and appreciation of its humor as well as its pathos, are requisite to keep the mind healthy.

Social life, in itself, is a necessity, for, with Zimmerman, all feel that "those beings only are fit for solitude, who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody."

Since much of one's time is spent with other people, it follows that influences are both given and received. So it is much more important to have a cheerful atmosphere within, than without. The clouds and storms of nature are necessary to purify the air, and to nourish life. But the philosopher has yet to come who can prove the salutary effects of clouded brows, or of eyes filled with tears, over the helplessness of effort, and the general unsatisfactoriness of life.

An advantage, or disadvantage, of social life is that each one has certain claims upon the time and attention of others. He can make himself temporary king or tyrant; can, at pleasure, speak of the brightest, best thoughts of those brighter and wiser than himself; can show the happiest side of his own character,

or can give utterance to his own last morbid meditations, and to his personal views on every subject, from the dawning of reason in the infant mind to the doctrine of expectant attention. If he play the part of tyrant, one of two things must happen. Either he will be driven away and so offended, or, if he remain, he will not only bore his companions, but will also determine the direction of their thoughts for the time being. This ought not to be so; but the result is as inevitable as that sighs follow sighs, or that yawns are answered by yawns.

During Elizabeth's reign, England attained a height of social glory that our own land has never reached. She had many good conversationalists. Yet we cannot find that any of them had hobbies, or that they conscientiously devoted every moment of their spare time to self examination. They were not miserable, even if their talk wandered far away from sensible or scientific subjects.

Undoubtedly culture was partly the secret of their success in conversation; as undoubtedly a certain amount of culture is requisite for all social growth. But, above all, there is need of a willingness to look upon the bright as well as upon the shady side of life, to enjoy the brief splendor of a rocket without thought of the prosaic old stick that will soon fall to the ground. If a spade must be called a spade, the utmost obligations of truth cannot require us to persistently present the disagreeable side of every subject under discussion. "The best gifts are not got by analysis." Even to a child, the discoveries that its doll is stuffed with sawdust, and that the world is a howling wilderness, are simultaneous. In refusing to think much, and talk much of unpleasant things, there is no need to take a shallow and a superficial view of life, nor is it at all desirable to prove to the world that not all poor Poll's imitators died with the lamented Goldsmith.

But mental growth, as well as social growth, has its own peculiar demands. The abstract phrase, "This is a practical age," means little to us, because the age may equally well be qualified by so many other adjectives. But the specific "object in life" means much to each individual. The generally accepted meaning of life is: To have something to do, and to be able to do it; while existence may be defined as no work to do, and so much time in which to do it. Granted, that life does mean work to do, that "it is better to wear out than to rust out," and that few can dream to such purpose as did Hawthorne, — to do work in the best possible way, with the best results for one's self and others, is to grow mentally. Can there be a mental growth without sunlight?

Seen from the nearer shore of Lake George,

Black Mountain looks stern and grim. One can plainly see its trees and rocks, and the places where its side has been scarred with fire. Its height and steepness appall the most tireless climber. If one crosses the lake, one can still see the mountain distinctly. Its size is just the same; but its hard, pitiless look is softened by the distance, and by the beauty of the cloud-shadows. Neither view, alone, is complete; but both together give a perfect idea of Black Mountain.

Constant nearness to one's work discloses only the length and breadth of that work, and all its disagreeable little details; an occasional holiday throws a better light upon the picture. Distance shows what nearness could not — beauty as well as size. So a love for one's work is awakened, and love is quite as strong an incentive to do good work, as is either duty or indifference.

Again, by getting enjoyment out of life, one gains mental vigor and enthusiasm. "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy"; and, for the sake of rhyme, we are told that, "All play and no work, makes him a mere toy." The former of these statements would better read, "All work and no play, narrows his intellect to the finest point, makes him supremely selfish, and gives to the world a poor quality of work, and no social helpfulness." The latter statement has no excuse for being, except that the metre demands it. Only a fool would try the extreme of "all play," while no one but a man of genius could, with any degree of success, go to the other extreme of "all work."

But moral growth has also its need of sunlight. "Be good, and you will be happy," reads more truthfully, "Be happy, and you will be good." When tired and cross and discouraged, one thinks little about "the universal brotherhood of man." Or, if the thought does come, with it comes the wish to share one's troubles with all these brothers, and to share alike. If there should not be enough to go around, one would be willing even, to divide one's own part the second time. The redeeming feature of the case is, that when happiness comes, there is an equal willingness to share that with others. Those who have most, give most. Mention is made in the Bible of only one widow who gave her mite. It is chiefly in stories, such as "Bobbitt's Hotel," that we find a poor, unhappy little boy giving his supper, and his lodging-place for the night, to another little boy, younger and more wretched than himself. We should not be so moved by these stories, if they illustrated a real fact of everyday life.

If a man would help others, he must first have helpfulness within himself. Sermons are of little avail when given outside the pulpit; good examples are not effective, when they are

set by people who are anxious to be known only by their deeds; but cheerful words, and little acts of thoughtfulness, are what make others happiest, and help them most in their lives.

If one is constantly occupied with work, one forgets to speak these words, and do these acts. Even if a man find happiness in his own work, it is not the kind of happiness that can be shared by others. They are sweeping their offices while he is sweeping his, and neither party cares to sit in the other's dust.

But, aside from all question of social, mental or moral growth, a love of sunlight is born in our very natures. Two simple proofs of this are, that the earliest language of a people is pictorial, and that the word "hope" is universally qualified by the adjective "eternal." We hope only for pleasant things, and we are always hoping. It is natural for people to look on the bright side of life, and to find, in life, more poetry than prose. One has no excuse for working in opposition to nature, unless one belong to that unfortunate class which Emerson describes, in saying: "There are people who can never understand a trope, or any second or expanded sense given to words or any humor; but remain literalists, after hearing the music and poetry and rhetoric and wit of seventy or eighty years. They are past the help of surgeon or clergy. But even these can understand pitchforks, and the cry of fire! and, I have noticed in some of this class, a marked dislike of earthquakes."

INDOLENT CHRISTIANS.

"PROFESSING Christians are sometimes in a drowsy state, oftener in a drowsy frame. This is sadly reproachful. What! drowsy in examining yourselves whether you be in the faith? Drowsy in praising God of your salvation? Drowsy in seeking mercy and grace to help in time of need? Drowsy in serving your generation by the will of God? Are you disciples of Jesus? Did he ever speak an idle word, or lose a useful moment? 'I must work,' said he, 'the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work.' The universe is awake. God is awake. Angels are awake. Glorified saints are awake. Brutes are awake. The children of this generation are awake. Devils are awake. Death is awake. Damnation is awake. Their damnation slumbereth not. 'It is high time to awake out of sleep,' and to keep awake." — *Zion's Herald*.

"EVERY individual has a place to fill in this world and is important in some respects, whether he chooses to be so or not."

P

THERE were once two little leaves who lived upon the top of a high maple-tree. They looked very much alike, and, if any one had seen them for the first, or the second, or even the third time, he would have said that they were as like as two leaves could be. And why should they not be alike? Did they not live on the same branch of the same tree? The same gentle winds lulled them to sleep every night, and the same merry bird-song wakened them every morning. If they were wakeful through the night, the same sparkling eyes winked down upon them, and, if one of them were cold, his little brother shivered in sympathy. But, although they had lived all their life as near together as two brothers can, and although the same things had always been around them both, yet each was himself and not the other.

Little by little their individuality declared itself, so that no one would have said longer that they were alike. This shows that even little leaves may always live among the same things, and yet not see the same things.

On account of a strange inner blindness, one small leaf found only discontent in things which made the other very happy. The delicate outlines and beautiful colors of a cloud gave him no pleasure, because he could never forget for one instant that it was still a cloud in spite of its beauty. For all that this foolish young leaf cared, every cloud might just as well have been a great, hateful, black thunder-cloud. In fact, the only thing in the sky that pleased him was the dark blue color that he sometimes saw there. And even this joy was half a sorrow, because blue is the only color which he could never hope to wear. Although he was young, yet he already knew all the traditions of his family; and the best-known tradition of all is that, in their old age, the leaves of the maple put on all colors except the blue.

But the little leaf had another trouble which he thought greater even than the first; and every night at bedtime he would speak about it to his little brother: "I am tired of always staying in the same place; I don't at all believe that other lives are so stupid as that of a leaf." Thereupon his little brother would answer, "We are not always staying still. I am sure the wind rocks us back and forth in a most delightful way." "Yes, but we never get anywhere," said the little whimperer. "The clouds go their way, and I know that the sun also travels, because sometimes I feel warm in one place, sometimes in another." You see the little leaf was a bad philosopher.

"But where do you wish to go?" asked a drop of sap in his veins, who had not yet gone to sleep; "you do not like the sky, so you will not willingly go there. And, because you have

no wings, you cannot sweep about in the air; and, as far as I am concerned, the ground does n't please me at all. A long time ago, I fell out of a cloud, and lay upon the earth and was very unhappy. I felt so small and weak, and I saw the clouds so far away that I despaired of ever getting back to them again. But I wished to get as near them as possible, so I went down into the ground and began to build my way up, up, until now I live with you."

The little leaf did not answer, nor indeed did he say any more from that time on, with the exception of a few words, but these were spoken long after. Yet, as time passed on, his once smooth little skin became wrinkled and knotted, showing that he grieved over his trouble in secret.

One night there was a violent wind, and the contented little leaf had hard work to hold fast to the tree. As soon as the wind had lulled, he bent his head to kiss his brother and bid him good night. But, alas! there was no little brother there. Whether he had grown dizzy, through the constant motion, and so had fallen off, or whether he purposely loosed his clasp on the tree, no one knew. At all events, he was gone. His brother missed him very much, and it was noticed in the autumn that he faded much earlier than the other leaves on the tree. His sorrow did not rob him of the autumn colors, however, but it made them softer and more beautiful.

One day, late in the year, the summer came back again to bid him another farewell, for he was a great favorite with the summer. He laid his little hand in hers, and in some way — he never knew quite how — he was borne gently to the earth. It happened that he lay near a little dried leaf that he did not at all recognize. Also, this little leaf did not remember him, — he was now wholly changed, with the exception of his sweet voice and his cheerful heart, and the leaf had as yet neither heard the one, nor seen the other.

When evening came, the good leaf was a little lonely, because he missed the cradle-song of the wind. But he was still a brave little fellow, so he began to sing himself to sleep. The other leaf recognized his voice, at once, and cried, "Ah, dear brother, I am very glad that you are come. I have been very sorry that I left you. I thought that the life of a leaf on a tree was stupid, but it is nothing to the life of a leaf under a tree. People acted as if they did n't see me, and I was often trodden under foot. But now we have both come to the same place in the end, so what difference does it make, after all, in what way we came here?" "All the difference in the world," murmured the other, and something glistened in his eyes; but the night had grown dark, so his brother could n't see whether it was a tear, or a drop of dew.

They fell asleep in each other's arms, but, perhaps, in truth, they had never before been so widely separated.

LOCALS.

A FLUTTER of happy excitement pervaded the school on Wednesday, Dec. 22. Trunks were packed, sat on, jumped on, and reasoned with, to induce them to close. Then there was a sudden flitting; a few flew east, many flew west, but all flew straight to the dear home nest.

As the anniversaries of the year come to us, we are pleasantly led to think of those of our family on the "other side," whom we have always Brag'd on. And we intend to brag more, and keep on bragging, every time we receive one of those nice letters, written for us girls left behind, trying to fit ourselves to appreciate foreign travel, if we are ever so fortunate as to undertake it.

THE cooking classes, under the efficient management of Mrs. Lincoln, are making such progress that the members will soon become as proficient as the Irish woman who boasted that she could make something out of nothing and have "lavins."

How:—

Negligé figures glide through the halls,
Summoned by fifteen portentous calls.

When:—

It was shortly after half past nine,
When not one light is supposed to shine.

Why:—

And the reason why? Yes, the reason why
Was known in the twinkling of an eye.
Oh, the noblest work was done, we ken,
That night between eleven and ten.

FRENCH teacher, about to criticise work done upon the board by one of the pupils, was interrupted by that pupil with the exclamation, "O, I've forgotten my *pas!*" To which the teacher responded, "Mlle. S., that is very ungrateful treatment of your parent."

WE are glad to announce that the Lasell girls will enjoy the advantage of a course of lectures, delivered in Newton by Prof. Clapp, on "Plays of Shakespeare." The subject of the first lecture will be "Romeo and Juliet."

OUR service of song on Sunday evening, Dec. 12, was unusually entertaining. Prof. Davis kindly brought his male quartet, who admirably rendered several selections. Misses Dietrick and Ninde contributed instrumental solos.

THERE is a real and increasing interest manifested in the girls' Sunday-evening prayer-meeting. May it increase and bear fruit.

THIS year, for the first time, the classes, other than the Senior and Junior, have organized.

MR. BARNARD, who for the past term has taught in the history department, this term has resigned his position, finding that he had not sufficient time to pursue his post-graduate studies for the degree of Ph. D., which he desires to take next spring.

THIS term, political economy will be taught by Rev. Mr. Wm. R. Newhall, pastor of the Methodist church.

LASELL WIT.—A two-cent stamp, please. How much is it?

AT THE GERMAN TABLE.

Hardened Freshman.—“Say, anybody want tea up there?”

Conscientious Junior.—“Nein.”

Hardened Freshman.—“Nine? There aren’t nine of you up there.”

Jokes in this style furnished to German, French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Sanscrit tables at thirty-seven cents a dozen. Former price, sixty-two and a half cents.

MISS C.—“Who formerly took her vocal lesson at this hour?”

MISS E. RACE.—“I did.”

MISS C.—“Thank you, I had e-rased it, and did not remember that you had that hour.”

[Truly there are puns and puns.]

A MUSICAL was given in the gymnasium on Dec. 20, and furnished the occasion for a pleasant farewell gathering of teachers, pupils, and friends. The concert consisted of vocal and instrumental music, under the direction of Prof. Davis and Prof. Hills, assisted by Miss M. R. Sherman, violinist, and Mr. E. Ruppell, ’cello, whose performances were enthusiastically received. The programme was as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

- PIANO-FORTE. Etude, Op. 22 *Wollenhaupt*
MISS COLE.
- SONG. The Angel at the Window *Tours*
MISS MCBRIER.
- DUO. For two Violins *Ersfeld*
MISS E. WARD AND HUTCHINSON.
- SONG. In the Night She told a Story *Chickering*
MISS BERLIN.
- PIANO-FORTE. Valse Caprice *Bachmann*
MISS C. BROWN.
- SONG. Dreams *Streleski*
MISS BARBOUR.
- ’CELLO AND PIANO-FORTE. Romanze and Finale,
Op. 15 *Goltermann*
MESSRS. RUPPELL AND HILLS.
- SONG. For Pity’s Sake *Adams*
MISS LOWE.
- SEMI-CHORUS. Holy Night *Lassen*
(With Violin Obligato by Miss DIETRICK.)
- CHORUS. Faithful and True we lead Ye forth. Bridal
Chorus from Lohengrin *Wagner*
ORPHEAN CLUB.
- PIANO-FORTE. Quartette from Rigoletto. Transcription *Praeger*
MISS MCECHRON.
- SONG. Serenade *Schubert*
MISS MUNGER.

- VIOLIN. Seventh Concerto *De Beriot*
MISS SHERMAN.
- VOCAL QUARTETTE. A Canticle to Apollo. *Carmichael*
First Soprano MISS HOLLINGSWORTH.
Second Soprano MISS BAILEY.
First Alto MISS JOY.
Second Alto MISS MUNGER.
- SONG. Lullaby *Wilson*
MISS M. PAGE.
- PIANO-FORTE. Phantasie Stück *Bargiel*
MISS A. SPARKS.
- SONG. Gayly I Wander *Champion*
MISS HOLLINGSWORTH.
- VIOLIN, ’CELLO AND PIANO-FORTE. Trio in D minor.
Mendelssohn
Andante, Molto, Allegro, Agitato.
MISS SHERMAN, MESSRS. RUPPELL AND HILLS.

PERSONALS.

MISS HATTIE SEIBERLING, at Lasell in ’82, and Mr. Lucius Miles were married in Akron, Ohio, Jan. 6, 1887. Miss Gertrude Penfield, ’86, and Miss Grace Seiberling, ’87, were bridesmaids.

MISS ANNA HOXIE and Mr. Chester Thorne were married in New York City, Nov. 10, 1886.

MR. G. WAKEFIELD and wife, from Bozeman, Montana, visited their daughter during the holidays.

GERTRUDE STEWART and Libby Hance are counted among us once more.

GEORGIE PRICKETT, ’85, is studying vocal music at Mrs. Morrill’s, in Boston.

MRS. ELON BROWN, née Estella Greene, of Watertown, New York, wishes to be remembered to her old friends.

PROF. BRAGDON writes us that his wife is taking cooking lessons in London.

NELLIE ALLING is studying vocal music with Prof. Davis, in Boston.

ANNIE BROWN is studying in Boston with Miss Cail and Prof. Hills.

FLORENCE RYAN and Jennie Jackson are at Ogontz.

LUCY HARVEY visited Lizzie Burnham in November.

MAME CORNWELL is to spend the winter in Saginaw, Mich.

MAME WOOD spent her Christmas vacation at home in New Orleans. Her first visit home in two years.

MAYME BINFORD and May Church went home to Iowa, to attend the wedding of Miss Binford’s sister, which took place during vacation.

ANNA SMITH, on account of illness, was obliged to go home during the holidays; but we learn she is better, and hope soon to have her back again.

OWING to ill health, Ella Race has gone home to Decatur, Illinois. She leaves warm friends and pleasant memories.

POLITICAL NOTES.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, some months ago, withdrew his name as honorary vice-president of the American Exhibition in England.

THE public debt reduction during December was \$9,358,202.

SHOULD the United States Congress reject the new treaty with Spain, a duty of twenty-five per cent will be levied on American imports, and the Spanish government will immediately make overtures to other European powers, in order to obtain new markets for West Indian exports. Spanish statesmen of all parties look with uneasiness and jealousy upon the increasing intimacy of the relations between Cuba and Porto Rico on the one hand, and the United States on the other.

A MOVEMENT is in progress among Southern men in Congress, who are in favor of the reduction of the surplus, to form a combination by which the taxes upon fruit, brandy, and tobacco, and its manufacture, shall be abolished, and there is some expectation that Mr. Randall will co operate in this scheme.

RUSSIA has concluded arrangements for obtaining from the Hersants of Paris a loan of 75,000,000 francs. The money is to be expended in constructing a canal from the eastern extremity of the Gulf of Perekop, in the Black Sea, across the neck of land joining the Crimea to the main-land, to the Sea of Azov, in order to afford a direct water route from the River Don to the Black Sea.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE amount of force exerted by heat and cold in expansion and contraction of metal is equal to that which would be required to stretch or compress it to the same extent by mechanical means.

GELATINE is made from the bones and tissues of animals, and is of considerable importance in the domestic economy.

THE largest dry-plate negative ever made was produced in Boston last summer, by Mr. T. R. Burnham. It measures three by five feet, and weighs over eighty pounds. Over three pailfuls of developing solution were used, and the successful manipulation of this enormous plate required unusual skill. All the operations were successfully conducted, and the result was a very perfect life-size portrait of a lady. It is not probable that pictures of this size will ever become very common, owing to the difficulty of handling the plates, and the cost of the necessary apparatus.

BALTIMORE is about to build a crematory, modelled after that of Buffalo.

No stronger proof could ever be required to overthrow the last vestiges of the once prevalent belief that severe mental labor tended to shorten life, than the following fact. In Paris, recently, the one hundredth anniversary of the eminent chemist, M. Chevreul, was celebrated with appropriate honors. Some idea of the amount of work done by this centenarian, whom M. Pasteur, in his letter of congratulation, called the "Master of Masters," may be gathered from the fact that his first book was published in 1806, and all the years since that time have been devoted to earnest study in his beloved field of science. He clearly remembers Louis XVI., and the days of the Revolution, and talks of the glories of the First Empire. He has lived during eleven régimes.

ART NOTES.

ONE of the indications which M. Chesneau, the French critic, finds of the decadence of art in his own country is that painters and sculptors will not, unless under compulsion, paint and carve for decorative purposes. He reminds them that the great masters of the past had no such pride.

MISS ELLEN HALE, daughter of Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, has made one of the most creditable exhibitions of paintings in Boston of the season.

It is said that in general, great colorists are born by the sea.

AMERICAN pride is destined to receive a terrible shock when the news goes forth through the length and breadth of this great land, that the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, after all, is not the largest thing of the kind in creation. A Britisher has written to the London *Daily News* about a statue of Buddha cut out of the solid rock, at a locality known as Bamian, on the principal road between Cabul and Balkh, which he declares is seventy feet higher than our Colossus on Bedlow's Island.

THE A. T. Stewart collection is said by judges to surpass in value and interest the famous Morgan gallery, which was the sensation of last season.

MUNKACSY'S "Christ Before Pilate," which it has been said, is wanted for exhibition in Europe, and has been brought to this country at a great sacrifice because of the painter's love of America, is not owned by the artist, but by the dealer, Sedelmeyer, who, having got about all that is to be made out of it by showing it in Europe, has brought it to the United States, with the confident expectation of selling it.

AN unlooked-for present to the Metropolitan Museum comes from Mr. Morris K. Jessup.

The enterprising Mr. Sedelmeyer took him to the studio of his son-in-law, V. Brozik, a Bohemian painter, whose works, in the manner of Munkacsy, are well known in this country, and showed him the enormous canvas, "Christopher Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella." It was brought to New York with the hope that the Metropolitan Museum of Art would buy it. The trustees told Mr. Sedelmeyer, naturally enough, that they had no money to spend on such a purchase; so Mr. Jessup buys it and presents it to the Museum. It is a showy picture, and makes a good decoration. It is nearly as large as Munkacsy's "Christ before Pilate."

MAJOR AND MINOR.

MUSIC is a rare educator, and for this reason — not as a "safety valve" for restless mischief, but for the fullest development of the mind, and for the growth of an appreciation of the more refined enjoyments of life — it deserves a place among the most important studies of the common school.

PATTI prefers to be called Madame Patti-Nicolini, and her cards are printed accordingly.

PARIS is now in the height of the musical season.

NILSSON has recovered.

CAPPA: A stock company, to be called the Cappa Concert Company, has recently been formed in New York, for the purpose of giving concerts, by Cappa's Seventh Regiment Band, in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington. Cappa has promised to take charge of the band.

THE income of Madame Patti from her present six months' tour in this country will be \$150,000.

THE mandolin is becoming quite popular.

EXCHANGES.

WE missed the *Lampoon* in November,
He greeted us twice in December.
We're so fond of the looks
Of these sparkling red books
That, alas! well, we hope he'll remember (?)
In future that our hearts are tender.

In the first December issue of the *Lampoon*, Lampy tells us that he *knows* that he prints chestnuts. Lampy, accept our congratulations, for in that knowledge lies great strength and hope for the future. We have been pained by those withered jokes. We could have passed them by from any one but Lampy. He gives an excuse! Yes, we know, but he will not rest there. He will dash forward and win a laurel wreath, exchanging blossoms for leaves with us hereafter.

THE Xmas edition of the *Tuftonian* appeared in a handsome new gown, the most artistic and elegant of our exchanges for that month. Inside we find this touching and tragic defence of man's unselfish love: —

I LOVE THEE.

I love thee. Wouldst thou ask the reason why?
Because thou'rt beautiful, and I love beauty;
Because thou art loving, and I love love;
I love thy pure and gentle mind; but chiefly
I love thee.

I love thee. Wouldst thou ask the manner how?
Books say that man loves self above all else,
'Tis false; for even as I love myself, —
The ego, separate from all the world, —
I love thee.

I love thee, rather say, as I might love
A finer, better, lovelier self than I.
'Tis this, indeed thou art, — a part of me,
As I of thee, but thou the nobler. Thus
I love thee.

Yet, after all, the poem recalls these lines from *Browning*, —

If whoever loves
Must be, in some sort god or worshipper,
The blessing or blest one, queen or page,
Why should we always choose the page's part?

THE last issue of the *Tech* has lost its regular exchange column. We hope this is not a permanent action, as, first, we expect a paper like this to progress and not retrograde; second, we enjoy the *Tech*, we are interested in the *Tech*, and we think that more exchange and less sporting news would make it more acceptable to readers at large.

Through the compliment of a member of the Tech Banjo Club, we have before us a copy of the *Technique*. Its cuts are exceptionally good, strong, and pleasing. We do not recognize the faces in some of them, as, for instance, the foot-ball and lacrosse cuts, but we overlook such trifles.

THE last December *Advocate* has a bright article on "In the Theatre," which affords us the opportunity of seeing ourselves as others see us, and of realizing why a Boston audience does not recognize noble sentiment, and, we add, superior ability. Ah! "It has not been properly introduced." How hampered these Bostonites. Who said that culture expands the soul, enlightens the mind, and broadens the existence of man?

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

THE misspellings of *Lasell* are so constant and so astonishing, that at length it occurred to us to investigate. We had been solemnly assured that there was a deep psychological meaning in everything, even in the position of the mystic female who presides over the cover of the *Century Magazine*, so we concluded there must be some soulful reason in La Salle, Lassell, Laysal, and all the rest of them. We took a vacation and our office lantern, and went prospecting for psych. The result ex-

ceeds our wildest dreams. The facts evolved are so clear and concise that they may be reduced to the compact form of the stamp flirtation.

La Salle. "I am an opulent parient, a bloated bondholder, and am about to do your institution the honor to place under its care a member of my distinguished family." The envelopes bearing this spelling invariably have in the upper left-hand corner some such device as "Jambon and Bacon, Packers, Chicago," or "Geld and Zweiglas, Brewers, Milwaukee."

Lasalle. This indicates a confiding nature, as yet untouched by the rude jars of worldly disappointment. When addressed to a pupil, it usually contains an announcement that the writer met the writee's chum's second cousin at Bar Harbor, last summer, and so feels well acquainted, and would like to call next Monday. When addressed to a teacher, it heralds some such strictly business notice as "I wish to call your attention to my Bagnolia Malm for the complexion. It is warranted to make any skin as smooth as a toboggan slide, and to keep wrinkles in the next county. It would be greatly to your advantage to take the agency for your school, as this is an article which meets with a ready sale among young ladies."

Lasel invariably indicates "this is the third time I've sent you this little bill, and I want it paid, p. x. q."

Lasell is never found on anything but paper wrappers, and indicates always "I am a non-such College Paper, and have, in my exchange column an article beginning 'Were it not that gallantry forbids,' or 'The Lasell Leaves is obviously the production of the feminine mind'"

Laselle. This style is always in an ultra-fashionable feminine hand, and announces, "I am the only daughter of a fifth-ward alderman, and desire to come to your school as a parlor boarder. I've heard you don't receive parlor boarders, but of course you'll receive *me*. I want a corner front room on the first floor, with electric light, and a piano. I don't want the earth, only all the best places in it."

Laysal is the orthography of the man who has travelled a good deal, — as brakeman on the B. & A., presumably, — and who now devotes himself and his stereopticon to the exhibition of views. These views have been

carefully selected with reference to use in young ladies' seminaries, and come highly recommended by the [college] press. To adapt the words of a great humorist: "To know and love, 'A short Lesson for the Little Ones,' taken by permission, from *The Lam-poon* for January 21, is a liberal education. Did time and space permit, we might specify many more of our choice views, but — etc., etc."

A CLASS in amateur photography has been formed in our midst, and great is the rejoicing thereat. Our stained-glass attitudes will be no longer squandered on vacancy. No more will our four-by-six smile be lavished on the desert air. Under the photographer's gentle art (or gentle photographer's art) they will assume an abiding form, and go to comfort the old folks at home, or perhaps form a companion picture to one of Annie Pixley in somebody's mirror frame. We expect some good work from our amateur photographers, in more ways than one. When they get the instantaneous process down fine, they can gratify an inquisitive faculty by furnishing a picture of the don't-get-up-till-the-last-bell maiden's method of preparing for breakfast. Signal service might be done in the way of family groups, to reduce calling-list brothers to a credible number. Then we should suggest that an amateur photograph of a loaf of our amateur bread might fill a long-felt want, if sent to the religious editor of the *Yale Courant*.

THE unusual look of thoughtfulness upon the face of the Senior Class has been visible to the naked eye for over a week now, and means "Thesis." In view of the prodigious amount of literary work being done by '87, a few facts concerning the literary habits of the class may not be uninteresting. In divulging the said facts we are violating the most solemn vows of friendship; but before the iron-clad necessity for filling editorial space, such petty considerations sink into insignificance.

The howling vengeance of a Senior is terrible; but, as Schiller touchingly remarks, "Jedoch der schrecklichste der Schrecken, das ist" the printer in his cry for more copy.

Dog of a Senior, we defy thee! We shall fill

our space without "giving the contents of the waste basket and unlimited authority to Swipes, the office boy," and now we bid thee do thy worst

But let us not wander from the pathway to gather the wayside flowers. Rather let us return to our original theme, and get in our fine work on '87 while it is yet day.

One member of the class, who has chosen a scientific subject, daily copies an article from an encyclopædia or a scientific journal, and is taking a special course in conjunctions, and hopes by this means to make her thesis all that the severest critic could desire. It is needless to add that all her writing is done in the privacy of her own apartment, with an "engaged" card as a conspicuous factor in the case.

Another, who has chosen a humorous subject, takes a daily course of reading of about two chapters of Watts on the Mind, one canto of Young's Night Thoughts, three pages of Butler's Analogy, and half a page of Lamppoon. After an hour or so of this sort of thing, the reaction is so great that she is fast amassing a princely fortune by selling the surplus wit to the *Detroit Free Press*.

A third, who has chosen Patience for her subject, has adopted a novel but highly efficacious method. She has sent a petition to the Faculty, asking to be excused from penmanship, and while awaiting its consideration, chronicles at her leisure the phases of patience through which she journeys. She could give Job points that would make him stare.

Two maidens, whose parental roofs are but a few parasangs from Lasell, have chosen society subjects which require experience to give them point, and their connection with the school is now merely nominal. Most of their writing is in blank verse, and is done by proxy, on the 11.15 P. M. train from Boston.

A Senior whom the order for theses interrupted in a strictly private course of the Duchess and Ouida, chose "Trash in Modern Fiction" for her theme, and no longer occupies the closet when perusing her favorite authors.

One young lady informed us that the papilionaceous character of the subjects chosen by her classmates had led to her nonconcurrence in their inordinately inadequate methods. Her subject is "The Inconceivability of the Infinitesimal." Beginning at the "unintelligibility" page of the old spelling-book, she has completely used up three copies. She has now finished the writing of her thesis, and although suffering from a severe attack of encephalgia, is engaged upon the correction of her punctuation.

The title of the class poet's thesis is

"Yearnings after Recognition," and she is studying up for it with an energy that would be money in her pocket if put to a useful purpose. Her whole life is becoming a soulful reaching toward the sentimental. She has had five callers within two weeks, and has probably read more Swinburne and Rossetti than any living creature out of an insane asylum. In her elocution work she attitudinizes in such poems as

My soul to-day is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian bay.

She languishes before Whistler's Nocturne in Gray and Gold, and Scherzo in Blue; and she is haunted night and day by fears lest "Like ships at sea," etc.

The entire editorial board is in a state of hilarity never before attained by a strictly temperance organization, and the office boy is dancing an Irish jig on the table to relieve the irrepressible spirits of his superiors. The cause of this festivity is our discovery that once in a century or so to be an editor on a college paper may mean something besides brain cudgelling and proof reading. We, in our official capacity, have received from two Senior editors of the *Newton Review* in their official capacity, an invitation to a Senior reception in Amory Hall, 22 Feb. Our thanks flow from the very bottom of our ink-well. We can as yet neither accept nor decline the invitation, and during the period of our uncertainty have had our trunk moved down to the room of the Lasell senior who is writing on Patience. We think the answer to our little request will arrive from the Faculty about the same time as hers, and we don't wish to miss the office girl when she brings them.

WE, personally, have but one addition to make to the admirable list of left-over expressions given by the young contributor in the February *Atlantic*, and ours must be taken in a slightly different sense. It has become to us a left-over expression that, "no one ever reads the editorials." At least, one man read them, and read not to criticise but to commend, and moreover, he is the editor of a real, live, out-in-the-world paper at Milford.

Now that the coal heavers are going to work again, the sigh heaver can take a vacation.

The late senatorial elections have not been striking examples of the office seeking the man.

Mr. Lowell will lecture on "Our Politics" in Chicago, Feb. 22. Mr. Lowell is all right, and his theory of our politics is probably all right, but the *Chicago* element in the combination gives it a peculiar look.

LASELL REUNION IN BERLIN.

WE had talked of it for some time, but the fact is, our carpet is not a very nice one, and we are a trifle ashamed of it. The room is large enough, and the sun, when there is any, — not often, — comes in gloriously at the south windows. The sofa, the main thing in a German salon (if these fighting fellows did whip the Frenchmen, they have to borrow words from them), is real plush, and very good color. The piano, where Belle plays me the Moody and Sankey tunes, which seem like home — all that does except the mashed potato and apple-sauce, our staple diet, — is a handsome new one, and the sideboard is shiny, not so fine as the Lasell sideboard. By the way, I don't believe half of you ever noticed what a grand sideboard that is! I hear you have a new one; where did you put it? But the carpet is shabby, really shabby. I have told the landlady if she would put in another carpet the *next* renters, not we, would give her fifty marks a month (how much is a mark? a black mark, I mean! "Don't know!" Well I guess Miss Chamberlayne has not been doing her duty by some of you!) more for her lodging. But at last we remembered that Christmas eve the Germans have *at home* to themselves. There are no operas, theatres, concerts, lectures. Everybody is at his own or a friend's home, and they have their *trees*. It's a poor family that does n't have a tree. Even the poor folks, who live four in one room, and that a back attic seven by nine in fourth story, had one; and the old lady who lives over the way alone, had hers all to herself! So we thought the Lasell girls, being strangers, would be lonesome, and we asked them to come to see us, carpet and all, at four o'clock Christmas eve.

There were six visitors, and we five made eleven, though the baby — did you know we had a new baby? — did n't count much, for she slept most all the time. There would have been a dozen, but Grace Stebbins had gone to Geneva to spend Christmas with her father. Mamie Harmon Hellier and her husband, Helen Hoke Sangree and her ditto, and Fannie Wiswall and Miss Carpenter and we, oh, yes, — and the baby, it is Helen Hoke's baby, and a sweet little nine-months-old baby she is too! as nice a piece of flesh as I ever saw, "good as pie." Did you know Helen was here? She surprised us a week before Christmas. Is going to stay a year or two. Has left the baby now in the care of a friend and gone to Dresden for a visit.

Well, that's all there is of it. We drank some coffee out of our old royal Berlin tea-cups, we ate German Christmas cakes and marzipan ("what is marzipan?" It is a Christmas sweet, made of grated almond and sugar,

pretty nice), tried Russian caviare (nobody liked it but Mamie Harmon, she and I enjoyed it); looked at the new Lasell pictures and agreed they were a great treasure, worth a room to themselves; and chatted of Lasell girls and times.

You folks don't know what a treat we have arranged for you! think of it! thirty new oil and water color paintings for Lasell!

After all had gone, we filled the children's and Miss Carpenter's stockings, and sat long by our little stove talking, wife and I, of the dear folks at home. We were thinking of you, old girls and new, — how thoughts went like lightning from Maine to Texas, from Atlanta to the Western sea, lighting on all of you with a blessing and a prayer, — new teachers and old, as you, too, were having your Christmas eve.

C. C. B.

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT OF BOOKS ADDED TO LASELL LIBRARY IN DECEMBER AND JANUARY.

Anderson, R. B. Norse Mythology	293.1
Arnold, Matthew. Essays in Criticism,	824.21
Arnold Matthew. Culture and Anarchy,	824.22
Bryce, James. The Holy Roman Empire	937.8
Cervantes Saavedra, Miguel de. Don Quixote	868.1
Cox, Sir Geo. W., and Jones, E. H. Romance of the Middle Ages	291.5
Dana, James D. Manual of Geology	550.8
Freeman, Edward A. Norman Conquest, History of. 6 vols	942.12
Freeman, Edward A. Norman Conquest, Short History of	942.12
Freeman, Edward A. The Chief Periods of European History	942.8
Gibbons, Edward. The Roman Empire (Milman's). 5 vols	937.8
Goethe, John Wolfgang. Faust (Taylor's)	832.1
Green, J. R. The Making of England,	942.11
Harte, Bret. Poetical Works	811.9
Hearn, Wm. Edward. The Aryan Household	930.6
Holland, J. G. Complete Poems	811.10
Holmes, O. W. Poetical Works	811.8
Johnston, Alexander. American Politics	973.14
Keightly, Thomas. The Fairy Mythology	291.6
Knortz, K. Representative German Poems	831.2
Labberton, Robt. H. New Historical Atlas, and General History	910.11
Lettson, Wm. Nanson. The Niebelungen Lied	813.3
Lockhart, J. G., and Southey, Robt. Spanish Ballads and Chronicles of the Cid	860.1

Lodge, Henry C. Daniel Webster (American Statesmen Series)	923.9
Lodge, Henry C. Alexander Hamilton (American Statesmen Series)	923.10
Longfellow Henry W. Complete Poems, Household ed.	811.2a
Magruder, Allan B. John Marshall (American Statesmen Series)	923.6
Martineau, James. Types of Ethical Theory. 2 vols	171.1
McCosh, James. Psychology. The Cognitive Powers	140.1
Morse, Jno. T. Jr. John Quincy Adams (American Statesmen Series)	923.8
Morse, Jno. Jr. John Adams	923.8
Plumptre, E. H. The Tragedies of Æschylus	872.1
Plumptre, E. H. The Tragedies of Sophocles	872.2
Roberts, Jno. S. Legendary Ballads of England and Scotland	821.20
Scherer, W. History of German Literature. 2 vols.	830.1
Stubbs, William. Constitutional History of England. 3 vols.	942.9
Sidgwick, Henry. Outlines of the History of Ethics	109.1
Stedman, E. C. Poems	811.12
Sumner, W. G. History of Protection in the United States	973.15
Sumner, W. G. Andrew Jackson (American Statesmen Series)	923.7
Taylor, Bayard. Complete Poems	811.11
Ten Brinck Bernhard. Early English Literature	820.5
Tennyson, Alfred. Poems. (Macmillan, 1884)	821.3 $\frac{3}{4}$
Townsend, Rev. Geo. F. Æsop's Fables,	880.4
Ward, A. W. English Dramatic Literature	822.25
Williams, Monier. Sakootala, or the Lost Ring	894.1
Winchell, Alexander. World Life, or Comparative Geology	551.8
Winchell, Alexander. Preadamites	572.1

LASELL Seminary is much indebted to its accomplished instructor in Shakespeare, Prof. Wm. G. Rolfe. The library has lately received a package of his editions of Shakespeare, sufficient to complete the whole set which he has given to the library from time to time. The package included several other books of reference upon Shakespeare. The LEAVES has at various times noticed similar gifts of his. This last and largest calls forth the especial gratitude of teachers, pupils, and all who use the library.

By direction of the absent principal, the Librarian is engaged in making a quite large

addition to our library. The shelves are not sufficient to hold their new load, and it is not certain what makeshifts may become necessary before the work is completed, perhaps a set of new shelves will be required. We call attention to the long list reported this month. It is most attractive. We understand that the mammoth strike in New York delays another instalment.

THOMAS MOORE — THE MAN AND THE POET.

"BUT what does his own face say about him, and what does he say and do when not talking and acting for the public? I tell you, Eric, these are witnesses not to be despised. Therefore, question them well, my boy, question them well." Many writers, like George Eliot, think that in publishing his works, an author pays at once all his debt to the world; that henceforth he has a right to live to himself, and that people have no right to watch him live. But Thomas Moore was essentially different; and, paradoxical as it may seem, so much of his private life was lived in public, that we can study him with no fear that we are intruding.

In looking at Thomas Moore's picture, we are first impressed with the thought that this is the face of a man who was never for one moment either dissatisfied, or unsatisfied. We have no need to read his journal to find that he had the fullest appreciation of his own ability. Whether we call him self-complaisant, or self-conceited, depends much on the mood we happen to be in while studying him; but we can the more easily pardon his self-love, because it was counterbalanced by the kindest possible feeling toward the world. He was never envious, and was just as ready to rejoice at another's good fortune as at his own. His features are not handsome, nor are they strong; but they are lovable, and pronounce him a man at ease with himself and with all mankind. His forehead is finely shaped, and the organs of music and wit are well developed; though after studying his works, we believe that he possessed neither wit nor humor, but something between the two, with the broad sweep of the one, and the kindly feeling of the other. His eyes are brilliant and vivacious. His good-humored, dimpled mouth, with its full red lips, prepares us to find him often at Rogers' breakfast table. In short, he is a man who likes himself, likes others, and is liked by others. He will live and let live, provided always that he is called upon to furnish only the music and the poetry, and to keep the world good-natured while it is doing all the hard, disagreeable work.

It is difficult to get even a brief abstract of Moore's life, because it was so uneventful that there is almost nothing to separate one period

from another. He had the lowly birth that has attended so many other men of genius.

His youth was spent in a troubled political period. The French Revolution was regarded as a hopeful event by the Ultramontane party in Ireland; and once, after listening to the toast, "May the breezes from France fan the Irish oak into verdure," Moore felt impelled to write some fiery political papers. But as these showed more youth than power, they did no harm.

He passed through college with creditable success, but preferred getting his knowledge in any other way than by studying books. He was versatile rather than profound. His sister's music teacher taught him to play on the piano; he learned Italian from a priest, and picked up French from an emigrant acquaintance.

Moore's social qualifications made him a great favorite early in life. Indeed, the pages of his diary are so filled with accounts of breakfasts at Rogers, and dinners at Holland House, that it is almost worthless to us. If he had written Pepys' Diary, it would have been nearly as good an exponent of his intellect. Yet the man who was the esteemed friend of Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Rogers, Sidney Smith, Lord Jeffrey, Lord Byron, and Sir Walter Scott must have had both social and literary merits of no common order. It is somewhat significant of the impetuosity of Moore's temper, that he began his friendship both for Jeffrey and for Byron, by challenging them to a duel on account of some fancied wrongs. But the duels were never fought, and with his usual adaptability, he soon looked upon these men as his warmest friends. We are often tempted to question both the depth and the quality of Moore's affection. He pours himself out too much. He tries so hard to say all that he feels, that we have the impression that he is really saying much more. After praising his friends with great warmth, he adds, parenthetically, "And they have been so good to me!" It may be unkind to Mr. Moore, but we cannot help feeling that the thought last expressed was really the first in his mind; especially, as we find in his diary several allusions to useful friends and ornamental friends.

He was naturally improvident, and though he earned much money, it was only through his wife's careful planning that the family was ever provided for, even a week in advance. As it was, they were often in great need; and passages from his life sound much as if they might have been taken from the lives of Goldsmith, Steele, or even the fictitious Wilkins Micawber. We find him once writing this serio-comic letter to a friend: "If you can let me have but three or four pounds by return post, you will oblige me. The truth is, we have been kept

on a visit at a house where we have been much longer than I wished or intended; and simply from not having a shilling in our pockets to give the servants on going away." This letter certainly shows perfect honesty; and it is only fair to add, that although Moore was always poor, he rarely asked his friends for help, and often refused it when freely offered. He was much too proud-spirited to be dependent on others; besides, he disliked placing himself in a position where he would be obliged to look up, even to his friends. In his own words, "Looking up too long is tiresome, let the subject be ever so grand or lovely—whether the statue of Venus, or the cupola of St. Paul's."

All through his life, Moore continued to be careless of money, to be gay-hearted, and to go much into society. Even the troubles that came so rapidly, towards the close, could not keep him from this dear enjoyment. His life has been summed up as an "Untiring pursuit of poetry, prose, and fashionable society." Byron adds, "Tommy dearly loved a lord"; but it is as useless to wish Moore anything but what he was, as to wish a butterfly a bee, or that a moth should not fly into a candle. It was his nature; and the pleasure of being caressed, flattered, and admired by titled people must be purchased at any cost. He is no more to be blamed for seeking enjoyment in this gay life, than he is to be blamed for being the kind of a man whom his friends naturally called "Tommy" rather than "Thomas." We find him at one moment overwhelmed by some death or distress. News arrives that a son is ill in a far-off land, or that a daughter is dead at home. In the very next entry in his diary, he has rushed away with his grief into some fashionable concert, where he sings and breaks down in tears.

So he goes on, until that melancholy end comes to him which came to Swift, to Southey, and to Scott; but even then he made a great effort to hold on to his old life. He made engagements to dinners and parties, but usually forgot half of them. When he did appear, his gay flow of spirits, happy application of humorous stories, and congenial ease were all wanting. There was something peculiarly sad in the change. The man formerly so universally admired and envied had become an object of pity to the world, and a deep source of grief to his friends. For two years he lay dying—conscious only at intervals, and at those times murmuring like a tired child, "I can't think now; but I shall think again, by and by."

Turning from his life to his works, we find scarcely any perceptible change. The characteristics of the one are characteristics of the other, with this important distinction—the restlessness of his life never makes him care-

less in his writing. His later works, especially, are remarkable for their fine and careful finish. He says that he once searched twelve hours for a single word.

He began writing so early in life that he could never remember the exact date. He seemed a bright particular star to the little group which used to gather in the humble rooms over his father's grocery store; and he was looked upon with an admiration quite disproportionate to his merits. In the preparatory school, Master Moore was considered the "show" scholar, and was called upon to act, sing, and rhyme for all public occasions. Indeed, he seems to have called upon himself to rhyme on all occasions, and he closes his first little letter to his mother, with these lines. —

"Your absence all but ill endure,
And none so ill as — Thomas Moore."

At the age of fourteen, he sent some verses to the editor of the "Anthologia," stating, at the same time, that "a constant reader" desired their publication, and signing himself TH—M—S M—RE. These verses were published, and met with so much favor that their youthful author felt obliged to disclose his real name, "lest the world burst in ignorance"—to use his own modest and expressive language. While in college, he wrote the inevitable prize poem that all men of talent write during their college course. At this time, he also wrote a number of rhymes, all of them correctly written, but of little literary value. Love and good fellowship were his favorite subjects then, as indeed they were in most of his later poems.

After leaving college he went to London, and there published his translation of the "Odes of Anacreon." This translation was very English, but very smooth and polished; so much so that the literary world was full of Moore's praise. But his college would not subscribe to the work. In all the pride of youthful authorship, he retaliated by calling them "A corporation of boobies, without even sense enough to thank heaven for anything like an effort of literature coming out of their leaden body." This was Thomas Moore at twenty-one; but at seventy one he was just as impetuous, and his anger was just as harmless.

In 1801, he published a volume of poems under the name of the late Thomas Little, Esq. The title refers to his own diminutive size. The poems are not worthy of mention, and many of them are not now published in his works. The fictitious Mr. Little is described as having "Too much vanity to hide his virtues, and not enough of art to conceal his defects." Could Moore have been thinking of himself as he wrote?

After his travels in America, he wrote his "Odes and Epistles," and at different periods, "Satires" and "The Fudge Family in Paris." In all these, Moore attempts sarcasm. The first are aimed at the manners and government of America; and the latter at the dignitaries of Ireland and England. These writings have now lost much of their original force, owing to the change of circumstances in the three countries. That they were never very successful is shown by the fact that those whom he tried to hit hardest were the ones who laughed most at the joke. Moore never should have attempted sarcasm. It was altogether beyond him, and in his efforts to reach it, he cut as ridiculous a figure as a child does when masquerading in his grandfather's hat and coat.

During the latter part of his life, Moore wrote much, but nothing that added to his fame. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he would not have held higher rank as a poet, if he had never written anything but "Lalla Rookh" and the "Irish Melodies." They embody all his excellences, and are free from many of his faults. "Lalla Rookh" was the first important work that he undertook. It was published almost simultaneously with "Childe Harold," "The Excursion," and "The Curse of Kehama." Moore put some of the hardest work of his life into this poem. This is evident from the polish of every line. The scenery and customs are essentially Eastern, as are also the gorgeous illustration and imagery. Of the four tales, the greater number of critics prefer "The Fire Worshippers." Taine sneers at the whole work, and says that, "To write an Indian poem we must be pantheistical at heart, a little mad, and pretty generally visionary: whereas, Moore was simply the gayest and most French of all the travellers and historians who disguised themselves as poets, — a witty railer, graceful and *recherché*." It must be admitted that some passages of the poem are weak and unworthy their place; as, for instance, —

My dreams have boded all too right —
We part — forever part — to-night!
'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 't is past —
I knew, I knew it could not last.
Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 't was the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now, too — the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,
Oh misery! must I lose that, too?

What nonsense for Moore to write in this way! We quote it merely to show how vastly

inferior his character descriptions are to all his other descriptions. Take, in contrast, these four lines from "The Light of the Harem": —

Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn full of perfumes is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.

The broad vowels in these four lines have in themselves the melody of deep-toned bells. Our enjoyment of the poem depends much on our mood; and if we never have a mood when we feel like being smothered with roses, then we would better never try to read the poem as a whole, but content ourselves with the exquisitely melodious lyrical parts.

Moore's "Irish Melodies" are by far the most simple of all his poems, and have also the most feeling. Indeed, they have as much feeling as Moore himself had, for he was very much in earnest when he wrote them. They have none of that flash and glitter which Curran must have been hinting at, when he said, "Whenever you can't talk sense, Tommy, talk metaphor." Moore worked on these melodies for a period of thirty years. He began his long task with the earnest desire to save to the Irish people their many old, national hymns. The poems were written to be sung, and as the meaning is often sacrificed to the sound, they lose much of their force when merely read. Many of them, as "Those Evening Bells," "Sound the Loud Timbrel," "Go Where Glory Waits Thee," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "The Meeting of the Waters," have a world-wide renown; while in their own country, every song is dear to the people. Moore is as truly the song-singer of Ireland as Burns is the song-singer of Scotland; yet the national airs of the two are no more to be compared than the shamrock is to be compared to the daisy. Moore's songs are the history of Ireland, and have everywhere made known the defeats, the triumphs, and the hopes of that impulsive, warm-hearted people. As one of his own countrymen recently said: "His songs are resounding still beneath the eastern suns, and amidst Canadian snows; in the forests of the West, and at the antipodes. The same sweet words, coupled with the same old music, have been heard throughout Christendom, and far beyond it, — have been sung by the Frenchman and the Russian, the Persian and the Pole; and thus have the name and the history and the genius of our land been made familiar to distant nations, and we all have been exalted by claiming as our own, one of the greatest lyrists of modern times." X.

If you are moving onward, some things must be left behind. What are the things which are left behind in your life? — *F. R. Havergal*.

THE WASHINGTON PARTY.

CIRCULARS are out announcing a trip to Washington, — Easter vacation, — March 30 to April 6, leaving Auburndale the afternoon of March 30, taking Old Colony Road and Fall River line to New York, arriving there about 7 A. M., 31st, making the tour of the city over the elevated roads, Central Park Museums, etc.; dinner at the Grand Central Hotel; carriages to Desbrosses Street Ferry, taking the Pennsylvania Railroad at Jersey City, for Washington at 3.40 P. M., arriving at 8.55; omnibus to the Ebbitt House and supper. This will be headquarters for the party until Tuesday morning, the 5th inst. An excursion will be given to Mount Vernon, a carriage ride throughout the city, and various small excursions at will, seeing the sights of the Capitol. The homeward journey will include a stop in New York of three hours, for dinner and shopping, taking the Fall River steamer at 4.30, arriving in Boston 7 A. M., April 6. Total expense, including railroad and steamboat fares, hotel bills, excursion to Mount Vernon, carriage ride in Washington, meals and state-room berths on steamer to and from New York, forty dollars (\$40.00).

Lasell girls, old or new, and their friends are invited. Mr. Shepherd will conduct and care for the party from Auburndale back to Auburndale. Send in your names soon to Mr. Shepherd, if you wish to go.

DEAR MISS EDITOR:

The LEAVES are as eagerly looked for as ever. The December number has (January 18) just reached us. Every word, except advertisements, did I read before I slept. Your predecessor's wail about lack of interest in working for our paper is not a wholly unheard sound from the "chair," and though this is not as it should be, yet there was one note in her tune that was new and strange, and that was that there was a lack of interest in the paper itself. That a student "echoes the sentiment of many in saying, 'I don't care much for the paper, for I never read anything but the locals,'" is hard to believe. I have always thought that all the students liked to read all the paper, and, as I look it over, I wonder what in it any pupil could skip.

If it be true that any teacher (I don't believe it is so, mind you!) does not read it, and the whole of it, with interest, I do not hesitate to say that teacher is in so much lacking fitness for his or her position. The LEAVES has from the first been the pupils' paper; they have made it and managed it. Teachers have rarely, and never *as teachers*, written a line in it, excepting now and then a business notice put in by me.

In many schools the teachers have the supervision of, and do a great deal of the writing for, the school paper. We have felt it to be better training for the girls, as well as a fairer index of their taste and ability, that they do it all. I wish that every one in the school might see the good she would personally get by helping in some manner on the paper.

I notice the better students are usually willing to do their part. It must be the very poorest who take no interest in it. But that any teacher can be uninterested in it, as a sign of our pupils' ability in that direction, is to me inconceivable. I think it is a very good paper and very well handled, and if any one will compare it with the school exchanges he will find it so. Girls, I think you ought all to do what you can to help to make it *as good as we can do*. As the ex-editor says, there is too much modesty or laziness in this regard. Probably the very thing you would write and think unfit for printing would be very interesting to many. I don't see, in my letters to papers, anything worth their space in a column. Yet, editors use them and pay for them (a very good sign), and ask for more. And *every girl* can help in the locals and personals. It needs only a habit of noticing things as they go on or come to our ears, and the little trouble of jotting them down. Now, try every one to have some part in our paper, and see how glad you'll feel to have helped even a little. In the December number one letter (and by far the better) was by Miss Carpenter. The editor gave pleasant thanks to me, and the initials "C. C." being like mine, I am sure you all thought both were my letters. But I am "C. C. B." and she is "C. C."

So you folks thought to lay violent hands on "the lists" in my absence! It is well you stopped short of that; but you came pretty near it in putting everybody on the roll of honor! How do you girls feel that know you don't belong there? I give you one term to become fit to belong there, and then I vote for sending every girl home to her pa who has not so become. What do you all say to that? Then we'll have Lasell where it ought to be — ought to have been long ago. The more I think of it, the more I think that, with this corollary, you did a wise thing. We shall see.

No sign of who wrote "Breeze." Tell me. And who is H. S. J.? Hattie Joy? It was very good.

I want to put in here a bit of advertising, and I want you every one to read it, and remember it, and make a note of it, to give to any of your friends who are likely to come to Switzerland

This boarding-place, Pension Mury, at Chailly, near Clarens, is by far the best home we have ever found in Europe. That is saying

a good deal, for we have had some good ones. The people are so quietly obliging and attentive, they try to give one so much for one's money,—not try, as is too often the case, to see how little they can give; the cooking is so good, the provision so ample (the children can testify here), the whole air of the place so homelike and pleasant, it is really delightful to stay here. Why, Mrs. B. came near staying here with the children all the time Miss C. and I should go to Sicily, Africa, and Spain. And, withal, the price is so low, not much over half what most pensions in this vicinity wanted. Then the location is good. In fifteen minutes you are in Clarens by foot; in twenty-five, in Montreux, and in two you are at most splendid points of view for this end of the lake. Every way it is a "gem." Now, tell everybody coming abroad.

Yours,

C. C. B.

PERSONALS.

MISS LLOYD has been visited by Miss Langley and Miss Marshall.

ELOISE KEITH and Flora Whitney were out last week to see the girls.

MRS. DIETRICK, who is visiting in Boston, has been at the seminary several times to see her daughter.

GRACE HUNTINGTON's parents and brother were here to see her on February 4.

JENNIE NINDE was pleasantly surprised by a visit from her father recently.

MISS JENNIE DARLING, who graduated at Lasell in 1878, has returned to Auburndale to remain for a time. Her sweet face is a very welcome sight to the few who knew her here, and it is hoped she will be often at Lasell during her stay in town.

LIZZIE DAY is visiting Jennie Brown, in Denver.

WE have breezy news of Gertrude Penfield; she is on her way to California and the Pacific coast. On her return she expects to stop at Denver, and visit old Lasell girls.

MRS. MILLEANK, *née* Johnson, writes that she is happily settled in her new home at Yonkers, N. Y., and that already she has made use of her cooking knowledge; she makes it emphatic that no girl should leave Lasell without a course of cooking lessons. She meditates a trip to Boston soon.

INVITATIONS are out announcing the wedding of Miss Annie Harbaugh, of Sewickly, Penn., and Mr. Victor Strobel, of Philadelphia, Thursday, February 17. The Misses Wadhams, '83, will go on from Wilkesbarre, Pa., to attend the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Strobel will take

up their residence at the Hotel Lafayette, Philadelphia, after the 1st of March.

AVA LOWE, '83, expects to visit Boston during the next month.

CHARLENA TIDD is studying music with Prof. Hills in Boston.

MRS. CARRIE GOODE REILLY died at Salt Lake City, January 15, the funeral occurring two days later, from her father's residence in Denver. All who knew and loved her at Lasell are saddened by the news of her death, and sympathize greatly with her bereaved parents.

LOCALS.

IN chapel, on January 18, letters to the girls from Miss Carpenter and Professor Bragdon were read, acknowledging the Christmas greetings sent them from Lasell. It is nice to be made to feel that, notwithstanding all the diversions which the European world has to offer to our teachers who are abroad, we are held in constant remembrance by them.

THE course of four lectures, announced in the January number of the LEAVES, on "Plays of Shakspeare," by Professor Clapp, have been listened to with pleasure and profit. The subject of the first lecture was "Romeo and Juliet"; of the second, "Twelfth Night"; the third, "Othello"; the fourth, "King Lear."

THE Pilgrim Fathers selected — doubtless without any preconceived determination on their part — a fine sleigh-riding country to settle in, as we fully realized on the night of January 12, when six sleigh loads of us found toboggan caps delightfully comfortable on the occasion of an exhilarating sleigh ride into Boston, a supper there, and after that, of course a return on the principle that "whatever goes up must come down." We did not make the night hideous with our singing; on the contrary, we flatter ourselves that we rendered the air vocal with our melody as though "whispered through" with songs of the lark and nightingale. Sleigh rides have been taken before, sleigh rides will be taken again, but none will be recorded merrier than ours.

There is a sickly, miserable,
Wilting word called "mash";
Although not found in Webster,
It has taken like a flash.
In general, weak sisters
Get "mashed" upon a brother;
But sometimes tender school-girls
Are mashed on *one another*.

ON the afternoon of the 26th, Master Ward Wilson entertained a small party of friends on the occasion of his ninth birthday. The little folks seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

MRS. C. (*to senior, after a discussion on Mozart*): "Have you commenced your thesis?"
 SEN.: "What part of music is that?"

A COMPANY of girls. Fräulein R—— just passing.

Freshman: — "Don't you think it's strange that the girls call Miss R—— Fräulein?"

Sophomore: — "Why, of course I don't."

Freshman: — "Well, it does n't seem just respectful to call her by her first name."

ON the evening of the 26th an instructive law lecture was delivered by Alfred Hemenway, A. M. We are thus taught how to manage a fortune, if we ever have one left us; and again, if we are heirs to any misfortune, we are instructed how to make the best of it.

AMONG the occurrences of the month we are pained to chronicle an accident that occurred to the resident physician, Dr. Pierce. On leaving the train at the Auburndale station she fell, sustaining injuries so serious that she was removed to Boston. The loving sympathy of the girls attends her.

THE new students wondered why the old ones seemed so delighted at the announcement in chapel on Friday morning, the 21st, that Judge Parke would address them that afternoon on "Patriotism." After an exceedingly interesting discourse, Judge Parke remained to tea, and was then conducted to the parlors by the happy girls who gathered about him like bees. Among other entertaining things he told us about one of the speeches he heard Webster deliver, until we imagined that we had actually heard the speech ourselves from the lips of the great orator of a generation ago. At evening chapel, Judge Parke spoke a few earnest farewell words. The remembrance of that delightful evening will linger long with us.

THURSDAY, the 27th, being the day appointed for special prayer for colleges, the occasion was duly observed at the seminary. The opening services were conducted by Dr. Calvin Cutler, pastor of the Congregational Church, Auburndale, followed by a sermon by Rev. W. P. Odell, of the Methodist Church, Malden. In the afternoon addresses were delivered by Rev. W. I. Haven, of the Methodist Church, Newton Centre, and the Rev. W. R. Newhall, pastor of the Methodist Church, Auburndale.

THE Senior Class have enjoyed the benefit of six lectures on "Evidences of Christianity," delivered on the 1st, 2d, 3d, 6th, 7th, and 8th of February, by Dr. Parkhurst, of Dover, New Hampshire.

THE new burglar alarm and watchman detector, which has just been added to the necessary evils of the house, causes complaint from numbers 26, 27, 28, 29, 61, 62, 63, and 65.

The inmates claim that it disturbs their beauty-sleep.

THE Seniors have finished their readings from Daniel Webster. The Freshmen, however, will still continue their studies from Noah, of the same name. (Explanation of this joke furnished on application)

THE teacher in charge of the German table announces that if politics are to be the daily topic of conversation at table, they must, at least, be German politics. Any one having back number information as to Bismarck's younger days, please send it on at once, and receive a suitable reward.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE President has signed the act granting pensions to the soldiers and sailors of the Mexican war.

THE River and Harbor Bill was passed by a vote of one hundred and fifty-four to ninety-four.

THE Texas senatorial contest ended in the election of John H. Reagan as United States senator.

IN the Senate, Mr. Hoar earnestly pressed his motion for an investigation of the charges that political rights are denied to American citizens in Texas. He contrasted the allegation of Texas citizens with the outrages upon the American fishermen, and asked if American citizenship in Texas was any less sacred than the rights of American fishermen in Canadian waters. Mr. Hoar's resolution was adopted, thirty-one to twenty-six.

IT is announced that the British Imperial Government has consented to send out men-of-war next season to assist in the protection of the Dominion fisheries.

TWO of the seized American schooners have recently been released on the payment of nominal fines.

UNITED STATES Minister Phelps had an hour's conference with the Marquis of Salisbury, at the premier's request, to discuss the Canadian fisheries question. The conference was most cordial on both sides.

AN order has been issued forbidding the exportation of horses across the German frontier, in any direction. In special cases deserving of exception, exemption will be made from the present and from the future measures controlling the exportation of these animals.

IF we have a sparring match with Canada it will have to be by Marquis of Salisbury rules, and that's what we don't like about the affair.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THREE new comets are announced. The first was discovered by Thomas, Dr. Gould's successor at the Cordoba observatory in South America, on January 18, in the constellation Grus. It is said to resemble the great southern comet of 1880, and is likely to become a brilliant object. The second comet was discovered by Brooks, on January 22, in the constellation Draco, and in this latitude is now visible, with the help of a telescope, throughout the night. The third was discovered by Barnard, on January 23, and is in Vulpecula; it is also telescopic, setting in the early evening.

A TEST of the speed of two swallows was made at Pavia, Italy, which showed it to be eighty-seven and a half miles per hour.

CHARLES S. CUMMINGS, Ph. G., states that honey gathered from white clover, basswood, and raspberry is of a light color, and has a delicious flavor; but the bees will not gather it from white clover as long as it can be gotten from other plants.

Considerable honey is also found in the blossoms of fruit trees, of the maple, locust, and other trees. Buckwheat honey is considered inferior, it being darker in color and less agreeable in flavor than that procured from many other plants.

ART NOTES.

WHO will paint the portrait of the lady of the White House? is the question agitating the hearts of American artists. At present there is no prospect of any of the ambitious artist frequenters of Washington doing it, and it would not be surprising to hear that Bertier, Munkacsy, or Becker had received such an envied commission.

THE American Exhibition in London, it is now said, will be opened about the 3d of May. An international exhibition will be held in Barcelona, Spain, opening some time in September, and closing in April of next year. It will include exhibits of the fine arts as well as of the industrial arts.

MR. LARKIN MEADE is engaged upon a large composition of a river god, representative of the Mississippi.

THE memorial exhibition of John B. Johnston's work in Boston reveals the fact that this artist was a great master, and that his works would attract the attention of the best painters of any country.

THE annual exhibition of the Boston Art Club has been held in Boston with the usual large number of paintings, including many by New York artists.

WHEN future ages shall come to study the paintings of the old masters of America, how the corners of the mouldering canvases will be scrutinized to make out dates which may reconcile the difference between the extremely fine work of some of the N. A.'s, and the dashing head-work of some of the independent younger men. Dates that make all seem to belong to the same period will probably be disputed, or perhaps the great disparity will be accounted for on other grounds. The pictures may be attributed to men of different tribes, for instance, it may be supposed that a descendant of Pocahontas became an exponent of one style, while some other master, associated, say, with the fair Minnehaha or the brave Hiawatha, represented another.

As to the preferences of these connoisseurs, the estimation on which they will hold the respective styles, it is unsafe to speculate. But, of course, they will reverence all our old masters.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

NEVADA is to sing in Madrid.

MINNIE HAUKE is in Germany.

PATTI's tickets in Mexico cost \$8 each.

MISS EMMA THURSBY is spending the winter in Paris.

THE Prince of Wales plays the banjo.

MOZART: The monument to Mozart in the suburban cemetery of St. Marx, Vienna, is to be transferred to the new municipal graveyard, known as the Central Friedhoff, and placed next to the tombs of Schubert and Beethoven. The cost is estimated at 1,000 florins.

THE exact spot where Mozart's remains were deposited is not known. There was but one friend present at the burial, and the grave was never marked so that it could be identified.

IT is said that Carlotta Patti's execution is probably superior to that of her more celebrated sister, Adelina Patti; but the tones of the latter are more musical, and her manner is so captivating to many that she outshines her wonderfully talented sister.

EXCHANGES.

Please address all Exchanges to *Lasell Leaves*, since other address causes inconvenience.

AMONG the new exchanges appears *The Cur*, from Albany Academy. Its editorials are good. We are pleased to receive it.

THE *Coburn Clarion* is welcome. The literary department is well worth reading, especially the paper on "The Mission of Music."

THE *Wolf Hall Banner* presents a pen picture of "Women as portrayed by Shakespeare,"

which is instructive and pleasurable reading; the quotations used are worthy of notice.

AMONG our other new exchanges are, *The Yanktown Student*, *Johnsonian*, *News Letter*, *Hesperus*, *Young Idea*, *Williams Postscript*, *Haverfordian*, *College Current*, of Ohio University. The *Trinity School Record* has a noticeable exchange column and altogether is a most worthy representative of a half hundred boys. The French scholars will enjoy the little poem in that text, printed in the January issue. Welcome.

THE *Amherst Literary Monthly* for December missed us, so we sent for it, and we find ourselves richly repaid for doing so. The essay on Oliver Goldsmith is a delight to every lover of that author. The introduction is excellent, and the paper, in all respects, is worthy the study of every girl to whose heart the "Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Traveller" are dear. We extend our thanks for the clever expression of regret tendered in respect to overlooking us.

THE *College Argus* kindly invites us, also, to inaugurate a series of papers on "How I was Educated." We should be most happy to do so, were it not for the serious objection that our Faculty does not consider us competent to write on that subject at present.

Although living so near Boston, we have this fatal resemblance to the New York girl,—"Our minds are not yet formed." If ever we do emerge from this proto-plasmic state, we shall be pleased to supplement the efforts of the *Argus* man. The world will then have a system of education as carefully elaborated as is the character sketch which Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Aldrich are now writing together.

THE *Genevan* has come to the profound conclusion that "LASELL LEAVES is obviously the production of feminine minds." If the ex-

change man will kindly send us the logic textbook, in which he has "obviously" just passed up, we shall be glad to learn through what syllogistic mazes he wandered, in order to reach the conclusion that the publications of "Seminaries for Young Women" are always the products of feminine minds. Perhaps, though, he has n't yet come to this broad generalization. At least, we are much relieved by his announcement concerning us; previous to it, we could never feel quite sure whether or not the demand for the personal label passed away with "Wall," "Moonshine," and Co.

To be sure, one ought to make special allowances for an institution which advertises "Both sexes admitted," and yet carefully excludes the *feminine mind* from the editorial board. If we had even one male student, we should insist on his sharing our editorial privileges. We should insist, also, on his appreciating the fact that the "delightfully delicious" Thanksgiving turkey makes poor hash when served up in the middle of January. As for reveries appropriate to the close of the old year, we all know that stock of this kind is always inventoried and closed out as soon as ever we get safely through the first week of the new year.

TRULY "as many men, so many minds." Owing to failing memory we can't give the Latin, but its English equivalent is recalled vividly to our minds by a glance at the December issue of the *Bates Student* and the *Colby Echo*. Personally we thought very slightly of "A Controversy" which these journals quote from a former number of the LASELL LEAVES. We consoled ourselves with the thought that any way its career would be neither long nor influential. But now that it has been adopted by the *Echo* and the *Student*, it bids fair to repeat the history of that famous shot, which was once fired not many miles from here.

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

AFTER this number of the LEAVES, we shall retire into private life, and pull it in after us. Henceforth, we shall be to glory and to fame unknown. The amenities of a quiet civilization will once more affect us. Alienated friends will become reconciled, our face will gradually lose the stern editorial look, and our chum will once more venture to address us by our old familiar nickname. But, alas, we pay dearly for these peaceful joys. We must lay off our crown, and in less than a week

there won't be even a scar on our brow to show we have ever worn one. We shall know how Mr. Hayes feels as he comes in from feeding his chickens, and reads in the morning paper Cleveland's last little exercise of the veto power. Another shall reign in our stead, and our glory shall be as a tale that is told. No more shall we be pointed out to visitors as "the editor of the LEAVES, you know." Our sceptre, the office pen, must be relinquished just as it begins to have a comfortable feeling as it reposes behind the editorial ear. Our trusty vassal, the office boy; must have his articles of apprenticeship made out afresh, with a new party of the second part. We are at present sole owner and proprietor of an expression of subdued grief that would be worth \$50 a week to a fashionable undertaker, and we could "drop into poetry" without the slightest effort. However, we don't propose to do anything rash. We shall just step quietly down and out, with all the grace of a two years' course under the Delsarte system.

DESPITE sarcasm from high places, our photographers continue their preparations to operate the deadly camera, and are even turning their attention to composite photography. The popularity of this branch of their art did not attract them; on the contrary, anything so nearly approaching a craze would repel their striking originality of mind. Their preëminent ability in this line was the lode star that drew them to it, and this ability was revealed to them by a most fortunate accident. The other day they had gathered up all their forces, and taken what they meant to be an ordinary, straightforward likeness of ye editor, but on developing the plate they found a composite nose decorating the editorial countenance. The feature was so entirely satisfactory, and so great an improvement on the original, that it determined the class to devote some time to the composite process. They have already experimented on a variety of objects, with success in every instance but one. They wanted the typical New England weather, but as each part of a composite requires an exposure of about twenty seconds, they were obliged to give it up.

The class hopes to be more successful in its

next venture, which will be a composite of all the callers, on some not-far-distant Monday.

Apropos of composites, is n't it a pity some one did not think to take one of the college journalists who recently met in Boston? A type in which so much talent entered would have been curiously interesting, and even the *Argus* man could not have objected to a composite of *New England* editors, for "our Southern and Western exchanges" were not there to vex his missionary spirit and "make him tired."

WE never could imagine the source of certain popular college songs until some members of the Missionary Society, at their entertainment, sang a Chinese round to the native music. The resemblance was striking and unmistakable. There was the same headlong dive at starting, the same mustang pause in mid-career, the same anarchist shout, the same reckless flounder again, with the same plentiful lack of tune and time; the same — (We have exhausted our stock of office adjectives except "quaint" and "cute," and they don't seem to fit the case. Any one wishing to finish this article is at perfect liberty to do so, as we have no copyright.)

P. S. Of course, we are speaking of the abstract college song. If we were an illustrated paper we should take great pleasure in showing how a delightful evening's entertainment may be evolved from these same songs, plus a judicious admixture of Glee Club.

THE lucrative position of office boy to the LEAVES is vacant. The present incumbent has just informed us that every day since he has been in the office, some fiend or other has "dropped in" and worked off a pun on the alliterative title of this journal. He says he knows when he's had enough, and now he proposes to act out *his* little pun, so he makes his best bow and a great gap in our working force. In order to fill the desirable situation thus left vacant, we will receive sealed proposals until twelve o'clock, noon, Friday, April 1. Come early and avoid the rush.

NOR to be behind the times, we have concluded to follow the example of some of our

e. c.'s, and insert in the LEAVES a column for the accommodation of those of our patrons who want to swap jack-knives or other articles of barter. This column we shall call

NOTICES OF EXCHANGE.

☞ The editors will positively take no responsibility concerning exchanges effected by means of this department.

☞ Exchange notes containing offers of or for *shot-guns, air-guns, poisons, dynamite, old clothes, rare brands of gum, second-hand tooth-picks, Waterbury watches, or hearts* will not be inserted.

N. B.—No Irish need apply.

Johnnie McGillicuddy, 1078 N. 98th St., New York, will exchange Vol. V. of LASELL LEAVES for a pug dog, or a three-bladed knife.

F. E. B., 24, Lasell; three books, "Red-Handed Ike; or, Seventeen Buckets of Gore," "Three Knocks at the Back Gate; or, The Milkmaid's Revenge," and "Snagged Again," for a good design for a class ring; plain gold band engraved '87, ring set in class color, or other new design, preferred.

A. M. M., 28, Lasell, autographs of the Faculty, for maps of a new design for arranging the back hair.

C—É F., 65, Lasell; a few first-class subterfuges for a term's lessons in legible chirography.

Alumna; Jones's Find, Piute Co., Nebraska; a bridal veil, almost as good as new, a Greek Lexicon, and Bowser's Differential and Integral Calculus, for a good cook-book, or a bound volume of *The Farm and Household*.

Freshman class, Lasell; two good class officers for a few quiet class members, without official aspirations.

Senior class, Lasell; a composite photograph of ten members of the class, for a few ideas. Those dating prior to 1076 B. C. not accepted, as we have a full stock on hand.

The Faculty; a fine assortment of candles, novels, gum, and other contraband articles, for the best offer of midnight oil.

Written for Lasell Leaves.

UNA.

BRIGHT Una was a maid so pure, so fair,
So wholly lovely and so wholly sweet,
That once a lion, bounding from his lair,
Crouched in amazed subjection at her feet.

That lion heart, that never knew a fear,
Was quelled by purity and loveliness;
And ever after, a retainer dear,
Strove well to keep his mistress from distress.

Be ever like fair Una, and the foes
That lurk for all along life's thorny path
Shall change to friends, the thorn shall change to rose,
And sweet indeed shall be life's aftermath.

F. A. T.
Harvard, '80.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE AND BACK AGAIN.

Now, girls, take your maps. I hope you at home as well as you at school always use a map when you read. Better go without butter to your bread than a map to your reading.

We were at Clarens, Switzerland, at last writing. Montreux is next to the East and the more popular resort; I could not see why, unless because it has more shops. You know, it is hard to get women to go far from the shops, and the men must go where the women go, and so Montreux is larger! From Vevey to Villeneuve is like one long Newton, with one stretch of mountain behind and one curve of lake in front. With the resorts of the Western Riviera it is different. Each has its own shield of hills and distinct bay, and from the various forms and arrangement of these, each has its peculiar winds and climate. Beyond Montreux you see Chillon with its island castle; we walked there one afternoon and enjoyed it greatly. Miss Carpenter is getting to be a walker. I believe she could beat Lizzie Whipple now. She will surprise you all some day next year by walking ahead of you into Boston, though she does not like to walk *fast*. We agreed that if Bonnivard's room was kept then as well as now, he was not so badly off. It is quite a handsome apartment.

From Clarens we went to Geneva. The mist hung so over the lake that we did but see the water once, although the railroad runs close by it much of the way. The main channel of the Rhone was empty for repairs (between the bridges), and the things on the bottom of its bed were a strange sight. From Geneva to Modane (the western end of Mt. Cenis tunnel) one goes through a piece of France that juts in between Switzerland and Italy. So in one day he has, besides two customs, a Swiss road, with its rules and equipment, a French, and an Italian. The French is the best. As we climbed the Alps it became very cold, and we had a circus in the car, trying to keep warm. Next day (we stayed over night at Modane; don't do it, only one "hotel" and a poor one) we had two "circuses," for, "it being Italy," the man said, we had no heat in the car, though we were crossing the Alps in midwinter! From Turin to Savona was from hardship to luxury, from penury (calorically considered) to opulence, from snow to sun, from January to June (for details see *Zion's Herald*). This was what I had sought all winter and I felt "revealed," as John said one day when we had come safely over a temporary bridge (he was trying to say relieved). I revelled in the broad glare of the warm sun for three or four weeks, I tell you. Think of trees loaded with yellow oranges and lemons, and dates just over the wall, and selling at the stall, three, some-

times four, for ten centimes; how much apiece was that? We did pick some ourselves once. Miss Carpenter was bound to eat oranges of her very own picking, so as to say she had done it, (I told her I did n't see why *she* should need to have done it to say so!) so she waylaid a farmer, coaxed him with a half-franc into his garden, climbed over a trellis two feet high (measure that now, so as to imagine her doing it) up a ladder, tore her dress, scratched her hands and picked three oranges, lugged them four miles when she could have bought five times as many for the same money at the door! Some folks do waste so much for a notion! Think of wiping perspiration from your brow just from sitting in the sun! Think of sun umbrella and fan and shade hats January 6! Think of people staying indoors "because it is so hot"!

After San Remo, we visited Cannes, Nice, Monaco, Monte Carlo, (you should have seen Miss Carpenter's eyes sparkle at the gambling tables! but I was true to home training and dragged her away in time to save most of her money!) Mentone, Bordighera, Genoa, Pisa, Rome. At San Remo, I recommend Hotel de la Paix, near the station, for a hotel, and Hotel du Parc for a pension; nice rooms, good fare, and fair charges. From our windows at the Parc, we looked out over the hotels, villas, and beautiful gardens of the whole town, the bay from cape to cape, and the broad sea beyond with "Corsica visible in the distance in a clear day." This about Corsica is a joke. It was always "in the distance," though guide-books say of several places that it can be seen "at sunrise or sunset." We never saw it. Miss Carpenter says she did once, at sunrise. She knew I could not contradict her as to anything that happened at sunrise, though any one who knows her habits will find it hard to imagine her gazing seaward for Corsica, or anything else at that time of day. At Nice we stayed at Hotel du Midi and commend it; at Mentone, at Hotel de l'Europe, and do *not* commend it; at Bordighera, — one goes here to see the palms, which are magnificent, and the scene of Ruffini's story of "Doctor Antonio," — at Hotel Windsor, and commend it; at Genoa, at Hotel du Londres, which we do not commend, and at Hotel Smith, which, in spite of its name, we do heartily commend; at Rome, at Hotel de Paris, which we commend with all our might. If travellers find as much trouble as we do, in spite of Baedeker's very fair help, in getting just the right hotels, they will find our advice "worth a year's subscription" to the LEAVES. (Tuesday question, "What is the smallest state in the world?") We are now in our way to Naples. Take the ride from Pisa to Rome at night, if you are pushed for time, though I advise no night travel, but that from Rome to

Naples in the day. The start from Rome into the Campagna with the old aqueduct of Cæsar's time still in use, stretching for miles over the plain, and the ruins of old aqueducts and fortresses, the men and women in their quaint costumes (John says, "The ladies do most of the work over here") trimming vines or turning over the earth, the dun-colored, long-horned oxen, half buffaloes, peculiar to this country, drawing the ploughs through the furrow, or the carts, with two very large wheels, over the very white roads; the umbrella-pines, olives, and cypresses grouped here and there, standing out against the blue or red sky; the bare gray rocks here, the purple hills there, the snow-capped mountains in the background, with the cities of stone at their bases, or climbing their sides; the clouds,—all these things make pictures only too fleeting and not to be missed. The Apennines have given us to-day better views of snow-covered peaks than all we have had in Switzerland. We have just left the station for Monte Casino, and soon comes Capua, places not to be passed at night. Another Tuesday question: "What about these two places?" We have not had it all as balmy as at San Remo. A violent mistral (see dictionary) struck us at Mentone, and we have had cold weather ever since. To-day promises warm weather again, though Rome was not so cold as Genoa and Pisa. There is more snow hereabouts than for many years,—so the oldest inhabitant, etc.

If I have time and the LEAVES room, I'll tell you something about these places later. Wish I could tell you right away about the Carnival, which closed yesterday; the dancing of the peasants on the steps of Trinita di Monti; the singing of the nuns behind the gratings; the snapping black eyes of the begging children, who "spiks Ingleesh," and can only say "get out." I can imagine where they learn that! and the—but there! Good by! Be good girls, and study hard and you will be glad of all you know when you travel.

We had at Rome a glimpse of Misses Le-Huray and Coe. They look well and report Miss Preston as well (in Paris at work), but Miss Webster, in Florence, not quite well. Met also Miss Herrick, who was last year at the Riverside School, and who made herself very pleasantly known to us at Berlin in the winter. Now for Vesuvius and Pompeii!

C. C. B.

ONE doing lights the way to the next. All the little paths and aisles toward the light of the Great Love open into each other. — A. D. T. Whitney.

WILL some one give us the married name of Minnie Hopkins, of Madison, Wisconsin?

LEAVES.

Dost know the story of the Sibyl, that of old
Inhabited a cave on fair Italia's shore?
Æneas, in his wanderings o'er the earth,
In search of the prophetic spot
Whereon to found a city that should rule the world,
Came straightway to this cave;
That she—the Sibyl—might withdraw for him
The veil that hid the future.

Tarquinius, also, that proud and cruel king of Rome,
Bought with Rome's gold, from this same Sibyl,
Three mysterious and prophetic books;
That thus Rome's future rulers, by searching deep
therein,
Might guide aright their ship of state.

'T is said this prophetess inscribed the fate
Of nations and of men on fallen leaves,
Wafted by gentle breeze within her mystic cavern;
But, if some rougher blast swept these charmed leaves
With rude violence apart,
They ne'er again were reunited;
The story that they told was lost.

Hast ever heard of wondrous leaves
Called LASELL LEAVES?
The sibyl that inscribeth lines thereon
Inhabitheth a cell called in our modern parlance
"Y^e editorial den."

She writeth on these sympathetic leaves
Profoundest thoughts concerning men and women;
But chiefly doth she write of women,
For little doth she know of devious ways of men.

If thou wilt pay, as Rome of old did,
Thy gold for these wise leaves,
Then great shall be thy recompense;
But if thou shuttest up thy heart,
Letting the chill breezes of indifference
Waft these green leaves away from thee,
After repentance will avail thee naught;
For she—the sibyl editor—will use these leaves
To wrap and rewrap and enfold her hair,
Till she doth get it in such tragic style,
It looketh not unlike, as truthful poet saith,
"A door mat in fits."

Thus these rare LASELL LEAVES
Are twisted, tortured, marred beyond deciphering;
And what is writ thereon
Is lost to an expectant world,
Forever and forever.

H. S. J.

HOWELLS'S PORTRAITURE OF WOMEN.

AMERICAN social life, with its peculiar conditions and relations, is a subject of great interest, both at home and abroad. Among those who have attempted to portray it, American readers are coming to look more and more to Mr. William Dean Howells, who combines so keen an observation with so charming a style, that his works give a peculiar pleasure, even to the sated novel reader. Using only very slender plots, he weaves about them his observations of American life, and builds up with unimportant, everyday events his pictures of the lighter side of our anxious New England existence. His books are so full of cleverness and literary tact that he is the admiration and the despair of young writers.

Yet, admirable as his novels are, there is a growing disappointment at the limits which Mr. Howells sets for himself. His interest seems to be wholly centred in one kind of life, and that not the noblest. The people whom he makes so interesting are never our grandest types. A writer, in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, aptly puts it: "Sparrows, orioles, wrens, are all engaging little creatures, and one may observe them with great delight; but, after all, an ornithologist may make a mistake who looks with might and main at some chattering English sparrows, when, likely as not, there is a flight overhead of some strong-winged wild geese sweeping northward after a southern hibernation, or possibly even some hawks poising in upper air for a downward swoop."

In nothing are these limitations more marked than in his portraiture of women. The women who interest him and whom he chooses to portray are particularly adapted to his method of development by details. They have in perfection the peculiar characteristics of their sex, which do not rise into the common intellectual region requiring a broader treatment. They have pre-eminently the feminine caprice, inconsequence, and nervousness, but not the reason which governs noble souls of both sexes. Within the limitations which he has chosen, however, Mr. Howells treats woman with an admiration of her truth, a delight in her caprice, and a mingling of respect for her conscience and quizzing of its inconvenient manifestations, which leave nothing to be desired. The humor which is used in describing her is kindly and respectful, and directed more against certain feminine traits than against woman herself. He seems to take especial delight in emphasizing these traits by all the charming details of action which make his books so real.

Most of his women have certain characteristics in common,—characteristics which are supposed to mark the sex, and compose the charming "difference," so attractive to the average man. The alleged inconsequence of woman has long been the subject of masculine jests, but no one has so kindly, yet so wittily, portrayed this feminine idiosyncrasy as has this novelist.

From Isabel in "Their Wedding Journey," to Miss Vane in "The Minister's Charge," capriciousness is recognized as a woman's right. It varies in degree from silly Fanny Ellison to lovely Mrs. Bowen, but is present in them all. Unworldly Egeria Boynton is as inconsequent in her way as that finished coquette, Rosabel Farrell, is in hers. In the farce "The Parlor Car," Mr. Howells gives himself up to a revel in these contradictory caprices, of which Miss Lucy Galbraith is the perfect embodiment.

A morbid conscientiousness is another of the feminine attributes which Mr. Howells introduces into all his novels. His average woman is lashed by an over-sensitive, unreasonable conscience. In the words of the novelist himself, "At the end of the ends she is a Puritan. . . . Riches and ease are sinful to her, and somehow to be atoned for." As Staniford says of Lydia, "She has the pitiless Puritan conscience which takes the life out of us all." Like Florida Vervain, she is "a person wholly abandoned to the truth." She is constantly worrying others and making herself unhappy.

One thinks of Penelope Lapham's far-fetched scruples against marrying young Corey, and of the way in which Mrs. Bowen and Imogen Graham needlessly torment each other; but, of all the slaves of conscience, Grace Breen is most to be pitied. She is driven by her own and harassed by her mother's. Her profession offers a fair field for these rigid monitors, and her entire treatment of Mrs. Maynard, both as patient and guest, is made a never-ceasing trial. Poor Dr. Breen never knows happiness until she makes a firm stand, defies her tyrant, and resolves never to be ruled by conscience again. Even then she is not at peace until her husband appeases her fear that riches and ease are sinful, by allowing her to practise the healing art among his mill operatives.

A consideration of Mrs. Breen's conscience leads to another kind which Mr. Howells loves to portray; the conscience which has served its day of usefulness for its owner, and is now generously applied to others, the husband being the favorite victim. This sort is quite as common, and even more pitiless than the other. Mr. Sewell "smiled to think how much easier it was to make one's peace with one's God than with one's wife." Mrs. Lapham's conscience presides over all Silas's dealings with "that delightful Mephistopheles," Milton K. Rogers. Basil, on his second visit to Niagara, becomes a veritable coward at thought of confessing to Isabel the three dollars out of which he has been cheated, and Mr. Howells says, "Nothing so marks the confirmed husband in Basil as these fears."

Mr. Evans, in "A Woman's Reason," says to Cornelia Root, "It is n't *my* conscience that pricks me, it's your conscience and Mrs. Evans's conscience that have goaded me to desperation. I can get on very well with my own conscience."

All the men seem to agree with him. They can get on very well with their own conscience. Ben Halleck is one strong exception to this. Marcia being such an untutored savage that a conscience cannot be one of her strong attributes, it is transferred, in all its perfection, to poor Halleck, whose already sad existence is rendered almost unbearable.

Partly as a result of this rigid Puritanism, most of Mr. Howells's women are unready in conversation, devoid of small talk, and not apt to see the humorous side of a subject. The "lapses into terrible New England silences" are not confined to Lydia Blood. A talk with some of these young women must have produced something of the stone-wall effect with which Mr. Sewell retires from his monologues with Lemuel Barker. The unresponsiveness, especially to humor, becomes positively painful. There is nothing intricate or difficult in any of Mr. Ferris's delightful persiflage, yet Florida Vervain is utterly at a loss to understand it. She cannot imagine mere nonsense, but gropes painfully for the deeper meaning which is not there. Lydia Blood displays this same helplessness before Staniford's mild levity. Imogen Graham, in a vague, respectful way, greatly admires Colville's jesting, but all she can reply to it is an iteration of her delight in it and him.

It is impossible to think of Marcia Hubbard and not think of her jealousy. This and her passion for a husband too weak to be even a villain, are all there seems to be of her narrow, commonplace nature. Her jealousy of every woman to whom Bartley speaks, from Sally Morrison to Clara Kingsbury, makes her life with him a stormy misery. Her leading trait is dominant to the last. It is only through an appeal to it by a suggestion of another woman back of Bartley's divorce suit, that her father can induce her to appear against her husband. Marcia herself grieves over this on the journey to the trial.

"Father said he only wanted to get rid of me, so he could marry some one else. Yes, yes, it was that that made me start! Father knew it would! Oh," she grieved in wild self-pity, "he knew it would." Bartley himself always recognizes this ruling power in her, and dedicates his last message to it. "But there's one thing I should like you to tell her, Halleck; she was wrong about that girl, I never had anything to do with her; Marcia will understand."

Jealousy, though in a less degree than in poor Marcia, is a recognized trait in many of Mr. Howells's women, appearing as a light touch which gives a delightful humanity to the whole character. Nothing so helps us to realize that Dr. Breen is a charming young girl as does her momentary uneasiness about Libby and the Leyden telegraph operator. By no means the smallest part of Helen Harkness's grief for Robert is her suspicion that on his unlucky voyage he has flirted with a coquette from San Francisco. Mrs. Lapham's love for Silas seems so much more real after her quick jealousy of his handsome typewriter.

Those of Mr. Howells's women, who are not as absolutely straightforward and truthful as a child, have a strong love for intrigue and scheming. "Even in a good woman," says Mr. Howells, "the passion for manœuvring and intrigue may approach the point at which men commit forgery." In the older women this passion usually takes the form of match-making; in the younger it appears as an exquisite tact, in marked contrast to man's absolute lack of this art. Of the match-making number, Fanny Ellison is the most devoted. She lends her whole wardrobe and her undivided attention to the furtherance of Kittie's love affair, all for the pure love of manœuvring; for when the Boston iceberg finally proposes, she "does n't know whether she wants Kittie to accept him or not."

Mrs. Elmore is of this same type. She is not happy in Venice until her duty to "make Susy Stephens's sister have a good time," calls for endless scheming. Mrs. Erwin's attempts to make Puritan Lydia conform to Oriental Venice become almost pathetic, and she herself acknowledges that it is wearing her life away to keep the facts of Lydia's voyage from the ears of fashionable Venice.

In "Their Wedding Journey," there is a charming bit of a woman's adroitness in her own love affair. "They were about to enter the village, and he could not make any open acknowledgment of his tenderness; but her silken mantle slipped from her shoulders, and he embracingly replaced it, flattering himself that he had delicately seized this chance of an unavowed caress, and not knowing (oh, such is the blindness of our sex!) that the opportunity had been yet more subtly afforded him, with the art which women never misuse in this world, and which, I hope, they will not forget in the next." Compare this with man's total lack of the art, as brought out in a little scene on board the "Aroostook." Lydia and Staniford are sitting on deck, and she has just told him her father died of consumption. "Oh!" said Staniford softly. Then he added, with the tact of his sex, "Miss Blood, you must n't take cold sitting here with me. This wind is chilly; shall I go below and get you some wraps?"

But of all the examples of manœuvring and intrigue, Rosabel Farrel is the most complete. From the time she purposely drops her notebook as an excuse to go back for a second look at Gilbert and Easton, until she makes scheming a business by going on the stage, her life is one series of private theatricals. She is the impersonation of worldly stratagem, as Lydia Blood is of sturdy New England truth. Mr. Howells shows his mastery of his art in his ability to portray two such opposite characters so well. The contrast between the worldly coquette, Rosabel, and the simple

country folk among whom she spends her summer, is as vividly portrayed as is Lydia's total unfitness for the wicked English society of Venice. Such contrasts are Mr. Howells's special delight; also, the simple expedient of taking a fresh, independent girl into the great whirl of worldly life, and allowing her to decide everything by her innate sense of right and wrong.

Thus we have seen that Mr. Howells has given us portraits of genuine women, with the faults and virtues characteristic of the sex, — women often good and lovable, always interesting, but never of large soul. He seems never to forget that he is writing of *women*, and regards them always from the masculine standpoint. But the novelist who would make a profound study of the human soul, must enter into the depths of its being, rather than look at it from the outside as an interesting bundle of either masculine or feminine characteristics.

M. I. S.

"And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest,
Because that he was writ
As one who loved his fellow-men."

I PONDERED on the lines,
Gazing into the flickering firelight on the hearth,
Till on a sudden, there shot forth a tongue of flame
That brightened all the room;
And in the brilliance of the flame,
Clear as the writing on the Babylonian wall,
I read the sweet word "Charity."

And then I prayed,
O, grant to me large meed of charity;
The charity "that suffereth long; is kind;
That vaunteth not itself." The charity
That makes me "think no evil" of my neighbor.
Grant me to keep Thy second great commandment,
"And thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."
Then may *my* name be traced on heavenly scroll,
By angel hand.

H. S. J.

DEAR GIRLS:

A ride of an hour and a half, January 3, brought us to Wittenberg. The most prominent thing in the town, as seen from the station, is the chimney of a brewery; the next, the two towers of the parish church where Luther often preached. The station, as is often the case, is outside the town, toward which we walk over the bright, crisp snow. Funny sleighs with long, low boxes and a bit of a saddle sticking out behind for the driver, look like the pictures of a hundred years ago. A part of the road is cleared of snow down to the dirt, for those who prefer to go on wheels. Considerate! Just on the edge of the town, in sight from Luther's old home, is the handsome oak-tree which marks the spot of his famous bonfire! I suspect his wife looked out that bay-window, and said, "I do declare to

gracious, whatever is that crazy man doing now?" as she saw him (students of history, see Life of L.) making the fire and burning the bull. "Burning the Pope's bull," said John, "did he tie him to the tree? and what did he want to burn a poor animal for? he had n't done nothing!" whereupon a lesson in history and grammar for John. We pass the house till to-morrow to have better light, but stop seven doors down, at Melancthon's home. They were neighbors, you see, and report says that they often sat in the garden back of the house, by a stone table still there, and talked, over their beer, of the affairs of the kingdom. Melancthon's house is a good one, and Luther's, too, is one of the best of the town. The room in which Melancthon died is kept in its old style, and looked as uncomfortable as you can well imagine, though it was a good room, as German rooms of that day went. Round panes of glass in lead sash, solid stone door frames and sills, a huge stove, low ceiling, with six-inch square rafters showing, and solid oak doors with big, often curious, locks and bolts. That will do for a picture of most of them. The church where Luther and Melancthon are buried is just now bare brick walls and a roof. They will "restore" it. I asked the workmen chipping stones, where Luther was buried, and one scraped in the dirt with his foot, and said, "There!" and hesitated, and added, "Or over there!" Evidently, it did not matter much to him. But Luther is the divinity hereabouts. As many pictures of him meet you from walls of castle, church, railway stations, stores, homes, hotels, from show-windows of beer saloons, and from the altar-piece of cathedrals, as of Emperor William in Berlin. You see him young, old, middle-aged, gay, grave, monk, youngster, preacher, and scholar. All in all, one does not get through these cities without a persuasion that he was a giant among men. In Erfurt is the cell he had as a monk, and the library of the monastery where he first saw the chained Bible. This was the most solemn place of all. That Bible, half cinders, is kept in a glass case in his cell. But these things did n't interest me so much as the thoughts that seemed to be thick about them—the sense of the power there is in a man with a great idea. Nothing helped Luther or picked him out from the crowd with which he ate, drank, went in and out. God's Spirit spoke to him, but God's Spirit speaks to many a person with as real and mighty a voice as to Luther, but it is not listened to and followed. Luther listened and minded, and God did great things through him. But He is just as ready to do great things through some of you, my girls, if you were as "obedient to the heavenly visions." You have them, I know it; but worldly voices drive them away. "How should

I look?" "What would folks say?" "I can't change all my plan of life." "I'd like to, but I am not equal to *that*," etc., etc. But eternity alone will show how many thus miss of the large place they might have filled. In Wittenberg is one of the homes of Cranach, who painted the funny Adams and Eves, with heads cocked to match. He painted many a picture of Luther. He had a fine house, like a well-to-do man. One of his pictures of the Last Supper represents Christ putting his finger into Judas' mouth. How do you think he got that idea? Another represents a jet of blood flowing in an impossible curve from the side of the crucified Saviour upon the artist's head. This celebrates his personal acceptance of salvation. Do you see? Luther stands by his side, as having led him up. This, one of his largest and best paintings, is in Weimar. He lived there, too, and his house is shown. Speaking of pictures, reminds me of an odd one in Erfurt. Guess its name. Above, the Evangelists, in the shape of the four beasts, are turning a big coffee-mill. Below, popes are receiving in a cup the grist, which comes in the form of a scroll, and turns into a child sitting in the cup.

Now for the Goethe and Schiller town, Weimar.

As ever, yours,

C. C. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED IN LASELL LIBRARY DURING FEBRUARY, '87.

Aldrich, Thomas B., Poetical Works	811.13
Browning, Robert, Christmas, Easter Day, and other poems, edited by W. J. Rolfe, and Heloise Hersey . .	821.2
Cary, Alice and Phebe. Poems . .	811.15
Gervinus, Dr. G. G. Shakespeare's Commentaries, translated by F. E. Bunnett	822.41
Hughes, Thomas. The Manliness of Christ	241.2
Hunt, Helen (Mrs. Jackson, "H. H.") Sonnets and Lyrics	811.16
Hunt, Helen, Verses	811.17
Kugler. Revised by J. A. Crowe. German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools of Painting. 2 vols.	753.1
Kugler. Revised by Lady Eastlake. Handbook of Painting of Italian Schools, in 2 vols.	755.3
Lamb, Charles, Eliã, and Eliana . .	824.23
Landor, Walter Savage. Selections from his writings, by Sidney Colvin,	829.1
Larcom, Lucy. Poems	811.14
Milton, John. Poetical Works. Ed. by Masson. 3 vols.	821.9a
Shakespeare, Wm. The Winter's Tale (W. J. Rolfe)	822.26

Shakespeare, Wm. Antony and Cleopatra (W. J. Rolfe)	822.27
Shakespeare, Wm. King Henry IV. Part I. (W. J. Rolfe)	822.28
Shakespeare, Wm. King Henry IV. Part II. (W. J. Rolfe)	822.29
Shakespeare, Wm. King Henry V. (W. J. Rolfe)	822.30
Shakespeare, Wm. King Henry VIII. (W. J. Rolfe)	822.31
Shakespeare, Wm. King Richard the Second (W. J. Rolfe)	822.32
Shakespeare, Wm. King Richard the Third (W. J. Rolfe)	822.33
Shakespeare Wm. History of King John (W. J. Rolfe)	822.34
Shakespeare Wm. Tragedy of Coriolanus (W. J. Rolfe)	822.35
Shakespeare, Wm. King Lear (W. J. Rolfe)	822.36
Shakespeare, Wm. As You Like It (W. J. Rolfe)	822.42
Shakespeare, Wm. All's Well that Ends Well (W. J. Rolfe)	822.43
Shakespeare, Wm. Two Gentlemen of Verona (W. J. Rolfe)	822.44
Shakespeare, Wm. Merry Wives of Windsor (W. J. Rolfe)	822.45
Shakespeare, William. Othello (W. J. Rolfe)	822.46
Shakespeare, Wm. The Comedy of Errors (W. J. Rolfe)	822.47
Shakespeare, Wm. King Henry VI., Part I. (W. J. Rolfe)	822.48
Shakespeare, Wm. King Henry VI., Part II. (W. J. Rolfe)	822.49
Shakespeare, Wm. King Henry VI., Part III. (W. J. Rolfe)	822.50
Shakespeare, Wm. Measure for Measure (W. J. Rolfe)	822.51
Shakespeare, Wm. The Taming of the Shrew (W. J. Rolfe)	822.52
Shakespeare, Wm. Tragedy of Cymbeline (W. J. Rolfe)	822.18a
Shakespeare, Wm. Craik's English of Shakespeare (W. J. Rolfe)	822.37
Morgan, Appleton. The Shakespeare Myth	822.38
Siddons, J. H. The Shakespeare Reference	822.39
Holmes, N. The Authorship of Shakespeare	822.40
Roscoe, H., E. and Schorlemmer, C. A Treatise on Chemistry in 5 vols.	540.6
Stanley, Arthur P. A History of the Jewish Church. 3 vols.	933.2
Uberweg, Dr. Friedrich. History of Philosophy, Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern, in 2 vols.	109.2
Wheeler, J. Talboys. A Short History of India, Afghanistan, Nipal and Burmah	954.1

LOCALS.

ON the 16th of February we heard the third, and on the 24th, the fourth of the series of lectures on law, mentioned in last month's issue, delivered by Mr. Alfred Hemenway, A. M.

THE afternoon of the 16th was occupied by Dr. Caroline Hastings, Professor of Anatomy in the Boston University, who delivered an interesting lecture on "Circulation."

WE listened to readings, on February 17, from Prof. Cummock, who is at the head of the Chicago School of Oratory. Among many other selections, the always difficult ones from Scotch authors were rendered in the happiest manner.

LASELL girls are nothing if they are not patriotic, so of course the 22d of February was observed by us in an emphatic manner. A masquerade and fancy dress party was given under the auspices of the grave and dignified Seniors. The gymnasium was gayly decorated with banners, fans, flags, lanterns, etc., and at the witching hour of half past seven, the witches began to appear. We would enjoy making especial mention of a few of these characters, as some were quite beautiful and others very amusing; but, it was once remarked, "Comparisons are odorous." Suffice to say that with music and "tripping the light fantastic toe," all went "merry as a marriage bell," till the hour arrived for Cinderellas to disappear. The memory of the masquerade will remain a pleasant one for us.

ON the 24th, the Faculty of the Seminary, assisted by Specials, gave an afternoon reception from three to six, which was attended from Boston, Newton, and neighboring places.

THIS was followed in the evening by readings by Mr. Riddle, which was a notable occurrence for us. When we say that he read as he always does, those who have been so fortunate as to hear him know that nothing need be added to, or taken from, that simple statement.

A VERY enjoyable affair was the Chinese Tea, given on the evening of March 1, by the Missionary Society of the school. We listened to a very entertaining talk by Miss Clara Cushman, about some of her missionary experiences. At the close of her address, eighty-four one-dollar subscriptions were taken up among the girls to aid in sending out missionaries.

IN Prof. Bragdon's last cheery letter from Germany, giving an account of the Kris Kringle gathering of Lasellites in that home of Santa Claus, one item of news was, as we girls say, "too lovely for anything." Thirty

paintings, oil and water colors, for us from abroad. If after this, we are not the most artful pupils that ever came to Lasell, we shall surely be ungrateful. The editorial staff feels thankful for encouraging words about the paper from his partial pen.

SIGNOR ROTILI, of the New England Conservatory, with his pupils, Miss Finleyson, of Nevada, and Miss Jackson, of Wisconsin, were present at our service of song, on Feb. 28, and rendered some delightful music, which was appreciated by us.

ONE of the pleasantest occurrences of the month was the participation of two of our pupils, Miss Ninde and Miss Adams, as piano soloists, in the concerts at Chickering Hall, on the afternoons of the 7th and 14th of March. The hall was well filled with an appreciative audience; of course, there was a goodly number of interested listeners from the Seminary. The universal verdict was in the highest degree flattering to our performers, who rendered their selections with ability and artistic finish.

PITFALLS for the unwary, in the shape of newly polished floors, are lurking about the halls now, and getting in their deadly work on the just and unjust.

President of Freshman Class (to Secretary). — "See here, you've written this notice 'A meeting of the members of the Freshman Class.'"

Secretary. — "Well, what's the matter with that?"

President. — Why, you must say *officers*. You know we have n't any just *members*."

THE Washington Party has already reached the goodly number of twenty-five goodly people, and as the time for the "start" towards the sunny South will soon be here (30th), get your things on quick, and come along, for you and your friends are all invited.

PERSONALS.

MISS RANSOM has been visited during the month by Miss Lucy Curtis, of Rockland, Mass., and Miss Emily Shiff, of Baltimore.

MISS SHELTON spent Sunday, the 28th, at Smith College, from which she graduated in '84.

ADDIE JOHNSON, '85, has been spending a week or so in Auburndale.

MAY FOWLER is visiting in Philadelphia.

JESSIE HAYDEN is in town, taking lessons with Miss Call.

BLANCHE FORD, '86, will spend the Easter vacation with Sue Brown in Philadelphia.

MRS. ANNIE S. PETTUS, from Texas, now studying music at the Conservatory, spent the evening of the 22d with Lulie Hogg.

MARRIED. Benjamin S. Brown, Susie P. French, Wednesday, March 2, Manchester, N. H., 1887.

LILLIAN MIRICK is enjoying the winter with friends in New Jersey.

MISS FANNIE SANFORD, of New York City, spent Sunday, the 21st, with Mae Kimball.

LIZZIE DAY, on her way home from Jennie Brown's, in Denver, will visit Cornelia Williams, '86, in Desmoines.

LOU HAMMOND is visiting Helen Davenport, '86, in Erie, Pa. They both expect to be at Lasell during commencement week.

MARION CRANE is visiting Blanche Henlin in New York. They called on Clara White the other day.

LYDIA STARR, '85, who has been spending the winter in Philadelphia, has returned to her home in Richmond, Ind.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE President has approved the act to prohibit the importation and immigration of foreigners and aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor in the United States.

SENATOR INGALLS, of Kansas, has been elected President of the United States Senate, in place of Senator Sherman, resigned.

THE Treasury Department has issued a call for \$10,000,000 of the U. S. three per cent bonds of 1882.

THE U. S. Senate passed a bill appropriating \$17,200,000 for the construction, equipment, and armament of vessels of various classes for the United States Navy.

THE Legislature of West Virginia failed to elect a U. S. senator, and the governor of the State has appointed D. B. Lucas, Democrat, to serve as senator after March 4, until a successor to Senator Camden shall have been elected.

THE Austrian Minister of War has recently declared that Austria desires peace. The most of the European powers seem determined to have peace, even if they are obliged to enter into a general war to obtain it.

OWING to the war scare, German emigration to America has greatly increased.

THE recent elections in New South Wales resulted in the return to the Legislative Assembly of 83 free-traders and 41 protectionists.

THE Newfoundland Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of bait to foreign fishermen.

NEWFOUNDLAND fishermen are petitioning their Legislature for a protective tariff against American fish.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

ANOTHER small comet was discovered by Barnard on the evening of February 16. It is visible in a three-inch telescope. The great southern comet seems to have vanished as suddenly as it came. Though careful search has been made for it, we believe it has not been seen in the northern hemisphere.

AN automatic collecting or toll-taking device, to be attached to telephones at public or pay stations, has been invented. The mechanism in the telephone-box is so arranged that the telephone will not operate until a coin of a certain size and weight, dropped into a slit in the front, acts upon a switch-lever, thereby making electrical connection between the transmitter and the line wire. The act of hanging the receiving telephone, after use, in the place provided for it, drops the coin into a till and releases the switch-lever, thereby breaking the electrical connection and setting the trap for the next user.

THE educational bureau, or museum, and the pedagogical library that Superintendent Draper is building up in connection with his department at Albany deserves encouragement. The collections will not only be valuable in themselves, but they should be the source of inspiration and suggestion to numbers of teachers.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

EMMA JUCH enunciates distinctly.

ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI was born at Madrid, Spain, of Italian parents.

CHARLES WEHLI, the distinguished pianist, died in Germany a few days ago.

It is reported that Mr. Edward Lloyd, the famous London tenor, may make a tour through the United States. Should he do so, the public will have an opportunity of hearing a singer of wonderful style and finish.

PATTI will soon appear in opera in New York.

CONSIDERABLE sensation has been caused in foreign artistic circles by the sudden resignation of the director of the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music. The famous pianist, Rubinstein, has consented to assume the directorship.

MISS AMY SHERWIN has made a success at concerts in London, and is now under contract to a Boston manager for a concert tour of the United States.

PHILADELPHIA'S Beethoven Memorial Association will erect a monument to the composer in Fairmount Park. Its cost will be about \$10,000.

ART NOTES.

ROB Italy of her artists and her art treasures, and you have robbed a queen of her sceptre.

MUNKACSY's wonderful picture, "Christ before Pilate," soon leaves New York for the "Hub," thence to other large cities of the Union. There are few who have not seen this famous work of art, and the managers are well pleased with their success. The painting goes in May to its purchaser, John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, who paid \$120,000 for it.

MUNKACSY is pronounced Moon-catchee, — accent on the first.

MR. REDWAY is printing a letter from F. G. Lee, of All Saints, Lambeth, on "Immodesty in Art," addressed to Sir F. Leighton. It is furnished with a motto from the second part of "Locksley Hall," and one from Ignatius Loyola.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Latin School Register* makes public the authorship of the novel "A Demigod." It is Mr. E. P. Jackson, an instructor in the Boston Latin School. The book was published by Harper & Brothers, and given to the public last November. It received much favorable criticism when it appeared, and excited no little curiosity as to the author.

High School Times, from Dayton, Ohio, looks in with a "please exchange." From the outside, we thought we had found an amateur *Puck* or *Judge*. The inside we expected would be accordingly funny. Our wildest expectations were realized. Verily, this is more than funny. — "Miss Fannie Jones has stopped school." Was she a Chicago girl; did she step in and stop it? Or was she a Boston girl, whose appearance in the doorway with glasses attached, and Sanscrit in hand, so overpowered the whole school, that it expired in a breath? The editor leaves us to our imagination for all details of the spasmodic disaster. We are oppressed that in this woman's century, one member of the sex should so recklessly stamp out of existence a whole educational institution. No wonder that Yale is exercised because of the report that it is about to have an "Annex." We welcome the *Times*, but hope the editors will be more specific in the future.

THE following little poem appeared in the *Harvard Advocate*, and is worthy of being committed to memory by all young women; for, although we do not all consider ourselves belles, some author has said that "women make men what they are," and again, "man can be no greater than woman will let him."

TO A BELLE.

Be warned, fair one, to use thy power with care,
For now how long 't will last you may not tell;
Man stays not always brave, nor woman fair;
Look, therefore, while it lasts to use it well;
Award thy praise where it will give a joy,
For praise may make, and censure may destroy.

THE *Oberlin Review* comes to notice on the top of a pile of bright-colored exchanges. First, under the literary head, comes an article entitled "My Sketch Book." It is written by an aspiring junior, who has doubtless finished writing criticisms on journalism, and now desires to make contributions worthy of considerable notice, since it is intended to imitate Irving, both in title and style. The author draws a sort of story from the life of an eccentric and illiterate mortal called "Rev. Wm. X. Brattle, B. A.," on account of his extreme eagerness to carry out his predestined duty of saving the world from sin and perdition. The writer ends his lengthy tale with the startling announcement that this indifferent, cold, round world is flattened at both ends like an orange. The second and last article of a literary nature is a similar sketch, and yet of quite a different construction. It is entitled "The Theologue at the Breakfast Table," and is written by a very distant relative of the Autocrat. This invites attention. We have had recent acquaintance with a few theologues, and are interested to know what would be the nature of a conversation carried on by a calm and collected one under favorable circumstances. Much to our surprise, his impromptu discourse is so eloquent that several forks hang in eager suspense upon his words. The main features of his talk are precision and vividness in all minutiae, detailed description of his personal experience, and soporific views on the universe in general.

THE *Fortnight* supports a historical editor, who has given to the public the biography of its "Lichen."

We read and are at once plunged in gloom so profound that we find relief only in these lines from Lalla Rookh:

"Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 't was the first to fade away," etc.

We copy one of Lichen's little gems. (?) The lines are well conceived, but we think the title misappropriated, as love in this case did not encompasseth him, at least, to any degree of staying power.

LOVE ENCOMPASSETH ALL THINGS.

I dreamed, poor fool, I could forget,
Though on these eyes there trembled yet
The tears that fain would fall.
Toward a far land my feet I turned,
Though in my heart there deeply burned
Love's constant seneschal.

No wonder man's a misanthrope
When, slowly, every budding hope
Drops lifeless to the ground.
Ah me, one word could ease the pain
And make of me a man again,
By its melodious sound. LICHEN.

THE *Phillips Exeter Lit.* appears, and in the "Editor's Table" we find the most excellent sketch of "Lateset," given in the January number of *Amherst Lit.* criticised as being "a little disappointing, because it did not come out right." Here is a wide field of labor for our new friends. Will they kindly furnish an ending that would satisfy them, and thereby display their personal taste in such matters? Then, too, if the *Amherst Lit.* would just write up a variety of endings with a "take your choice" placard attached, each critical reader might find something that is just his literary size.

IN the college journal world, unlike the ancient Greek world, one cannot "from one, learn all." Besides, we are giving the so-called feminine habit of "dealing in glittering generalities" severe snubbing at this office. Hence, it will scarcely be consistent for us to pass an opinion on the *Pacific Pharos*, until after we have seen more than one of its publications.

ARTICLES in the various exchanges remind us that this is the time of Junior Ex's, and oratorical contests. But one woman will enter the Ohio State contest this year, Miss Sibley, from Buchel. We are sorry that there is but one of her, but for that very reason we are more enthusiastic in our wishes for her success. However, we have been a little doubtful of the issue since we read that she has "quite a Boston style." The *Vervena Tarrant* style is fast becoming antiquated.

THE *De Pauw Monthly* gives the following sensible comments on college oratory, in an article by Jno. M. Goodwin:—

"Any student, no matter how superior his attainments, no matter how strong his oratory, or how clear his expression of opinions may be, can afford to be defeated in a college oratorical contest; but he cannot afford to stifle his own independence and opinions, and prate on sentiment and prejudices in which he don't believe, in order to please somebody else. There are some defeats more glorious than some victories; and, if I were a college student to-day, I would prefer to be defeated in every contest where I spoke my own opinions, rather than to win every contest where I had to speak somebody else's prejudices to win."

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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SINCE the last issue of this paper, we have passed up from the footstool of Literary and Exchange Editor to the dizzy height of Editor-in-Chief. We have sprung our last joke, our last pun has been given to our classmate for her essay, and our east-wind smile has been deposited. We have donned our classic robe and with folded arms, one hand clutching a seventeen-inch quill, we tread the corridors with Irving stride, at once the envy, fear, and joy of all our schoolmates. But alas! how true

that, if we wore our hearts on our faces, brothers would not recognize each other. We should gain something, however, for friends who now stab us with a withering glance of envy, would breathe out gentle pity as a balm for our mangled being. We were feeling very facetious and exultant over the honors thrust upon us, when lo! the heavens darkened, the storm rose, the deep and gloomy night set in, and by the gleams of lightning we could read upon the wall, "Life is but an empty dream." "The paths of glory lead but to the grave"—which by liberal translation means that the post brought a letter from over the sea addressed "To The Editor-in-Chief." We opened it and read,—Oh! that fate had stayed our hands or blinded our eager eyes!—"Dear Etta: For I take it for granted the girls will have wit enough to elect you for the second term." Well, without reading further, we felt as if we should be obliged to swallow the ink bottle and give our editorials to the world, as Holmes says Turner paints his sunshine, "with a squirt." Here necessity compelled us to gather strength, and peruse the following letter which we give, *verbatim*, including original punctuation and capitals, that future Exchange Editors may be in some degree prepared for, if not protected from, the gallantry and appreciation of the "Southern and Western College Exchange Editor":—

"I suppose when you receive this you will wonder who had the impudence to write to you without an introduction, & how I got your name.

"Well I saw in the LASELL LEAVES that you were exchange editor of that paper, & as I fill the same position on the '— —' I felt that there was at least an editorial friendship between us [and breakers dead ahead of us].

"Now as to its being impudent, I know that, but to-night after finishing my lessons, I picked up your college paper & saw your name, & recognizing the truth of the motto, 'nothing venture nothing have' take my pen and throw prudence, &c. to the winds.

"What I want is to correspond with you, I know it is a rather unheard of favor for a gentleman to ask a lady to correspond with him without having been properly introduced in somebody's parlor, but knowing that yours was a *bon-ton* school, & also wishing to be im-

proved by having an educated young lady to correspond with. And thinking also that as some of your school generally go to Europe each summer, I hoped that possibly you might be of that number, & then I could get interesting letters from each of the European capitals.

"I suppose you think if I were anxious to write to young ladies that I should select some one nearer home, & so I have, some of my correspondents are pretty, talented, and rich, [we've nothing new to offer; youth and simplicity are yours already] but to-night the spirit of adventure is hovering over me, and I now launch my little bark [is it worse than your bite?] on an unknown and untried sea, praying at the same time that the Fates may be merciful. I think at least I can entertain you [and so you have] & assure you, that if you accept this daring & unheard of proposal [not as unheard of as you hoped] that you will never have cause to regret it.

"I am a Senior, & am popular in college, & class poet. [The woods are full of 'em up here.] And if you would prefer not to accept this proposal to correspond until you are assured of my social & college standing say so, & I will send you all the references you may desire. Excuse this paper as it is raining & it is the only kind I have in my room at present.

"Judging from the paper, as it is not fashionable, and also of my audacity, you can't help having a poor opinion of me, but if you will only answer this crude little epistle, I think I can satisfy you in regard to all points as to my standing, etc.

"Hoping that this will fall into kind hands, I send it forth into the cold world, if this makes you angry, please burn, [with anger, or with fire?] as I would not have my name shown around to every one. And now I will say good night, hoping that on the morrow you will have a most pleasant and agreeable day [wish you the same],

"Very Respectfully."

KEEP this ever-busy, ever-tempted, ever-active heart of thine with ceaseless care and with prayer, and in heaven you will find that the pure in heart shall see God.—T. L. Cuyler.

WE have had our spring vacation, and one might easily imagine that it was given us for the sole purpose of propagating spring poetry. Sweet-scented envelopes enclosing little poems (?) of verdant title, come to us in the mail, while our chum silently lays on our desk dozens of dear little papers tied with blue ribbons, which the modest authors have given her in some unnoticed time and place. They have begged her not to divulge the names; for you know, the soft warm air, the beautiful moonlight, and the April showers forced them to open their lips, and breathe forth the inspiration with which gentle spring has imbued their very souls. We are sorely grieved that we cannot print all or any of these productions, but we are in honor bound to refer all such poetical effusions to a worthy college paper near at hand.

"A BOOK within a book" is the *Atlantic's* very just comment on *The Children of Gibeon*. One might go further and say "several books within a book." Mr. Besant presents problems, any one of which is wide-reaching enough to require at least a volume for its satisfactory solution. Whatever else may be the perplexed reader's feeling on laying down the book, he cannot pass the comment which is current on so many of our recent works of fiction: "Very cleverly written, but I fail to see any reason why it should ever have been written at all." Mr. Besant's book is full to the brim of a moral purpose—so full that it ranks itself hopelessly outside the realm of artistic writing. Indeed, the movement and definite action seem clogged by very excess of purpose. After the opening pages, the story, which seems to present a plot worthy the fertile genius of a Bradon or a Bertha M. Clay, retires to the background, to emerge only at longer and longer intervals. Henceforth we are confronted with Mr. Besant's theories on what is undoubtedly one of the great moral questions of the age—Our duty to the working woman; or, what can be done to improve the working woman's condition.

Each of the more important characters of the book works out his own peculiar answer to this problem. Sam is evidently a member of the *Bread Winner's League*. The curate and the doctor have, respectively, the curate's and the doctor's methods of work. Lady Mildred is a type of those who feel the need of some great revolutionizing force in the social world, yet are willing that their own part toward accomplishing this shall be indirect. She will educate others to do work which she cannot, for whatever reason, do herself. Violet and Claude, whom she has taken from the people and given a training, such that they may in

turn minister to the people, are as perplexing as any of the characters in the story. Both seem to have an innate horror of contact with the working classes. They can feel sorry for them, but their pity must be shown afar off. We imagine that if, like Clara Kingsbury, they should ever nerve themselves to the point of surf-bathing and clam-baking poor children, like her, too, they would afterward wash their hands and exclaim, "Mamma, I must say that indigent children are personally distasteful to me."

Claude and Violet, too, seem diametrically opposed in temperament and character to the family to which they belong. Believers in heredity find themselves completely baffled at this point. The probabilities and the realities are all at variance. To add to the perplexity, Valentine, the daughter of aristocracy, feels herself of near kin to people who are as far as possible removed from the sphere to which she has all her life been accustomed. She goes to live among them, and her work and experiences seem conclusive to Mr. Besant. He says virtually, "The only way in which the poor and wretched can be really helped, is by the coming to live among them of people who have had a better equipment in life."

Something bearing indirectly on this point happened not long ago in a town which is the centre of large manufactories. A number of ladies invited certain factory girls to come to their church for a pleasant social evening. The town is also the seat of a woman's college, so the ladies, thinking to give the factory girls additional happiness, invited the College Glee Club to sing for them. The evening came; the ladies, the music, and the refreshments were all in readiness. Two or three college girls, who were not in the glee club, but who had a natural desire to see the evening's entertainment, drifted in. The same longing seemed to have taken possession of a number of other groups of students, each, of course, being much surprised to see the others there.

The Glee Club sang, the warbler warbled, the whistler whistled, and, late in the evening, the fifty—more or less—college girls and the two—no more and no less—factory girls ate the refreshments. Now, how were the good ladies of the church to interpret this state of affairs? They were to consider that the other factory girls had virtually sent regrets, reading somewhat as follows: "We appreciate your kind intentions, but it is not in such a place or manner that we can meet you. If you really wish to help us, you must first come among us. You will find individual effort much more effective than organized, in this case. We realize our deficiencies, but we are not, on that account, any the more anxious to display them before people who, however kind-hearted, have

still more or less curiosity to see how such an assemblage as we should make would conduct itself."

[Continuation of the Germany letter begun in March number.]

JANUARY 4 brought us to the Goethe and Schiller town, Weimar. But, was n't it cold! That was the day you were getting back to school. I thought of you, and how nice and warm the seminary would feel to you if it was as cold coming up the hill as it was getting around by the palace. For you must know, so as to be wiser than I was, that Weimar has a palace (yes, two or three; there is the red palace, the yellow palace, and then *the* palace), and a court, and royal stables, and departments of Interior, War, etc. (Navy, let me think; I did n't notice any building for the Department of Marine, but there must have been, for there was a pond behind the palace as big as "Haskell's"), ministers, congress, constitution, gilded fence, striped sentry-box, and all! Does n't it seem foolish to go through all the forms of a kingdom for a handful of people fewer than Boston has! and for that nonsense the people pay over \$200,000, which is one seventh of all their taxes. Think how Boston would stare if it was suggested to pay its mayor \$210,000 a year. The curse of Europe is over-production of princes and boundary lines. Why, it was almost dark when we started for Stuttgart, and only midnight when we reached it, and we had been in that time in four different kingdoms, having different officials, uniforms, and regulations. Four different nations in twice as many hours! And they don't all pride themselves on being "one folk," as under the Empire they are in certain respects. Forgetfully, I mailed a "Deutsches Reichs" postal card in Stuttgart. The porter kindly showed it to me and put on a Wurtemberg stamp. "Well," said I, "I wonder what I will do with these other post-cards. I have several." "Why," said he, "won't you be going *back to Germany* again?" I stared at him. "No," said I, thoughtfully, as the full meaning of his involuntary sarcasm on the boasted union of hearts and hands came to me,—"no, I shall not be going back to Germany again. Just now I am going to Bavaria." Let me give another instance of their minute subdivision of territory. I found I had two or three German stamps left, and as I was going to pass through Hohenzollern, which belongs to Prussia, I wrote letters for what stamps and cards I had, and, in the half-hour of our passage through this bit of island of Germany, I mailed them. The Empire has given one money; that is a good thing. But where was I? Oh, yes! in front of the palace in Weimar. You see, I had forgotten that Germany had not swallowed up all these little sprats, and, noticing the gilt palings

on the iron fence, I said, "That must be a palace." I accosted a venerable passer-by. The man had silver lace on his hat; may have been a driver, or in charge of drivers, or a secretary of state or minister of war, or the Grand Duke himself, for all I know, except that he had too much lace for the very highest rank. "Is that a palace?" I asked. "Yes." "Whose?" "The Grand Duke of Weimar's." "Is there a Grand Duke?" "Yes, indeed!" "And a court?" "Yes, indeed." "And is he alive yet?" "YES, INDEED!" said the amazed old man, and walked on. Think of any one asking in front of the White House if we had a President, and if he were yet living! we should think him insane, as the man thought me. Now, look in your Statesman's Year Book, and see about it. He has a beautiful capital, the lord of this fair spot. The streets, to be sure, are mostly narrow and crooked, the houses old and quaint. But all about it are forests, that are very old, and grand and beautiful parks, and walks, and views. I am coming here again in summer. It must be charming, only I should think if the boys ever play ball, they'd be afraid of knocking it into some other kingdom! Then, what?

But my letter is getting too long, running to words too much, as you might say (how does Miss Sheldon like it? condensed, or rather free?) and the editor will grudge the space, and the business manager the money that pays for the printing of it — I would n't blame them. Schiller's house is owned by a company, and Goethe's by the government. Both are used as show-houses, into which are gathered relics of the men that make Weimar famous. Somehow, when we had seen both, I felt sorry for Schiller, and vexed with Goethe for being more prosperous and happy than he. As to the things in their houses, no matter. There is a noticeable rivalry between the custodians of the two houses.

Through Stuttgart we came to Tübingen, where I went to school fourteen years ago. Even Miss C. was enthusiastic over the beauty of the place, though the winter robs it of its vines and leaves. Two old friends have died. They were good to us. Blessings on them! Through the edge of the Black Forest, under Hohenzollern, with constant views of frost-covered trees, to Schaffhausen and the falls of the Rhine. Those trees, girls! I thought them more beautiful than in summer foliage! Winter visitors not being expected, we had some trouble in getting here any rooms that could be heated. We looked at "The mightiest falls of Europe" (in all fifty or sixty feet high) by moonlight, and next A. M. by daylight. Then on to Zurich, a strange mixture of the quaint old and elegant new, and after two days there, to this hillside home in Chailly,

back of Clarens, and a real home it has proved. If any of you want to spend a week or a month on the shores of Lake Geneva, I commend to you *Pension Murry*. So excellent a table we have not found in any hotel, nor so kind, honest, quiet, obliging people anywhere, and all far cheaper than we could get anywhere else. The situation is superb. Back from the lake, among the vines, within two minutes' walk of several of the finest views of this entire end of the lake, with Clarens, Vevey, Montreux, Glion, Chillon's castle, and Villeneuve under your feet, and, across the lake, the Dent du Midi and other Alpine peaks, it is certainly a most charming spot. We all walked to-day, in less than four hours, to Chillon and back, seeing views all along that are never to be forgotten. We are loath to leave this place. But we must find more sun, and so, on we go to Nice and the Riviera and Siena and the South. In all our findings no place seems fairer to us than Lasell, no faces half so charming as yours. Your loving greetings from time to time give us much comfort, and the good reports of your ways bring us great satisfaction and pride in you. In our wanderings our hearts turn to you as our "chief joy," and nothing is half so beautiful as the memory of your kindly looks. Are you growing better, more unselfish day by day? For in that I find the chief evidence of the presence and help of Him who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." To his love and care we commend you daily, praying that in you the sweet graces of his Spirit may abound, that in you love may be the "fulfilling of the law."

As ever, yours, C. C. B.

Berliner Universität.

— 5357 Studierende besuchen im gegenwärtigen Winterhalbjahr die Universität Berlin. Es ist damit weitaus die höchste Ziffer in dem Personalbestande einer deutschen Hochschule erreicht. Neu immatriculirt wurden nicht weniger als 2230 Studierende, während der Abgang am Ende des vergangenen Semesters nur 1164 betrug. Die gegenwärtige Zahl der Studierenden ist um 1066 stärker als wie im Sommerhalbjahr und übertrifft auch das letzte Wintersemester um 165. Auf die einzelnen Fakultäten vertheilen sich die Studierenden wie folgt: 794 studiren Theologie, 1282 Rechtswissenschaft, 1297 Medizin und 1984 widmen sich den verschiedenartigen Wissenschaften, welche der philosophischen Fakultät zugetheilt sind. Preußen stellt 4062 (neu immatriculirt 1476), die übrigen Bundesstaaten des Reiches 740. Von den 4062 Preußen studiren 629 Theologie, 945 Rechtswissenschaft, 1025 Medizin, und 1463 Philosophie. Unter den zur philosophischen Fakultät gehörigen sind 715 aus Gymnasien, 402 aus Realgymnasien hervorgegangen, 346 (also

fast der vierte Theil!) haben überhaupt kein Zeugniß der Reife. (Dieselben müssen innerhalb dreier Semester sich nachträglich der Prüfung unterwerfen.) Von den anderen europäischen Staaten außer Deutschland studiren in Berlin 381; Rußland (98), Oesterreich-Ungarn (97), und die Schweiz (80) sind darunter am stärksten vertreten. Verhältnismäßig groß ist die Zahl der Rumänen (13), während Bulgarien und Serbien nur je einen Studenten entsandt haben. Den fremden Erdtheilen entstammen 174: 149 sind aus Amerika, 21 aus Asien (die meisten aus Japan), je 2 aus Afrika und Australien. Außer den 5357 Immatriculirten sind noch 1523 Personen zum Hören der Vorlesungen berechtigt, so daß also die Vorlesungen insgesamt von 6880 Personen besucht werden. Die Lehkräfte beziiffern sich auf 288, von denen 16 zur theologischen, 22 zur juristischen, 103 zur medizinischen und 147 zur philosophischen Fakultät gehören. Die Universität hat 72 Ordinarien (39 in der philosophischen Fakultät), 5 ordentliche Honorarprofessoren (Probst Dr. Brückner, Megidi, Dr. von Lauer, Edmund Roze und Lazarus), ein lesendes Mitglied der Akademie der Wissenschaften, 80 außerordentliche Professoren und 123 Privatdozenten. Zur Ausbildung dienen ferner 48 Seminare, Institute, Laboratorien, Kliniken, Museen und Sammlungen. Dazu kommen noch wissenschaftliche Hilfsmittel wie Bibliotheken &c.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY OF LASELL SEMINARY, IN MARCH, 1887. LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

Andersen, Hans. Shoes of Fortune.	
Christmas Greeting	813.34
Andersen, Hans. The Story Teller.	
Fairy Tales	813.35
Andersen, Hans. The Mud King's Daughter. Ugly Duck	813.36
Andersen, Hans. Ice Maiden. Picture Book	813.37
Arnold, Edwin. Indian Idyls	894.2
Carlyle, Thomas. Heroes and Hero Worship	824.10a
Durny, Victoire. Histoire de France. 2 vols.	944.6
Farrar, Frederick W. Seekers after God.	921.1
Goethe, John W. Reynard the Fox [Ainslie]	837.1
Miller, Wm. Allen. Elements of Chemistry, Theoretical and Practical	547.3
Müller, David. Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes	943.2
Richardson, Chas. F. American Literature, 1687-1885	820.7
Tyler, Moses Coit. History of American Literature	820.6
Valmiki. The Iliad of the East. (F. Richardson)	894.3
N. B. All but one of the long list of books	

of Shakespeare, or those upon his works, published in the March number of the LASELL LEAVES, were gifts from our accomplished teacher, Prof. W. J. Rolfe, to our library. Many of them are editions of Shakespeare's plays prepared by himself.

THE TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

WEDNESDAY afternoon, March 30, the Auburndale station was all alive with Lasell girls, each bidding good by to every one else, not even excepting those who were to be of the party bound for Washington. All the trunks and girls being aboard, gossamers, umbrellas, bags, shawl-straps, candy-boxes, and noses were counted, and lo! the wonderful Hub was reached, only however to be forsaken immediately for the cars to Fall River, and the steamer, with its music, and its — well, fresh air.

Seven o'clock Thursday morning found some twenty-three girls from "Lasell Seminary for Young Women" in New York City. All the baggage being disposed of, these same young women rode, not one of them knew where, until they came to a corner at the junction of two wide streets, where all stood half an hour in the cool, delicious morning air, waiting for the appearance of the amiable conductor of the party. Every one then proceeded to enjoy a rare treat in seeing the famous "Russian Wedding." A long ride brought aforesaid party to another large, roomy corner, which, according to custom, was duly ornamented, until the carriages came for the drive through Central Park. There, the sculpture, the paintings, the stuffed animals, the live animals, Cleopatra's Needle, Mr. Crowley, the chimpanzee, Croton Lake — everything to be seen, we saw. Then came dinner at the Grand Central Hotel, followed by a rush for the two-o'clock train to Washington.

Now for one grand and only dose of weather. Before leaving Auburndale, the wind had been blowing quite hard; in New York, the sun was shining brightly (for reference, see almost any grammar); in Philadelphia, a heavy drizzle was coming down; in Baltimore, the snow completely covered the pine-trees, making them look like heavy, curled ostrich plumes; in Washington, the rain was pouring down when we arrived, Thursday evening, at the Ebbitt House; for the remainder of the week, the days were as bright and sunny as could be desired. We found at the hotel Mr. and Mrs. Emery of Bradford, Penn., friends of Miss Zeile, whose pleasant company and interest in our behalf were very complimentary, and who were with us until Monday.

Next morning, the Treasury building had the pleasure of seeing our bright, lovely faces,

as did also piles of money, and Senator Biddis, to whom we were introduced, and who, in turn, after pointing out counterfeited bills and the photographs of their makers, introduced us to Capt. Brooks, chief of the Secret Service. The machines of the life-saving service were explained, and we proceeded to cheer up President Cleveland at his public reception by a hand-shake, and refresh ourselves afterwards in the open air by a scarcely suppressed giggle.

Corcoran Art Gallery was then visited. Among the many beautiful gems were the two paintings, "Charlotte Corday" and "The Vestal Virgin"; the bronze room is said to contain the finest collection in the world; and in one of the rooms were Henry Clay's table and "Old Hickory's" cane.

Saturday, a carriage ride in the morning, taking the steamer at 10 A. M. for Mt. Vernon, and a more delightful place could hardly be found except in the sunny South; of course, the house is filled with relics, and, although so constantly visited, is still in quite a good condition — for, to the shame of Americans be it said, we are a terrible nation for hacking off memorabilis. The State dining-room and Miss Custis's music-room are probably the most completely furnished with the curious articles of that day. In the former is a plan of the Bastille, given to Washington by Lafayette, and a fine marble mantel, the gift of some admiring Englishman. In the pretty little music-room is an old spinnet — a rare curiosity.

But Mt. Vernon must be left behind, so returning to the steamer, we watched once more for the forlorn streets of Alexandria, which, we were told, has had an increase of forty-five inhabitants during the last ten years. Passing Arlington Heights, Gen. Lee's home, in the distance, and also the Washington Monument, we were once more landed at Washington, at 3 P. M., where carriages were in waiting to continue our ride of the morning about the city, gazing at the houses of many celebrities with whom we felt quite well acquainted.

In the evening, each wearing a bouquet, presented by the proprietor of the hotel, we listened to two extremely interesting dictative stories by Capt. Brooks, and later on, heard the true story of George Washington's little hatchet. (If any desire to hear it, please inquire at office.) Capt. Brooks was very entertaining, and, we afterwards learned, had conferred a great favor upon us in relating his experiences. We were all sorry to have him leave, and counted his visit as one of the pleasantest features of our trip. Mr. and Mrs. Sinsabaugh also called, and before leaving, invited the girls to their house to spend an evening, an invitation gladly accepted. Dr.

Loomis, too, entertained us with European experiences. Mabel Raum, one of *our* girls, whose home is in Washington, called with her brother during the evening and joined in the "merry go round" in the later hours.

Sunday, we listened to a fine sermon by Dr. Newman, at the Metropolitan Church, where seats had been reserved for us through the kindness of Mrs. Sinsabaugh; read the newspaper sent to each room with the compliments of the proprietor; admired the bouquets he sent us; and attended services at a negro church, in the evening. (No climax intended.)

Monday was to be our last day at the capital, and a busy day it was. The Patent Office, and the one room of the Dead-Letter Office shown to visitors, were hurried through, only a few moments being devoted to the horned toads, snakes, Chinese shoes, etchings, Guiteau's hair, old-fashioned pictures, knives, canned corn, piece of floor where Jesse James was killed, and other odd mixtures which had been sent through the mail and lost. We were under obligations to Mr. Edwin Clifford for special guidance through the Post-Office Department, and into the gallery of Postmasters-General portraits, as also an introduction to the present Postmaster-General Vilas in person.

Then we rode to the Navy Yard and listened to music by the Marine Band, which is considered the finest band in the United States. Coming to the Capitol, we were shown into the Supreme Court room, soon to see Chief Justice Waite and his seven associates enter in their black silk gowns, and stately mien, to open the Supreme Court of this great Republic. We were introduced to Vice-President John Sherman while in his room. The marble room and the statuary hall were the finest parts we saw, as the other rooms were being cleaned, and the hangings were down and the carpets up.

Now for the grand treat! At 1.15 P. M., by special appointment, we were ushered into the Blue Room of the White House, and Mrs. Cleveland came in and "shook hands all around." She is quite pretty, very sweet and charming, and, it seems to us, deserves everything that could be said in her praise. But all good things must come to an end, so a second time we walked out of the White House, not this time feeling unutterably silly, but thoroughly delighted with Mrs. Cleveland and her frank, pleasant manner.

The National Museum was yet to be seen, but Mrs. Cleveland being still in our minds, we did not stay there long, and after an introduction to Dr. Edward Eggleston, came away. We saw mummies, swords, bugs, pottery, glassware, playthings of the Esquimaux children and of our American Indian; all kinds of stuffed animals, from horrid baboons to duck-bills; musi-

cal instruments, George Washington's baptismal robe, his tents, spy-glass, Martha Washington's treasury-box, and so on through a long category.

Next day at two o'clock, we were in New York, admiring Munkacsy's "Christ before Pilate." Thence to the Eden Musée, where Queen Victoria, Gladstone, Emperor William, Bismarck, Emperor of China, Handel, Hadyn, Beethoven, Pasteur, Guiteau, were all passed safely, because they were on platforms. But one of us almost poked a man to see if he were wax, but barely saw a dawning smile soon enough to experiment on some other object, human or otherwise, generally otherwise.

The boat once more took us under the suspension bridge, passing the statue of Liberty at a distance, and finally brought us to the train at Fall River. So sleepy were we that some were almost left behind, for of course we were obliged to stay awake when the band played "Three little maids from school" for our benefit, by request of some masculine unknown.

On the train, each one tried by a few suitable words to express the gratitude and pleasure of the week passed. Just as we are trying to tell how kind and thoughtful Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd were of every one's comfort, — "Change cars! Newtonville, West Newton, Auburndale!" Only one day of rest and then we must begin to study. Bo-hoo! G. L.

DEAR GIRLS:

I am sorry to say I have forgotten how far in our travels I took you in the last letter "From Snow to Sun." The cold snap did not leave us till we reached Rome, and there, for two or three days, it was cold enough. Genoa was less comfortable than Lasell usually is in January, and we skipped the Eastern Riviera entirely on account of the cold. At Pisa, we buttoned our coats up tight, while we listened to the wonderful echoes of the Baptistery, and our teeth chattered while we tried to make the children understand the beauty of the front of the cathedral (which is the only beauty it has), and the wind nearly blew us off the top of the Leaning Tower. The landlord lighted one piece of wood in his big stove, and when we begged for warmth to eat our meals by, he pointed at that. At Naples (I do remember telling you of meeting Misses LeHuray and Coe in Rome, so I must have said something of this before), we found warmer days, but not enough warmer to tempt us to stay in Sorrento, as we had planned. "On to the Sun," was our cry. Accordingly, we left soon for Sicily. Naples, by the way, has greatly changed since four years ago. I think it is a handsomer place than Rome, with better

chances of being a fine city. If I were Humbert, I would make Naples my capital. Rome has nothing that can ever equal the magnificent drive and gardens of the Chiaja Riviera; Rome has no Bay of Naples, with Capri and Ischia in the purple distance; and Rome has no Vesuvius. The mountain was quieter than at any previous visit. At night, he showed no fire at all, only a little cloud of white smoke; at closer quarters, he was no less tame. The giant under him must be sleeping. Only puffs of sulphurous smoke, with bits of lava, rewarded us for our dusty ride to his lair. Oh, yes! the view, that would reward one, if there were no crater at all. That can never be tame. A world at your feet is something to see. Nothing equal to it have I ever seen, unless it be the view from Rigi-Kulm on a clear day.

The fastest express train between Rome and Naples runs about twenty-three miles an hour, and it has almost no grades. The Boston and Albany train to New York makes, if I remember rightly, about forty-two miles an hour. So you see the Italians have not learned the full use of steam yet. We were told that it would take twelve and a half francs to put us aboard the Palermo boat (the boats at these Mediterranean ports do not come up to a wharf, but anchor in the bay, and passengers are taken to and from them in small boats). They said (they always say that now), "There is a tariff, and there is no evading it." Nevertheless, we got well on board for eight francs, and everybody seemed satisfied but one fellow, who tried to slip out of his bargain, and seemed not to know what to make of it when he could n't! The sail from Naples to Palermo, from 5 P. M. to 10 next A. M., was on as quiet a sea as I ever enjoyed. The women made all preparations to be sick, going to bed right after dinner, thereby losing Capri and one of the loveliest moonlight rides. The water was like glass. Think of that, you who dread the great inland sea in March! It was the same a week later, from Palermo to Cagliari, in Sardinia, and from Cagliari to Tunis, a trip beyond telling delightful, from 6 P. M. till noon of the day after the next. I make a note that the Mediterranean is not always rough in March.

I will not say much more about Naples. They have made a new grotto under Posilippo, not so picturesque as the old one by the horse-shoers' shops. They still complacently ask two prices for everything (it is "tariff," you know), and do it with an air of expecting green foreigners to pay it; which some do. The Pompeiian figures seemed to me more graceful than ever. Strange that these people could make such beautiful forms, such airy, graceful shapes, not since surpassed even by Murillo in his cherubs, and could not paint

landscapes! About Palermo, you will read in a *Zion's Herald* letter, and also about Tunis. So I will not repeat here.

The French have put a railroad from Tunis to Ovan, over which they run one through train daily, starting it between 5 and 6 A. M. and stopping it about 8 P. M. for the night. It has a speed of about thirteen miles an hour. Why they could not let it go, say about twenty miles an hour, and so let passengers sleep a little later mornings, does not appear. Probably they don't wish to surprise the slow-going Arabs too much at once. The country is at first level, and caravans of camels and donkeys (they do look so ridiculous side by side), and Arab villages of low, black, cloth-covered tents, and the ravines showing the violent rains of this section, are the only interesting features of the ride. By and by the road climbs into hills, and later into mountains, where there is snow nine months in the year, and scenery worthy of the Appenines or Alps.

We rode from 5.40 A. M. to 8 P. M., the first day, and stopped at Guelma. Next day, we decided not to take the whole course, and only rode an hour at midday, stopping at Hammam-Meskoutine, which means "accursed baths," but which are no such thing, but very beautiful hot springs, which have left fantastic bowls and cones of pure white carbonate of lime over a wide tract. We rested here a day. Then a half-day's ride brought us to Constantine, an eagle's eyrie among the rocks, the old Cirta, in defending which, Jugurtha was taken captive by the Romans. Of this I will tell you next. Are you being good? and working hard? I never wanted to *know more*, so much as on this trip. *You will be glad of all you learn.* C. C. B.

SHYLOCK'S SOLILOQUY.

OH, what a change in but a little time!
But now, I was the happiest man on earth,
Thinking my deadly foe within my grasp;
And now, oh, dreadful thought! I fall beneath
His power, no longer Shylock, feared by all.
Ah! those were happy, happy days indeed,
When I commanded and my world obeyed.
Could I work out my vengeance! but no,
I am forsworn to act a Christian's part.
A Christian's part, was that what I did say?
The words cut deeper than a sharpened knife.
O God! where is thy mercy gone? why should
My burdens fall so numberless and harsh?
I care no more to live; what was my life
Is ta'en away. I am a stranded wreck,
And, like a wreck, let me but sink beneath
The waves of cruel destiny.

M. L. C.

THE total amount contributed thus far to the Hendricks monument fund is \$21,000. The sum required is \$50,000.

LOCALS.

ALL please laugh!

THE Gypsies have arrived.

"THERE's a good time coming"! June.

LOST:—An hour of sleep. Cat concerts at 3 A. M. daily. Will an old girl please forward a bottle of cat poison, or her brother, with a gun, if the former article is not obtainable? Who says we prefer the brother?

ONLY A SLIP OF THE TONGUE. — "Yes, I've read Shakespeare's 'Merchant of Venison.'"

THE tennis season is approaching and where are the Atalantas?

AFTER the Authors' Reading, one of the girls was greatly disappointed because Mr. Clemens took Mark Twain's place on the programme.

REV. MR. W. B. NEWHALL led chapel services several times last term.

"BRIGHT YOUNG SISTER" TO LIBRARIAN — "Please let me have Thackeray's 'Marble Faun!'"

AFTER THE EXAMINATION IN LAW. — "A minor is a man working in mines, isn't he?"

PARTIES wishing snow for sleighing can obtain it at low rates in Hinsdale, a Berkshire hamlet. Drifts, ten cents a barrel; slush, nothing a wagon; and semi-frozen snow still cheaper.

WE give below the elaborate *menu* served at Seiberling and Ninde's, daily, during the vacation.

Candy on Tongs.

SOUP.

Consommé à la Oyster. Stewed Oyster.
Oyster Stew.

FISH.

Salmon, Egg Sauce. Plain Salmon.

ROAST.

Salmon, Egg Stuffing. Egg, Salmon Stuffing.
Pickles.

ENTREES.

$\frac{1}{2}$ Partridge, Egg Sauce. Loin of Left-over Chicken.
Salmon finely chopped, Corn Sauce.
Olives.

COLD MEATS.

Frozen Salmon. Sliced Salmon, with Analyzed Egg.

VEGETABLES.

Thought to be Boiled Potatoes. Stewed Corn.
Fried Corn. Can of Corn. Corn.

PUDDINGS.

Broken Pickle. Cooking Butter. Olive.

DESSERT.

Frozen-in-Snow Cream. Vanilla Ice.
Lasell Sherbert. Caramel Cake.
Oyster Crackers. Milk and Pickles.

At a meeting of the Faculty, March 20, it was decided to allow the girls to make out the "S. G." list.

They made it. "If at first you don't succeed," etc.

FROM THE RHETORIC CLASS. — "You may take several pages in the *Spectator* for Thursday."

Bright Pupil — "Is that paper in the library now?"

N. B. — A choice collection of etchings are for sale at room 47. Must be sold regardless of cost, as the family moves to Chicago in June, and wishes to dispose of all valuables.

At a meeting of the Juniata Boat Club the following elections took place: Daisy E. Lloyd, president and captain; Grace Seiberling, secretary and treasurer; Jessie Flint, stroke oarsman; Kitty S. Prescott, coxswain. The other oarsmen will not be elected until after the initiation.

WHICH WILL WIN THE DAY, — Cuticura solvent or Hood's sarsaparilla? — Holyoke residents say "Cuticura"; Fall River and New Bedford inhabitants, "Sarsaparilla."

WE conclude from the hoarse tones the rising bell sends forth, that it is suffering from the popular malady, tonsillitis. Will our trained nurse please come forward?

WANTED. — Aunts to rent. None need apply who are not fond of having Lasell girls spend Sunday with them at least twice a term. Ladies living in Newton, Chelsea, or Harwich preferred.

REMARK HEARD IN THE HALL. — "Yes, very strange that all Shakespeare's heroines are women."

SCENE IN A SENIOR CLASS. — Teacher — "Ivory is obtained from the tusks of the elephant, of course, and —"

Student — "What difference is there between the tusk and the trunk?" Sensation.

THE cooking classes ended with the last Monday of the term. We are now prepared to solve all mysteries in the culinary department. Mrs. A. D. Lincoln will certify to our proficiency in that direction, we feel sure.

THE three art lectures delivered by Mrs. Annie Downs were listened to by the girls with much pleasure and interest.

THE following was the result of the recent election in the Lasellia Club: —

President Miss Sinsabaugh
Vice President Miss Kennedy
Secretary Miss Atwater
Treasurer Miss Sayford
Critic Miss Hogg
Guard Miss Zeile
Asst. Guard Miss S. Brown

THE following is a copy of the note of appreciation received by our superintendent from a Chicago beef-packing firm, on receipt of a photograph of the school: —

CHICAGO, March 28, 1887.

DEAR SIR, — The bouquet gathered from the garden of girls, which you so kindly sent us, seems to have had a very spring-like effect upon the bachelor member of our firm. To show you how the tender flowers of rhetoric and sentiment may survive and bloom even under the baleful shadows of the shambles, we send, with our thanks for the photograph, a copy of his verses, inspired by the picture of so many beautiful young women.

Yours very truly,

LEES, HENDRICKS & Co.

It came to us via express,
That semicircled loveliness;
The picture that to us unfurls
The photic semblance of "our girls."

Yours the skill, Lasell, to lead them,
We will do our best to feed them.
We claim them all, we ne'er were churls,
And here adopt them all "our girls."

When they leave their foster mother,
May her precepts o'er them hover.
When the social maelstrom whirls,
May the All-Father shield "our girls."

PERSONALS.

EVA MORGAN visited Grace Seiberling during the vacation.

NELLIE ALLING, who is in Boston, does not forget her Lasell friends. She is always welcome here.

WE were glad to see so many of the old girls here for the pupils' musical rehearsal. George Prickett, Blanche Ford, Annie Brown, Nellie Alling, and Eva Morgan were here to tea on that evening.

MISS BOYD spent part of the vacation with Miss Kennedy.

RACHEL ALLEN and NELL BUBB have not allowed *society* to absorb them entirely, since they left their dear Lasell. We hear of mornings spent in diligent study, and vague rumors of a fine "cooking club" come to us. The youth of Williamsport are invited to discuss heavy course dinners and dainty suppers, all cooked by the "Williamsport girls." Bravo! We expect to get a box for putting this in.

MISS FULLER called on Miss Ransom not long ago.

MRS. F. HELLIER, *née* HARMON, of New Haven, is soon to return from abroad to take up her abode in cultured Cambridge.

WE were much pleased to see among us once more Miss Whipple, Miss Baker, and Miss Jennie Baker, all loyal old girls. They thought Lasell much improved, but strange without Miss Carpenter and Mr. Bragdon, to whom they wish to be remembered.

MARRIED, March 15, Mr. Theron H. Brown and Miss Fannie M. Thornton. Their future home will be in Richmond, Va.

STEWART-PEABODY. (From the Cincinnati Gazette.) All nature certainly smiled yesterday upon the wedding day of Miss Emily Peabody and Mr. Alexander Mair Stewart, of St. Louis, for a more perfect day is seldom vouchsafed to the capricious month of April. The bride is the daughter of one of the most genuinely popular railroad men in this part of the country, Mr. William Wirt Peabody, general manager of the B. & O. lines west of Ohio. The groom, Mr. A. M. Stewart, is a St. Louis gentleman of high social standing, President of the Y. M. C. A. in that city, and junior partner in the firm of James Stewart & Son, architects. The ceremony took place at Captain Peabody's residence at Madisonville, at 6 o'clock, in presence of relatives and intimate friends. The entire house en fete, the handsome drawing-rooms being especially decorated; across the eastern corner of the room was swung by garlands of roses, a wedding bell of rare blossoms. The mantel and sides of the room were banked with flowers. In a room adjoining, a stringed orchestra played softly. At the moment appointed, the bride, preceded by her ushers, Mr. W. W. Peabody and Mr. A. L. Metcalf, and her two pretty maids, her sister Nannie, and her cousin Carrie Peabody, entered the drawing room leaning on the arm of her father. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Pease, and Rev. Dr. Hill bestowed the benediction, the happy pair plighting their troth after the Episcopal service. The bride wore a train of faille francaise, over a petticoat of white brocaded velvet. The square corsage was decorated with much old lace, and clasped with a diamond brooch. Her veil was fastened with a half coronet of orange blossoms, and her bridal bouquet was of lilies of the Valley and Cornelia Cook roses. The congratulations were most cordial, and received with unaffected pleasure. The gifts filled three sides of a large room, and were superb. At the hour of the ceremony the corner-stone of the house to be built for the bride was laid in St. Louis. Telegrams from all parts of the country were received during the evening, and two cablegrams from friends in Paris and London. Colonel Orland Smith's private car brought in the bride and groom to town after the reception. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart left next morning for the East, where they pass their honeymoon.

MISS CONSTANCE WAITE of Freeport, Maine, a former pupil of Lasell, most pleasantly remembered by some of the senior teachers of the school, is now in Portland, taking lessons in music, with a view to teaching. She is in

much better health than she was when here, and looks very rosy and bright.

WE learn that Miss Lucy Tappan has lately given an illustrated lecture in Gloucester, her home, giving the account of Eastern scenes of interest which she has visited. A Gloucester paper speaks very highly of the lecture, and the interest which Miss Tappan throws around her travels in the Holy Land.

WE learn that Harry Pennell (junior), son of Harry B. and Grace Fribley Pennell, of Portland, Maine, is flourishing finely. The young gentleman is now several weeks old. There are a few still at Lasell who remember Grace Fribley and her stay here with much pleasure, and will be interested in this item.

ONE of our teachers, who saw Miss Constance Waite in Portland, learned through her of the recent death of a brother of Misses Emma and Sarah Belcher. These young ladies, from Freeport, Maine, were pupils of this school at the same time as Constance Waite, and were also much valued for their worth and loveliness. Those of us who remember them will give them sincere sympathy in this bereavement.

ART NOTES.

THE King and Queen of Italy will formally open the National Exhibition of Fine Arts in Venice on the 28th of April.

THE Duke of Buccleuch's famous collection of etchings and engravings by Rembrandt, the Van Ostades, and other old masters, is soon to be sold.

OVER \$42,000 has been subscribed for the proposed art school at Princeton. Plans for the museum, designed by A. Page Brown, have been accepted, and the work of erection will be commenced at once.

THE will of the late Catherine L. Wolfe provides that her collection of paintings shall go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This is one of the finest private collections ever made in this country, and is worth more than half a million dollars, and it constitutes the largest collection of its kind ever made to a public institution in the United States. The recent gift to the Metropolitan Museum of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," by Cornelius Vanderbilt, and of the dozen paintings valued at \$50,000, by George J. Seney, coupled now with Miss Wolfe's bequest, endows that institution with a richer art treasure than exists elsewhere in America. Miss Wolfe's collection contains examples of nearly all the most prominent painters of modern times, as well as those of the older schools.

POLITICAL NOTES.

MR. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, who was acting Secretary of the Treasury during Mr. Manning's absence from his post, was appointed to succeed Mr. Manning on March 31, and Mr. I. H. Maynard, who was Second Comptroller of the Treasury, succeeded Mr. Fairchild as Assistant Secretary.

THE new government dry docks, the construction of which was authorized by the last Congress, will be built at the Brooklyn and Norfolk Navy Yards.

APRIL 26 will be observed in South Carolina as Calhoun day. The Calhoun Monument at Charleston will be unveiled on the occasion. Among those invited are President Cleveland and Cabinet, the governors of the States, and Mr. Venable, of North Carolina, and R. M. T. Hunter, of Va., who were with Mr. Calhoun in Congress. Jefferson Davis has been invited and is being urged to be present, but will probably not attend.

THE Russian government has declined to take part in the Exhibition to be held in Paris in 1889, and forbidden its subjects to send exhibits.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

AN experimental passenger train, lighted throughout by electricity, and heated by steam from the engine, now runs between New York City and Boston. Each car is illuminated by eighteen 16 candle-glow lamps, the current being derived from storage-batteries hung beneath the floor-timbers, charged for ten hours by dynamos. Both light and heat are said to be ample; and danger from fire, in case of accident to the train, is much lessened, if not almost wholly done away with.

MR. J. W. WALKER has discovered on the south side of Pine Mountain, Georgia, nearly two hundred feet above the famous Corundum mine, a site where the ancient inhabitants of that region manufactured their talc vessels for cooking.

Evidences of the use of stone implements in the work are indubitable. The vessels were blocked out and hollowed before being broken from the ledge. Many of the remaining fragments are honeycombed by exposure for a long time. Archæologists are familiar with similar phenomena elsewhere.

A NEW and complete edition of the writings of Galileo, in twenty volumes, is to be published at Florence under the authorization of the Italian minister of public instruction, who has nominated a committee of scholars to edit the work.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

NEVADA is in Berlin.

NILSSON's terms for concerts are \$2000 per night.

MINNIE HAUKE is in Paris.

VERDI has decided not to publish the full score of his new opera, "Otello," for fear that American managers will perform it without remuneration to him, there being no international copyright.

JENNY LIND was at Cannes when the recent earthquake took place there. She is said to have been very courageous through the disturbance.

NEW YORK yearns to possess itself of the services of Herr Wilhelm Gericke, but Boston does not wish to give him up, neither does he wish to make any change.

CURIOSITY to hear the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Ruddygore," seems to be dying out in New York. Good judges predict a short run for the work.

ENGAGEMENTS have been made with manager H. E. Abbey for a season of Italian Opera at the Boston Theatre, beginning April 25, with Patti and other famous artists in the company.

EXCHANGES.

WE have read with interest the reports of the various *Inter-collegiate Press Associations* recently formed throughout the country. The formation of such organizations can but promote the interests of college journalism, not only by their incentives to greater effort, but also by the broadening of ideas consequent upon the friendly union of representatives of the college press. These associations, one and all, have our best wishes for their success.

THE exchange editor is noted for her fondness for the arm-chair. Often in this, her favorite resting-place, she has taken pleasant journeys, but never with a pleasanter companion than the *Rockford Seminary Magazine*. An exceedingly appreciative and entertaining traveler our arm-chair friend has been, and much of value concerning the customs, dress, and homes of our neighbors across the sea has been added to ye lazy editor's small stock of learning. A bright, cheery, well-written magazine, worth more than ordinary perusal, is our verdict.

In the April *Haverfordian*, a well-written article comparing the character and action of "Heracles and Christ," and an essay on "Music and Song," deserve particular notice.

In thoughtful and graceful style the essay traces the relationship between music and

poetry, their effect upon our emotional nature, and their mission in developing our mental powers. The subject-matter has especial charms for us at this season of the year, yet its treatment is as far as possible removed from the weakly sentimentalism which the mere mention of poetry and music in the springtime often seems to awaken.

THE *Lafayette* seems to regret the fact that many of our exchanges have a great tendency to produce long, laborious literary articles to the partial exclusion of the news department. We have not noticed such a tendency; anyway, it has always seemed to us that it is the duty of a college representative not only to publish the college news, but also to publish articles which will show the literary standard of the college. Of course, a literary magazine answers the latter purpose; but where there is no such publication the literary department should not be entirely ignored, even if "the only true and authentic" explanation of a base-ball defeat, or an elaborate account of ye gentle Freshman's spread has to be omitted.

THE *Academy News*, an energetic eight-page paper, outdoes herself this month in a most noteworthy poem, "The Magian's Daughter, a Legend of the Hudson." The paper is indicative of a live editorial board and school.

THE *Swarthmore Phoenix* contains an exceedingly well-written article on the relative advantages of the elective systems at Yale and Brown in 1851. The tribute to Professor Hadley and Dr. Francis Wayland, set off with many pleasant reminiscences of college life under them, gives an insight into the everyday life of two of this century's greatest scholars. The relative positions regarding the elective system, which this article claims for Yale and Brown in 1851, is not, we are glad to note, their position to-day.

The Adelpian, in an article entitled "Girls Who cannot go to College," nobly upholds the cause of academic education. It acknowledges most justly the glamour with which a collegiate career is invested. The word *college* possesses an indescribable charm, summoning to the mind pictures of revered professors, of high literary aspirations, and of congenial pursuits with kindred minds. To the girl who has a longing for a collegiate education but cannot gratify that desire, *The Adelpian* offers many a consoling word. The trouble is that facts will not substantiate all its statements. The equality of the academic and collegiate curriculum cannot be proved.

OUR worthy chief reports herself as in honor bound to hand over all poetry on spring and on amorous subjects to a college not far from here. Consequently, it is with no little trepidation that we venture to quote the following poem from *The Tuftonian*. We hope the fact that it concerns only the last month of spring will plead loudly in its behalf.

It's coming, the merry,
The mad month of May!
The light-footed Fairy!
It's coming, the merry,
With blossom and berry,
With sprig and with spray.
It's coming, the merry,
The mad month of May!

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

LINES written by a lover on the verge of despair : —

You turn away,
And tell me "nay."

I'll blindly sue to you no more.

In the briny deep

I'll madly leap,

And stay there till I — swim ashore.

At a special meeting recently, the Publishing Association voted that the term of office of the Board of Editors be changed from three months to five and four months respectively. The Board of Editors elected for the beginning of the school year to serve five months, and the following Board four months. This is a most advantageous change, both for the editors and the paper. We can all see how much better work the officers will be able to do for the paper after they have had the experience of two or three issues, while as it is now the editors just get the swing of the axe so they can handle it with ease, and wisely direct their efforts, when lo! their term of office has expired.

It is fitting that the first term be made longer than the second because of the difficulties attending the publishing of the first issues. Truly, an editor knows the trials and tribulations of the first issue of the paper. There is no material to publish, but that fact is of no concern to any one save the distracted editor-in-chief, whom every one shuns for fear of being asked to contribute something. This is the case not only relative to the first issue, but is in substance the tenor of every issue. Why is it that a girl can see her duty, her loyalty to her school in every visible and invisible direction save the broad, open way that leads her to the support of the school paper? Girls talk about class feeling, school fellowship, school yell and club songs, with the burning enthusiasm of Rider Haggard; but the paper receives only a few explosives — like paper; don't amount to anything. "Don't begin with the issues of past years," etc., etc.; these, too, from girls who never know what is in the paper, "never read it — don't care enough about it — only if they are going to have a paper, why not have a good one." The editor should not be obliged to go begging material for publication. The school paper exists for the purpose of publishing the best efforts of the students, and they ought to take a deep interest and heartfelt pride in it, as their organ of speech. They ought to support it with their best efforts, and voluntarily, for in no other way can it be a true representative of the school, or a real success. If you can't write, never did, don't know how, — try, and your effort will be an honor to you, but to sit and fold your hands, declaring that you have

no talent for writing, and that it is so hard for you while it is so easy for others, is a disgrace. Besides, you are deceiving yourself wofully. One would imagine to hear girls talk that those who write for the paper or anything else are a sort of Seidlitz powder; that they pour their brain into an ink bottle. This effervesces, and in the fizz fame is found.

This belief is a delusion and a snare. Those who write do honest, hard work, and the only difference between them and their complaining sisters is that they are more conscientious and energetic. We suggest here that the Board of Editors for the first term next year be elected this term, so that material may be gathered during the summer; notes taken and plans made which shall facilitate matters for the Board next fall. It was voted also at the last meeting that the cover and size of the LEAVES be changed for next year, and a committee of three was appointed to accomplish the task. Many of the members are anxious to have the form changed to one more easily handled, and more like a book, where the different subjects will be separated one from another. Some other members are sad and melancholy that it is to be changed, because it is so original now, so totally unlike any other school paper. We agree with these mourning members as to its being original, etc., and of course it is a matter of much convenience to find all the different subjects just before one's eyes when one opens the paper; but it also detracts from an article to be printed on a sheet where four other headings attract the eye at the same time.

But now that it is to be changed, what form shall we adopt? As we look over our pile of exchanges to search for their beauties and their faults, we become only more bewildered than before. In truth, we are sore distressed. Here is the protoplasmic style assumed by the fraternity magazine. It has a ghastly appearance, and the mind tries to grasp ponderous names, scientific problems, and geological theories; but one glance inside sets one's brain at rest. This is incongruous, to say the least. Then there is the petite little exchange with the amoeba as its signet. True, we should not have recognized the amoeba in the particular case, and should have given the paper the benefit of the doubt and called it a spider,

granting that ever-busy, industrious little insect as its motto, but it was not to be misinterpreted, and so in pure Greek the name is spelled out. Alas! the amœba is itself only when by itself apart from any foreign substance. Conceive of an editor who is able to write everything so that it will transform itself to the notion of every man, woman, and child who reads it. A veritable kaleidoscope of an editor!

Now we see the disciples of the *Advocate* style. The staid appearance of this retainer is refreshing and exhilarating, suggestive of classic sympathy. The Vassar Miss: the first thought is, When was it originated? Before the time of design? But we withdraw and announce the editorial P. O. box open to receive sealed proposals of a new design in magazine covers.

THE advisability of supplementing the different courses of instruction with lectures has been agitated of late in most of the higher schools and colleges. Some institutions have already adopted this plan, and others have made arrangements to adopt it next year. We have had more experience with the lecturer this year than ever before, and there seems to be a unanimous feeling of appreciation of his assistance to each department represented. There has been some little complaint of the loss of study hours occasioned by the lectures, but we are sure that the profit of a good lecture far exceeds the benefit possible to be derived from the same amount of time spent in study. As we have never before at Lasell had so many lectures in succession, we were not able to arrange and utilize our time to the best advantage; but we are now able to profit by experience.

The first course of lectures was on Law, and was given by Mr. Hemenway; the second, on Architecture, was given to the art class by Mrs. Annie Downes; and now we have finished, with much regret, a course of biographical lectures by Mr. Leon H. Vincent.

Mr. Vincent told us that the young lecturer was like unto the measles, — a thing to be had and gotten over with as soon as possible; that we represented the patient and he the disease, and that we must have him eight consecutive times. We groaned, but how fickle is humanity! We are so thankful now that the simile did not apply to a disease we could have but once, for we are all longing for a relapse.

The lectures were deeply interesting; knowledge gleaned from wide research was given in such an easy, felicitous manner that we felt as if we had walked in the very by-ways of Chaucer, Addison, Steele, and Swift, and breathed the atmosphere that gave Boswell and Johnson life.

Mr. Vincent was as pleasing in class-room conversation as on the platform. He was so kind as to talk with the Juniors and Seniors about his travels abroad; here he proved again that his was the happy faculty of teaching well, while he entertained delightfully. We shall be glad to welcome him and his new lectures on Modern Literature to Lasell next year.

ALL our poetry comes from Cambridge nowadays. This is probably in grateful acknowledgment of "Nan's" services to *The Advocate*.

A SUNDAY SONG.

Erewhile I sang of a wandering spider
In church one autumn day,
Who amused his Miss Muffet, but sat not beside her,
Nor frightened the weakest away.

And to-day while lost in admiration
Of the minister's great research,
There are signs again of agitation
In fair faces across the church.

And, doubting whether it please or grieve them,
On the floor two wasps I see,
Who soon ungallantly turn to leave them,
And crawl away to me.

But that doubtful smile of demure anxiety
I fain would see again;
Though smiles, in regard for Lasell propriety,
They reserve for wasps, not men.

Now the wasps, if I only can hypnotize them,
And make them change their track,
May move toward the girls in a way to surprise them,
And bring those bright smiles back.

And surely now they are really turning
And hurrying over the floor,
With ambition commendable inwardly burning,
To visit Lasell once more.

And, though often wasps are things so hateful,
And make girls misbehave,
Their coming now seems far from ungrateful
To maidens fair and brave.

For now from lips the sweetest and rarest
A stifled whisper flows;
And see in eyes, the deepest and fairest,
An anxious expectance glows.

And I think that wasps are un pitying creatures
That sting the friendliest heart,
And I turn my gaze to the human features,
And think, have they learned that art.

But, if I again try hypnotizing,
It shall be for a higher prize,
If, perchance, some look of sympathizing
May be won from laughing eyes.

CAMBRIDGE.

C. W. C.

THE total amount contributed thus far to the Hendricks monument fund is \$21,000. The sum required is \$50,000.

ODDS AND ENDS IN THE TWO SICILIES.

I NOTICED in Sicily that the homeliest girls wore bangs, the better ones did not. I wondered if it was to hide their want of beauty?

There were many schools, walking always in procession and in uniform. I thought the effect good. The uniforms were handsome, and I think boys, at least, are made better looking by the uniform; why not girls, too?

We went into one large church belonging to a convent. Priests performed the offices of religion. Why not have women priests for women, if they must keep them so barred off? For confession, covered holes were made in the walls, so that the priest could not see the confessing nun, and the galleries were all closely grated, and had curtains, besides. What a sight for to-day! as bad as the veiling of the Arab women.

Do you want a bill of fare or two? On the boat from Naples to Palermo our dinner was, 1st, soup, with grated cheese; 2d, sausage, sardines, pickles, and butter; 3d, boiled fish, with mayonnaise sauce or lemons (no lemons with sardines in this sardine country); 4th, roast beef, peas, carrots, turnips, and bits of liver, all in a soft stew; 5th, artichokes, peas, and toasted bread; 6th, roast chicken and lettuce; 7th, Washington pie, with cherry jam and some liquor sauce; 8th, cheese; 9th, apples, pears, warm baked almonds, raisins; withal a red wine was free, as also a glass of white wine, passed after the No. 6.

Between courses every one of twenty-two persons, except the Americans, picked his teeth openly, and we had the captain and chief owner of the line, and several notables at table. I have noticed it much, and it seems to be a universal habit; and what look like nice people suck their soup, not clandestinely, as if ashamed of it, but openly and with noise. They say the French know how to cook. So do Italians. Some of the best cooking we have tasted has been Italian. There are, by the way, only two meals in these southern lands. Breakfast somewhere from 9.30 to 11, though at hotels you can get it from 10.30 to 1, and dinner at 6.30 or 7 o'clock. We had, at breakfast, 1st, soup with cheese; 2d, sausage with mushrooms, salt sardines and butter (the butter is removed after the course in which it is served); 3d, curried chicken; 4th, omelet; 5th, fried veal and potatoes; 6th, apples, pears, almonds, figs, wine, free again. It has been so everywhere south of Rome.

Instead of hazel brush the hillsides are covered with cactus. Instead of apple and pear trees, the valleys are covered with lemon and orange and olive trees, far as the eye can reach.

The milkman in these lands drives his flock of goats around the streets, and milks you your

quart at your door. The goats have the right of way, on sidewalks. If you don't believe it, try to keep the inside, as I did once, and you'll find *out*! Instead of bits in the horses' mouths, metal pieces project from the head-stall on either side the nose, and the reins are fastened to these. I call this an improvement, and worthy of American adoption.

I noticed the cost of travel by rail on one stretch. It was \$4.54, second class, for 163 miles. The Boston and Albany takes one 233 miles for \$5. For time, this "fast" train ran 28 miles an hour; the B. & A. runs 41, over steeper grades.

The street cars have first and second class. The forward end is second, the latter is first. When the car gets to the end of its route, the driver changes the horses, while the conductor puts the cushions from back to front division of car, and so makes second into first and first into second; both equally dirty, only the first class has the dirty cushions extra!

Think of Trinity Church, with the entire side and ceiling covered with mosaics on a gold ground, and you will know what several of the old churches in Palermo have. The decoration of some of the churches of three or four hundred years ago was mammoth — far more costly than the costliest nowadays. But they were not Florentine mosaics by any means. The proportions and drawing are often ludicrous, but the work is splendid, better than can be done now. A rainbow looks like the Arch of Titus. Elijah is larger than the hills which make the valley in which he sits beside a river that is bigger than a sea. Noah's ark holds eight persons, each larger than itself, and the ark is larger than the two Ararats on which it rests by opportunely placed planks.

There is a queer place just out of Palermo. It is the Capuchin Monastery. About the walls of its very common porch are pictures, votive offerings from miraculously helped people, picture-stories of their deliverance through St. Rosalie, whose history I have told you. In one a man is in bed, and a stream of blood is pouring from his mouth — a stream like a river. The saint appears in a cradle above the bed and he is healed. There are several like this. In another a man tumbles from the yard of a ship; again, a man is stabbed by highwaymen clear through his body, with a knife as big as a scythe. Here, a child is burned up in a house. There, a man sits on one side and a woman on the other side of the room, back to back. Domestic infelicity. Again, a horse falls on a man. In each case the saint is pictured as coming in the cradle-like cloud, and the miracle of healing is implied.

In a great cellar of this monastery are corpses of monks and citizens, mummies, dried up by the peculiar air of the place, arranged in boxes

with glass fronts, so that you can see the entire body in its burial clothes, beard, hair and all. Sometimes two are in one box. Children are numerous; often the photos of the deceased are put with them, giving their appearance in life. In some instances the corpses are arranged standing or sitting against the walls. The monks have no boxes. They are clothed in their gowns and cowls, and stare at you and grin. They are hung by cords fastened up in many ways. There must be thousands of these bodies. I was told that this burial is still in vogue. There are several miles of these subterranean tombs, well lighted, and not offensive to the smell. But to the eyes, what a hideous sight! The old monk who showed us round pointed to one or two places where he thought it likely he himself might be put when dead.

A pleasanter walk was through the garden of the veritable La Cubola, now a decaying building, but with traces of its former splendor. In its ponds were mammoth gold and silver fishes; on its trees were oranges and lemons innumerable; in a room quite open were bushels of lemons in heaps, yet no one hindered our entrance, no one appeared while we were going about and ate our lunch in its summer house.

The Favorita, a palace of the late king, is a summer villa of exquisite beauty, in Chinese style, but with varying decorations in different rooms: one Pompeiian, one Japanese, one Chinese, etc. The most beautiful ceilings I have seen anywhere are here. No one lives in the palace; it is kept for show, and worth showing it is, indeed. It is two or three miles from the entrance to the house.

C. C. B.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY OF LASELL SEMINARY, IN APRIL, 1887. LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

Cassell & Co., editors.	English	
Cathedrals		726.1
Gage, A. R. Physical Technics . .		530.3
Hodgson, Wm. B. Errors in the Use of English		420.5
Huxley, J. H. Physiography . .		551.9
Langland, Wm. Ed. by W. W. Skeats. Piers, the Ploughman . .		821.21
Macy, Jesse Our Government . .		320.1
Tennyson, Alfred. Ed. by W. J. Rolfe. Enoch Arden, and other poems		821.3 ² ₄ a
Shakespeare, Wm. Ed. by W. J. Rolfe. Love's Labor's Lost . .		822.53
Shakespeare, Wm. Ed. by W. J. Rolfe. Troilus and Cressida . .		822.54
Swift, Jonathan. Selections from his works		839.1

A MOORISH wedding in Algiers! Would you like to hear a bit about it? My little guide, a girl of twelve or fourteen years, started quickly from her embroidery, and her bright, smiling face told too plainly she was glad of anything for an outing. I waited for her but a moment, but oh, what a change! Her pretty face was covered with a white kerchief, drawn just under her eyes so tightly as to flatten her nose. A large white mantle thrown over her head quite covered her forehead, so that nothing of her face was visible except the eyes, and was confined by one hand under the chin. I said, pointing to her mask, "*Pastrès agréable*." The quick, sad shudder of the child spoke volumes. She led me on through streets so narrow that I shrank into niches to escape the panniers of the passing donkeys, up the stone steps that paved the hills of the streets, by windowless houses, where it seemed no one could ever live, — certainly, no one who loved the sunshine, — until we stopped at one of the great wooden doors that seem like so many barn doors along the way. They were quickly pushed aside, and we stood in an entrance hall with stone seats all around it. We went up-stairs, and stood on a kind of balcony surrounding an open court. In a long, narrow room off one side this court sat eight or ten bridesmaids on the floor around a large tray, also on the floor, on which their breakfast was being served. It was then between one and two o'clock in the day. Soup, bread, and radishes constituted the first course. These bridesmaids were dressed in various colored muslins, with much jewelry, a kind of silver crown, and long jingling pendants behind their ears reached almost to the waist, and many bracelets on their arms, and anklets on their ankles. Their faces were much painted both with red and white, and here and there little black patches to heighten the contrast. I looked about for the bride, and her pretty little sister ran to the other side of the court, and beckoning me to follow, raised a heavy *portière*. There sat on the floor, or rather on cushions, with a tray of coffee between them, the happy-looking couple. I felt like an intruder peeping under a curtain in that style at a bride and groom, but they courteously motioned for me to enter, and I followed the little sister who led the way. She removed her slippers at the threshold, and then went down, Turkish fashion, on the mat. My high-buttoned American boots would not come off, so I stepped in and presented my congratulations in American fashion. They seemed happy, and received me cordially. After this, by the way, I wore slippers during my stay in Algiers, as we were never allowed to enter a mosque without removing our shoes.

The bride was dressed in white, with a blue

jacket confined at the waist with a silver belt. She had no gloves; but instead her hands and wrists were painted with black in flowers and figures. The groom wore a bright turban, a loose jacket and trousers, with a broad, bright girdle. They were both handsome, and made a pretty picture sitting on the rug among the cushions. The ceremony began on the previous evening with a glass of water. Each one held a glass to the lips of the other. Then, of course, the veil must be removed, and he saw for the first time the face of his chosen companion. All the real marrying was done by the parents previously, but the festivities last five days, during which the house is crowded with women, no man being allowed to cross the threshold except the husband, who comes to breakfast and dinner, and sees the bride alone, for even he must not look upon the bridesmaids. After these festivities are over the house becomes quiet. There are no windows where one can look out except into the court. There is no place to get into the sunshine except upon the terraces of the roof. The bride goes out but seldom, and then closely veiled. She does not even go to church until old; in fact, I have never seen a Moorish woman in a mosque except two or three times, some begging at the door, then not inside.

Oh! ye maidens of Lasell, be thankful that you were born in a Christian land where the women are not slaves.

C. C.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

SOME one shrewdly says that the critics are those who have themselves attempted literary work and failed. There are several grains of truth in this statement, yet like all generalities, it is of too large a pattern to suit all shapes and sizes. However, the fact remains, that the critics are themselves a much criticised race. Vast stores of wit, humor, and sarcasm are annually expended on them. Lowell's "A Fable for Critics" is a good illustration of this class of writing. Again, where shall we find a keener bit of analysis than in the "Foxes Tails"? The old Scotch parson coolly informs his parishioners that he has been to the university and has learned to understand all truths, and that now it is his duty to explain things to ordinary people. But setting aside all pretenders and their bombastic utterances, there must still be some ground for good literary criticism, some way in which we can gain an understanding of literary work, and be able to distinguish the good from the bad.

Many refer us to the author's own personality. In the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* we find the shepherd saying, "But what does his own face say about him, and what does he say and do when not talking and acting for the public? I

tell you, Eric, these are witnesses not to be despised. Therefore, question them well, my boy, question them well." After we have seen and heard an author lecture, his writings seem more real. People go to hear Lowell and Matthew Arnold from an interest in their writings, and not because they are great orators; for their manner of speaking is better fitted for the fireside than for a lecture hall.

The character of an author has much effect upon his style of writing. If we can understand the character we often have the key to the whole situation. A gloomy and reflective man is impelled to write satires as much by his own character as by the surrounding manners. On the other hand, many writings are largely, if not entirely, impersonal.

The biographical study of authors is interesting, but tends to develop in two directions: historical research into trifles and anecdotes. As soon as a celebrated writer dies, his friends and enemies apply themselves to the work of writing his biography. His schoolmates relate the anecdotes of his youth, and some man suddenly recalls word for word the conversation he had with him more than twenty years before. Others make out a list of the different offices he has held, and publish an account of his domestic virtues. All this may be very interesting to those who knew the man, but it is of no use to the world. Biography needs to be reformed before it will become of practical help in interpreting an author.

The surroundings of a writer have great influence upon his style, and a proper understanding of them is often a great aid in interpreting his works. Some authors cannot write unless their surroundings are in harmony with the line of thought they wish to develop, yet there are many instances of men who have been able to continue their intellectual work under the most unfavorable circumstances. Archimedes at Syracuse was able to abstract himself sufficiently from the tumult of a great siege to forget it altogether when occupied with his mathematical problems. Goethe, in the bombardment of Verdun, did not think of what was passing in the conflict around him, but was wholly absorbed in scientific considerations about the phenomena of colors. These examples show that it is possible to be absorbed in any study when surrounded by the most disturbing influences, but even in these cases it would be a mistake to conclude that the surroundings had no effect whatever. The circumstances of an author must have some influence upon his thinking. Even in the case of Goethe, who could study optics on a battle-field, his English biographers recognize the effect of the Frankfort life which surrounded his childhood.

The direction of the world's thoughts at any given period determines the direction of the

individual's thoughts. The great literary works have usually been produced at times when great social or political forces were at work in the outside world. But while a knowledge of social and political forces of biography and personality may help us to a better understanding of a literary work, it cannot always help us in ranking that work. It is preparatory, but not final; we must look for other aids.

Matthew Arnold says the historic method of criticism is the one best adapted to show the distinction between great and little in literature. But this fails even in some of the once standard works, which after a time go out of style, as have the novels of Fielding and Richardson, and it is of no use whatever in criticising new books.

Arnold also says that in order to find out whether a poem is good or not, we must compare a portion of it with some line in a standard poem, and if it does not jar upon us we may call it good. As tests of comparison, he offers Dante's "In God's will is our peace," and Hamlet's "Absent thee from felicity awhile." This seems to be a very artificial way of judging writing, for what might jar upon one person would not upon another; besides, people have such different opinions as to what are the standard works. According to this method, everything must stand or fall, not by its actual, but by its comparative merits.

The best of all critical methods is that which lays stress directly on the work itself. The purpose of literature and what it is expected to do has caused much confusion among critics. The reason that they have been largely incapable of judging of any work of poetry except in the case of imitations, is that there has been no clear and well-settled opinion as to the true purpose of the poetic art. The true test for literature is that it shall be beautiful. There are many theories as to what constitutes beauty. The æsthetic school think anything is good that is beautiful in form, no matter what is within that beautiful form. Sir William Hamilton attributes the effect of beauty to the union of variety with unity, and some think it is due to the association of ideas. But the central idea round which these and other theories cluster is that increased mental activity is the essential effect of beauty. A work of literature must not only express much life, but it must give much life. The book is bad which only narrows and restricts the feelings and ideas, and that is good which awakens activities that tend toward more attainment and being.

Poetry is the highest form of the literary art, because it has the greatest expressive power. Matthew Arnold says that poetry is a criticism of life, and that the greatness of a poet lies in

his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life.

The novel has been subject to many different bases of criticism. One novel will be praised on the ground that it has a moral purpose, another because it paints actual facts, and a third because it depicts an ideal world. The real test for a novel is that it shall be true to life, having pure emotions and noble intentions. Walter Besant and Henry James say that a novel cannot be truly artistic which is not first of all interesting. They make the interest of the story transcend all descriptive beauty or high moral purpose. Wordsworth gave as the criterion of a book, that "it should make us wiser, better, or happier."

But a study of criticism is incomplete without a study of the kind of mind which makes the professional criticism. Some of the critics of the present day do not show much of the disinterestedness which Arnold says is necessary for good criticism. Most of the reviewers are paid to praise a poor book, or to find fault with a good one. If the authors object to being ill-treated, the critic is immediately offended into saying something still more abominable. Mr. Rees thinks that the reviewer, being guided exclusively by a set of obsolete and worthless rules, is necessarily incapable of recognizing genius under any new development. American critics have the reputation of being more kind-hearted than discriminating. Poets are the most fallible critics of poetry, and an author is often the very poorest judge of writings entirely different from his own. Dryden professed a great contempt for some of Burns's poetry, and he objected to Milton's blank verse, to which he thought Milton was driven because he could not write in rhyme. Ben Jonson was anything but a just and impartial critic, and his criticism on contemporary poets was very severe and sweeping. Dr. Johnson was one of the best critics on the classic poets, but he was entirely out of his sphere when he tried to criticise romantic poetry. The man of creative genius is almost as disqualified as millions of others to decide upon the merits of an original production, because, usually, his creative faculties have been developed, and the rest neglected.

Many people, with Wordsworth, hold the critical power very low, and think that the time spent in writing criticisms could be better employed in creating something new of whatever kind it might be, and that this new product would not do half as much harm as the false criticisms. It is natural that poets and novelists should believe that the creative faculty alone is of any true service to the world. But the critical power, though on a lower level than the creative, is of inestimable help in its development. The creative power is undoubt-

edly the highest function of man, but there are other ways of using it than in producing great works of literature. The exercise of the creative power in the production of great works is not always possible, and labor would be wasted in attempting it, which might have been spent in preparing for it by studying and interpreting the works of others. We find that great works are written when the standard of criticism is high, the influence of classical literature great, and when foreign literature is understood and appreciated.

The aid of critics, sufficiently skilled to judge good works, was never as much needed by the average reader as at the present time, when there are vastly too many things to be read in a lifetime, and he is in doubt what to choose. The object of criticism is simply to clear the air about fine works and to start people in the right direction. We only waste our powers when we refuse a guide, and by forcing our minds hither and thither we squander in idle research the time and thought which should be spent in reading something that will benefit us, and we also weaken our judgment by wrong conclusions. It is the duty of the critic to aid people, by his practised judgment, to extract what is good from every field, and to trace those varying degrees of excellence, which it is to their advantage to discern. Thomas Carlyle said he never understood Virgil until he read Heyne's edition, which also gave him an insight into Roman life, and pointed out the circumstances in which the poems were written.

To comprehend the works of a dramatic writer, most people need the aid of a critic. After one has studied the analysis of the ideal Hamlet, which Goethe has given in a few pages of "Wilhelm Meister," he will find the play invested with a new interest, as well as enriched with a deeper significance. What Goethe did for Hamlet has been done by other critics for many of the other characters of Shakespeare. It has often been said that some of these critics find more in his character than Shakespeare intended. This may be true, but even when the critics overdo, they stimulate to inquiry and earnestness. When the duty of the critic has been successfully performed, it invests the author with greater attraction for the reader. One should not follow the opinions of critics so blindly as not to have any of his own. The office of the real critic is simply that of one who, for whatever reason, has reached a point which is still ahead of us. He shares with us the view before him, confident with Tennyson that "We needs must love the highest when we see it." S. H.

THE Juniata Boat Crew have been rowing on the Charles several times.

LOCALS.

"THESE jokes are grand!"

But, —

"Don't make me laugh!"

GREEN grass has arrived.

"THE *freckles* that bloom in the spring, tra-la!"

THE Seniors are having their beautiful, learned-looking countenances placed on card-board. They will soon be for sale at \$14 a dozen.

A DREAM. — "Huyler's pure, fresh, and delicious confections" for sale at the store during recreation hours.

"Let me dream again." There is consolation to be found in that.

LOST, strayed, or stolen, a small, slim, broken, bitten pencil. Finder will confer a great favor by leaving the same at the office, as the owner is financially embarrassed. Chronic state, by the way.

THE gymnasium is now closed on pleasant days.

WE have enjoyed the privilege of listening to Mr. Leon H. Vincent's "Biographical Lectures on English Literature." The attendance upon the eight lectures was optional, but very few students availed themselves of this unwonted privilege. Each evening the chapel was well filled with an audience who listened attentively to the interesting and instructive lectures of this accomplished speaker.

SEALED proposals for the clearing of Room 12 of mice will be received by the Board of Editors of the LASELL LEAVES until 10.30 P.M. on twenty-seventh day of May, 1887, at the office of the editor-in-chief. The Board of Editors reserve the right to reject any and all bids. Mark the envelopes, G. F. de Seiberlingninde.

By order of the Board of Editors,

G. F. DE SEIBERLINGNINDE.

B. L. M. P. HILL-BLISS.

THE Seniors study so hard these warm days, fears are entertained lest they undermine their health, or tire themselves before graduation. We recommend more star gazing, and perhaps it would be well for them to indulge in a game of "hop scotch" now and then, and carry little lunches of maple sugar to classes. Maple sugar, you know, is both nutritious and refreshing.

NEW ARRIVALS: —

A horse, — a fiery steed, too.

A hair-dresser, May 6.

A marker for the tennis courts.

Dandelions on the lawn.

One white cat.

Spring fever. Ah — !

FROM an eight-o'clock recitation: "Is it proper to write, Mrs. Rev. Richard Smith, or Rev. Mrs. Richard Smith?"

Sleepy girl on the back seat: "Mrs. Richard Smith with a D. D. after it, of course!"

A VERY pleasant reception was held in the gymnasium Saturday evening, April 23, in honor of Mr. Vincent.

TEACHER. — "Name the chief varieties of prose composition."

Student. — "Letters, diaries, essays, news, travels, and *dictionaries*."

We have sadly neglected this variety of prose composition, not knowing that it was entertaining. "Live and learn," ye editors!

THE tennis nets are to be seen upon the lawn. A tournament will be next in order. Some one should offer prizes to the contestants this year.

THE Juniata Boat Club held their initiation on Saturday evening, April 23. Five "young women" passed safely through the trying ordeal. After they had entirely recovered from the "terrors" caused by the process of initiating, they were invited to a supper awaiting them in No. 65. The evening was a glorious success in every respect.

PHOTOGRAPHY is the rage here; everything from Lewis to the deer-house has been taken, and the indefatigable amateurs sigh for "more worlds to conquer." They should take tin-types; the demand would be stupendous.

PROF. — "What are the three forms of government?"

Student. — "Republic, monarchy, and anarchy."

ON and after May 20, Senior autographs may be obtained at reduced rates.

GIRL. — "Do buzzards buzz?"

Room-mate (sarcastically). — "No, they sit on trees and jump down at you."

OVERHEARD while out walking: "Hello! what were you doing over there?" "Catching violets."

IF the girls who have played the banjo incessantly since September would hammer the tunes backward for the rest of the year, we think they would be charmed with the melodious strains such practice would bring forth. We have been endowed with a large portion of that admirable virtue, patience; but we *do* like variety, and being charitable, we offer this little suggestion to the banjo devotees.

No. 1. — "You don't feed chickens fodder; cattle eat that, don't you know?"

No. 2. — "Yes, I know cattle are fed hay and corn — and *brine*." A new brand of bran, we infer.

STOUT girl. — "Oh, girls, I'm so *hot*!"

Moderately stout girl — "Yes, we're in the fiery furnace. See, there are Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego."

Thin girl. — "Is that an extract from 'She'?"

QUERY. — "How far can you hear a rattlesnake rattle?"

Answer. — "Depends on the number of rattles."

A DAY laborer was seen by some one from the studio the other day and an appointment made to sketch him. On the day appointed this "son of Erin" appeared at the studio door arrayed in his Sunday best. A glossy coat, much too large, and a heavy brass watch chain were the most noticeable articles of his dress. The girls wanted him for his working costume chiefly, and when he discarded this the charm was gone. The joke was so good they concluded to make two pictures of him. The girls had some difficulty in persuading him to appear in the costume they wished, as he had a vague idea it was not the correct thing to do.

THERE is a skilful tonsorial artist living in No. 43. Patrons will be received at any time, excepting when the class in phonography is reciting.

She No. 1. — "Do you know in what opera Patti is to sing?"

She No. 2 (Looking rather vaguely from her book). — "I think in the Museum, May 7"

SATURDAY evening, May 7, was a merry one at Lasell.

Half past seven saw a throng of girls wending their way towards the gymnasium, to the May festival. Evidently something very unusual was anticipated, for every face wore a look of expectancy. The look of expectancy turned to one of astonishment and pleasure as strains of lively music were heard issuing from the room. Up in the balcony sat installed a brass band. In a second every one was in a whirl of excitement and also in — "the whirl of the dance." The feature of the evening was the May dance around the pole, erected in the centre of the room. Sixteen young ladies grasped the ribbons and danced gracefully this fascinating dance, their light dresses adding much to the brightness of the scene.

During the evening members of the band favored us with solos. A cornet solo — "Schubert's Serenade" — was especially enjoyable.

A great deal of taste was displayed in the arrangement of the decorations in the gymnasium, and the refreshments were also highly appreciated.

All too soon the retiring bell rang forth its summons, — so unwelcome to the gay dan-

cers, — and the party dispersed with three rousing cheers for Mr. Shepherd and the band.

Girl No. 1 — to dog No. 1. — "Here, Peter, come here, old fellow!"

Girl No. 2 — to dog No. 2. — "Yes, come here, what's your name? (Examines collar.) L-i-e, — no L-e-e, or L-i-c. Yes, — it's L-i-c."

Girl No. 1 — to girl No. 2. — "No, it is n't Lic."

Girl No. 2 — to girl No. 1. — "See, he won't answer to any name *but* Lic, — it must be his name."

Girl No. 1 (reluctantly). — "Yes, I believe it is."

Girl No. 1 — to dogs No. 2 and 3. — "Phew, phew, come here!"

Girl No. 2 (in surprise). — "Why, these dogs are named Lic, too!"

Girl No. 1. — "Homely name, too." (Stoops down and reads the names on collars.)

"C. S. Auburndale. Lic. 86." "E. L. Auburndale. Lic. 73." At this period girl No. 2 sits down on a stone wall near by, and bursts into laughter, as it dawns upon her what all this "Lic." means.

"License 86, License 73," she managed to gasp. Her companion does n't say much; apparently she is disgusted. A very wise expression creeps over her face, she murmurs something about a "fertile intellect," opens her Moral Philosophy and begins to study hard.

These girls address all dogs by the good old name of Peter now.

AT a meeting of the Lasell Publishing Association, held May 6, it was decided to have the Board of Editors of the LASELL LEAVES serve one half the year instead of one third, as heretofore. A committee was appointed to decide definitely about changing the form of our paper. We hope they will be more prompt than their predecessors.

THE usual trip to Plymouth was made on Monday, May 10. The party left Lasell at 8.15 A. M., and returned at 6 P. M., sunburned and tired, but nevertheless well pleased with the day's journey.

WE are authorized to announce, for the benefit of future students, that suggestions similar to the list we give below may *some time* be tacked upon the doors of the rooms.

SUGGESTIONS.

Occupants of rooms will not be held responsible for damage done to furniture. Therefore, do not put furniture against the steam pipes; the treatment is too mild; but cut your names all over it, and if you are in the studio, procure paint and besmear the furniture with the latest shades.

Do not close the door quietly; slam it, so the latch will break about twice a term, and the glass in the transom shatter over your head like a summer shower.

Do not use the picture hooks. Pins, tacks, screws, and nails will suffice.

Do not use the steps except in case of fire; but plant your foot firmly on the cane-seated chairs, and don't be alarmed if you go through.

Do not use calendars brought from home; mark out one on the wall, and keep all your little memoranda and diaries there also. This will save time, and be a source of amusement to your friends.

Cut your names in the windows, and if you do not possess a "head-light" with which to do the work, borrow one.

Do not hesitate to remove from another room any piece of furniture that you may fancy, and take from your own all superfluous pieces.

Do not mend holes in the carpet; be careful to get your foot in any you may see, thereby enlarging them.

Do not use chairs all the time; you will find the beds comfortable and convenient.

Do not use scrap baskets; they are out of date. Throw all things out of the window or behind the bureau.

Do not cork your ink or shoe polish bottles. If they are overturned, remember that mottled carpet is fashionable.

Do not reprimand friends for sitting upon the towel racks. There will be extra charges for water used to wash mirrors and windows.

PERSONALS.

KITTY YOUNGS expects to go abroad with the Lasell party in June.

MAGGIE CORCORAN, who has been in Kentucky for several months, has returned to Williamsport.

EVA PARKER has been compelled to leave school on account of illness. She is at present in Auburndale.

JENNIE JACKSON spent part of her Easter vacation in Boston with Etta.

FANNY HANSCOME has removed from Denver to Wichita, Kan.

GERTRUDE PENFIELD is visiting Lou Wells in Denver.

JENNIE BROWN is in Denver. She takes lessons on the mandolin, and is said to be "a very promising pupil."

HATTIE ADAMSON, of Germantown, Pa., and Helen Johnson, of Boston, both of whom were Lasell girls in 1880, made us a flying visit April 27.

MISS LILY FLAGG, with her mother and sister, is travelling in the Southern States.

ADA LANGLEY graduates from the Boston School of Oratory this month.

HATTIE EMORY spent Sunday with Emma Civill.

MISS MERRIAM, of Smith College, spent Sunday with Miss Sheldon.

MARRIED. — April 14, at Trinity Church, Claremont, N. H., Mr. Charles W. Barrett, of Melrose, Mass., and Miss Anna S. Lovering, of Claremont, N. H. The bride and groom left for the North for a short bridal tour on the same evening.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

SCALCHI has been very ill.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is concertizing in Pennsylvania towns.

AIRS from Verdi's "Otello" are already attainable in America.

It has been decided that a statue of Mozart shall be erected directly in front of the Opera House at Vienna. A competition will shortly be initiated for the best design. Up to the present date 63,000 florins, or more than \$26,000, has been raised by public subscription for carrying out the project.

AN international musical exhibition is to be held at Bologna next year. An important feature will be a series of historic performances, illustrating the development of the art from its earliest times.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra continues its triumphal tour of the country. An enthusiastic New-Yorker said: "I did not imagine orchestral playing could be brought to such perfection. This organization alone demonstrates Boston's right to be considered one of the great musical centres of the world."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE reason of "the sun putting out a fire": At the time of day when the sun shines into a room, the fire is often allowed to get dull, and the sun's rays warm and rarify the air in the room as much as the fire warms the air passing over it up the chimney. Hence, the draught ceases, and the fire goes out. To remedy the inconvenience, open the door or the window, to let the warm air out and cold in.

It is stated that the specimens of clay from the Royal Society's borings in the Nile delta have not at present yielded any but "derived" fossils; but beds of gravel found at a depth of a hundred and twenty feet show that the whole surface was formerly a hundred and twenty feet higher, and was that of an ordinary river valley.

THE laboratory of the United States fish commission at Woods Holl is said to be the lar-

gest in the world. There have been hatched there since the 1st of December last over one hundred million codfish, many of them having been sent to harbors of the Pacific coast. Fifty thousand young lobsters have also been raised, notwithstanding the tendency of the young lobsters to devour each other.

PROF. TYNDALL says that the sky is indebted for its blue color to the particles floating in the air.

ART NOTES.

MUNKACSV's "Death of Mozart" is in New York City. Mr. Sedelmeyer intended to exhibit it publicly, but as there is a probability of its being purchased for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, he has not decided whether to show it or not. It is about half the size of the "Christ before Pilate," and has been exhibited in Paris and London.

ALMA TADEMA's last and most famous picture, "Women of Amphis," now at the Royal Academy, has just been sold for 6,000 guineas.

AN exhibiton of etchings by Rembrandt and the artists of his circle is now open in the print department of the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, organized by Mr. S. R. Koehler. The exhibition forms almost a complete exposition of Rembrandt's works as an etcher. Most of the etchings belong to Mr. Henry F. Sewall, of New York.

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has received from Mr. Henry Hilton, Meissonier's famous painting "1807," which he purchased at the recent sale of the Stewart collection, and Edouard Detaille's "Defence of Champigny."

THE death is announced of M. Oudiné, the French medallist and sculptor.

POLITICAL NOTES.

EX-SPEAKER J. G. CARLISLE has declared that he does not wish to be considered a candidate for the Senate from Kentucky, and has made the predictions that the Fiftieth Congress will reduce the revenue both from customs duties and the tobacco tax, and that Mr. Cleveland will again be the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

MR. BLAINE's Western trip served the excellent purpose of giving an opportunity for discovering the drift of sentiment in the Republican party regarding his candidacy in 1888.

It is to be inferred from Mr. Conkling's letter to the American Club in Fitchburg, which last week celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of Gen. Grant's birthday, that he believed that the Republican party is still in existence, though in a comatose condition.

THE Swiss State Council has ratified a literary copyright convention with the United States.

It is reported that Russia has proposed to remit the Turkish war indemnity in return for a cession of territory in Asia Minor.

EXCHANGES.

The Beacon starts upon its new year with a progressive editorial board and glowing prospects. We are glad to notice that the new prospectus includes that always essential department of every live college journal, the exchange column. *The Beacon* is among the first college papers to take up the present popular style of writing letters to dead and living authors. The present issue forcibly points out the absurdities of the Father of Hymns, Rev. Isaac Watts. Let not all this criticism rest upon him alone; numerous Watts still live among us, although it was only of the original one that Johnson made the statement: "He has done better than anybody else what no one has done well."

For a monthly essay reporter the *Hamilton College Monthly* is very well conducted. How sweet must be the monthly composition task, what great and mighty ambitions must be aroused, when one knows that her essay with the ten or twelve other best literary productions of the month will be put in print! To paraphrase slightly,—

"T is sweet to see one's name in print:
An essay's an essay, e'en though
There's nothing in 't."

A little of that sort of writing is very good, but it is scarcely the right kind with which to fill the pages of a college journal. Something more spicy and bright, written without that distasteful school composition flavor, would be much better suited to such a publication.

Now that we have had our say concerning what we consider the great defect of the *Hamilton College Monthly*, we will add some well-deserved praise of the articles entitled "Wanted — Women" and "The Way Girls Write Compositions." The former speaks forcibly of the lack of women fitted physically and mentally to fill their different spheres of usefulness in the world. It is a deplorable but indisputable fact that women mentally fitted are as a rule physically unfitted.

The latter essay is a very good critical hit at the most common faults and absurdities in the ordinary school-girl's manner of writing compositions.

WITH its usual cordiality and kindly notice, the *Newton High School Review* once more greets us. We thoroughly appreciate the thoughtful acts of courtesy which have during the past year been shown us by the gentlemanly

editors of *The Review*. The last paper on Mediæval Literature treated in a happy manner the eventful life and grand writings of Dante. "Chain Links," "How We Two Kept House," and other short stories appearing in the last few numbers are brightly and attractively written. The different departments are all well sustained, and the paper well deserves the prosperity of the past year.

The Dickinson Liberal has been severely criticised of late for its inappropriate, over-righteous style of writing. We consider the criticism just and well deserved. From the beginning to the end of the last few months' issue, this kind of writing has predominated to an inexcusable extent. If the subjects were only well treated, we could with more patience read its columns. In the last issue "The Literature of the Bible," a subject upon which the eminent Matthew Arnold has written page after page, is treated in a column and a half, and poorly, as one might expect. "Saints" and "Tea" are subjects which remind us of our primary-school days when we wrote on "Trees" and "Charity"; and *The Liberal's* treatment of its subjects suggests the school-boy's first essay on "The Horse."

The Sunbeam, glistening with good literary thoughts, shines once more upon the editor's desk. The editorials voice exactly our sentiments regarding the subjects treated. Insincerity is a contagious element which penetrates all communities. Where many reside together, so long as people will ask, and most inexcusably, what our opinions are concerning their personal acts, insincerity seems the only alternative to deeply wounding their feelings, and ruining our friendly relations with them.

The defence against the mistaken ideas concerning the educational standard and purpose of ladies' colleges is thoughtfully and fitly written. Too often a sneer is unjustly cast at

the character of higher education among young women.

WE are one of Lasell's "old girls," over whom the exchanges wax facetious. At our advanced age anything which carries us back to our childhood is worth more to us than a spring bonnet or an editorship on the *LEAVES*. It has been many, many moons since we were so completely rejuvenated as in poring over the contents of the *Yale Courant* of April 23. Again we were a guileless, innocent child, eagerly perusing, in our own little room, a story in Godey's Lady's Book for 1850, — a story so like the *Courant's* "Jilted" that their own authors could not tell them apart. Again, as our mother's footfall approached our apartment, we deftly and artlessly slipped the forbidden story under our handy Sunday-school paper, "The Lambs of the Flock," or some such meaty publication; and upon the entrance of our maternal progenitor we were "discovered" meekly reading the twin story to the *Courant's* "A Light Under a Bushel." How our e. c. must enjoy its blessed power to thus lend sunshine to the lives of its "constant readers"! How beautiful the task of bringing back the sweet halo of youth to brows furrowed with the cares and trials of this terrestrial existence! Selah.

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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AGAIN, the time and tide that waits for no man, rings out the old, rings in the new; another Commencement has come and gone. The weather, of which New England has so large a stock ready made, seemed ordered for the occasion, so perfect was each day; not even a cloud marred the perfectness. The smoothness with which the exercises of Com-

mencement week flowed along certainly indicates the forethought and executive ability of our preceptress, Miss Chamberlayne; only a woman at the helm, and still the year has been a prosperous one for all concerned. Our dear Prof. Bragdon was with us about six weeks at the opening of the school year, then he sailed to Europe, leaving our esteemed and beloved Miss Chamberlayne to fill the position both of principal and of a preceptress who has had twelve years experience at Lasell. Thus, although called upon to fill the position of man and woman both, when weighed in the balance she was not found wanting. We congratulate the administration on having secured such a combination of interesting features for the programme of Commencement week. To our knowledge no other school, of the pretensions of Lasell, has such a number of illustrious persons and noted speakers during Commencement week, as we have had. The exercises were in all respects a glorious success.

THE Alumnae Association should consider itself fortunate in having secured Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson to deliver their address. The subject treated was "The American Woman Abroad and at Home," and was delivered in an earnest, enthusiastic manner calculated to inspire every American woman with a deeper sense of her own freedom, and a broader conception of the condition of woman in other lands. She entered a very earnest plea for the extermination of the English custom of chaperoning girls, which has crept in among us through the false standard of propriety set up by those fashionable mothers, who, having been abroad six weeks, are *so English, you know*. Their manners, their dress, their coat-of-arms, it's all *English, you know*. Since the exercises were public, it is to be deeply regretted that more of the undergraduates did not avail themselves of this opportunity of hearing so distinguished a speaker.

IF any one who has left money with me, to have photographs finished, does not receive them within a fortnight, and will notify me, by postal, I will see that they are sent.

J. A. C.

ONE of the notable occasions that marked the never-to-return school year was the concert given June 9 in our gymnasium. The concert went off in a manner that left nothing to be desired or criticised. Each part was rendered with ability and accuracy. The programme was as follows:—

PUPILS' COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 9, 1887, AT 7:45 O'CLOCK.

PROGRAMME.

FIRST PART.

PIANO-FORTE QUARTETTE. Marche Hongroise, *Liszt*
MISSSES BAILEY, McECHRON, C. BROWN, AND SPARKS.

SONG. Hast Thou e'er seen the Land? From Mignon, *Thomas*
MISS M. PAGE.

PIANO-FORTE. Andante, Spinato, and Polonaise . *Chopin*
*MISS ADAMS.

SONG. Se Crudele il cor Mastrai *Betty*
MISS LOWE.

PIANO-FORTE TRIO. Concerto in D Minor. Three
Piano-Fortes *Bach*
Allegro — Marcato — Alla Siciliana — Allegro.
MISSSES E. STAFFORD, BAILEY, AND MR. HILLS.

SONG. Within my Chamber. Recitative and Aria from
Don Munio *Buck*
MISS BARBOUR.

CHORUS. Rosebud on the Heather *Gade*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

* Graduate in music.

PROGRAMME.

SECOND PART.

VOCAL QUARTETTE The Bridegroom . . . *Brahm*
(Getherela Quartette.)
MISSSES HOLLINGSWORTH, BAILEY, JOY, AND MUNGER.

SONG. Ave Maria *Raff*
(With Violin Obligato by Miss Dietrick.)
MISS MUNGER.

PIANO-FORTE. Concerto in E Minor . . . *Chopin*
Romanze and Rondo.
*MISS NINDE.

SONG. Io So Volar *Arditi*
MISS HOLLINGSWORTH.

PIANO-FORTE QUARTETTE. Waltz in A Flat, *Moszkowski*
MISSSES NINDE, BAILEY, ADAMS, AND E. STAFFORD.

CHORUS. Hunting Song *Humme*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

Orchestral accompaniments supplied at a second Piano-Forte
by Mr. Hills.

* Graduate in music.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

THE Baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Bishop Andrews to a large and deeply interested audience. His manner was direct, conversational, and forcible. The theme of his discourse was, "Paul at Athens"; and before announcing the text, — Acts xvii. 23, — he gave a short account of the persecution of Paul and his followers before reaching Athens. Paul had come alone to the great city to rest and wait for his disciples before beginning work there. Athens at that time was the university city of the race; the centre of all the arts; its streets thronged with professors and students eager for knowledge and some new truth.

Paul had never seen such a city before, and with his spiritual insight and life, probably was not greatly impressed by the merely physical beauties, although he must have known their value. "His spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry," and he began to talk and preach to the people in the streets and market-places. Paul's personal appearance was against him, but his personality was the greatest in history, Christian, at least, and his words must have been very impressive. The philosophers heard of his preaching and new doctrine, and escorted him to Mar's Hill, where all might hear him. The Acropolis was a very sacred place to the Athenians, with idols and altars to their different gods; one to the "Unknown God" about them; and Paul must have been inspired by this opportunity of preaching Jesus to them. He showed his wisdom in using Demosthenes' old style of address, which would reach them quickest.

"Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you," was the text, and the sermon was divided into four heads: the Presence, Resource, Power, and Nearness of God.

First. Paul declares God the universal and illimitable Presence who dwelleth not in temples made with hands. The only localization of God possible is in the individual soul.

Second. God is all resourceful, and not dependent upon man's help; nor can man atone for sin by gifts to God. God is not worshipped by magnificent temples, but by the heart of man.

Third. God's power is shown in history by the plan developed in the struggles of nations for civil and religious liberty. History is not the chaos it seems.

Fourth. The Greeks felt and believed in no personal connection with God, and Paul showed them that it was possible for each individual to find and know God.

We must have the nature of God, and be made in His image to apprehend Him. Yet we so mar the image, and allow our hearts to

become so narrow and selfish, we cannot see and feel God.

Only when men make the true and best use of their faculties, and open their hearts and minds to God, can He be real to them, or work in them.

This closed the sermon, and turning to the class the speaker impressed upon them the advantage and responsibility of having been educated amid Christian influences. They should cherish the possibility of knowing and serving God, who would be the chief good of their lives. Finding and living with God depend upon the steady training of all the moral faculties, and steady cultivation of conscience.

The Congregational choir furnished fine and appropriate music, and the closing prayer was given by Bishop Foster. L. E. M.

CLASS DAY (June 13).

CHAPEL EXERCISES.

PRESENTATION OF THE CLASS,

MISS FLORENCE EVELYN BAILEY

PIANO-FORTE. The Chase Reinberger
MISS JANE R. NINDE.

CLASS HISTORY. . . MISS LIZZIE BRAINARD BURNHAM

COMPOSITES. Lasell, '77, '87, and '97 . . MISS SALLIE HEAD

RECITATION. Selected
MISS ANNE MAUDE MITCHELL.

CLASS PROPHECY. . . MISS CARRIE SALOMÉ FOSTER

PROPHECY ON PROPHET . . MISS ROSE MARIE WELT

SONG. All Things, O Maiden Rotoli
MISS BLANCHE MAIE LOWE.

POEM MISS HATTIE LAVINIA ROBBINS

OLLAPODRIDA . . MISS MERCY STEVENS SINSABAUGH
DIRGE.

LAWN EXERCISES.

BURNING OF THE BOOKS Elegy
MISS AGNES COLE KINGMAN.PLANTING OF THE TREE. . . . Oration
MISS EMMA BRACE CIVILL.PEACE RITES Mistress of Ceremonies
MISS GRACE IRENE SEIBERLING.

CLASS SONG.

MISS BLANCHE MAIE LOWE. MUSIC BY MISS JANE R. NINDE.

Side by side to-night we stand
To sing our parting song.
We look upon the friends we love,
And memories in a throng
Come rushing o'er us, like a shower
Of jewels, clear and bright;
The unbidden tears rise to our eyes;
Our hearts are full to-night.

Happy years have been the four
Since friendship's chain was cast;
Each link a firm, unbroken one,
Remains so to the last.

In all our sorrows, all our joys,
We have been one at heart,
And shall be in the years to come,
Though cast by Fate apart.

Vanished are our school-girl days,
Their pleasures gone forever,
Like the soft ripples lightly blown
O'er Time's deep-flowing river.
We must look out into Life's face,
And learn its meaning deep,
"No footsteps backward," pressing on
Our pathway we must keep.

Should cares perplex us, sorrows frown,
Or we are filled with sadness,
Spanned by the rainbow of Memory
Shall be our sky, and gladness
Shall reign within our hearts again.
The clouds shall all be riven;
The sun will shine its brightest then,
On the class of "eighty-seven."

[We have been called in from a game of tennis to write an account of the Senior reception. We propose to do it decently and in order, so have borrowed our chum's French dictionary, and shall give our whole attention to the matter in hand. We shall start with the date, thus: "On Tuesday evening, June 14," a date is always a good thing to start with; it is concise and to the point, and does not require a reference to the French dictionary. This particular French dictionary was purchased by our chum during a period of temporary financial embarrassment, consequently, the type is so small as to be rather trying to the naked eye. Well, after having the date set forth, we shall proceed to the guests. We should like to tell the plain truth in plain English, and say the guests were nice guests, and seemed to enjoy themselves rather more than people usually enjoy receptions. But that would not do. Anybody could say that. We must speak of them as a very *recherché* assembly. The toilets must be noticed as *comme-il-faut*, and above all, everything must be as merry as a marriage bell.

It is a mighty poor little reception that can't go merry as a marriage bell.

After the guests, the Seniors must have a chance. Instead of merely stating that we know the girls, and that they are nice girls, and that they don't look *much* better in their party dresses than in their school dresses, because they are pretty girls anyhow, we shall rave over the fourteen sweet girl graduates with an ardor that will turn the Hamilton College Monthly green with envy. We shall dwell upon their petite figures with a sublime disregard of the fact that the average height of the class is something like five feet nine and a half, and *mignon* faces shall be distributed to the whole fourteen with strict impartiality. No Senior shall say we do not treat her fairly; we will even go so far as to offer *retroussé* noses to any wishing them, and no questions asked as to Irish ancestors.

When the Seniors are finished to suit us, we shall proceed to consider the reception as a

whole, not forgetting to mention that the guests viewed our new pictures with the eye of a connoisseur. The collation will be spoken of in glowing terms, and the band referred to as a discouser of sweet sounds.

Oh! we shall write the reception up in fine style when we have time — which we haven't now, as our game of tennis is still waiting, and it is our advantage in a deuce set.]

M. I. S.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

NEVER was there a more beautiful day than June 15, 1887. Lasell looked her prettiest, and smiled her brightest welcome, to the many friends who gathered beneath her hospitable roof.

The early morning hours differed little from those of previous Commencement Days; there was the usual bustle and chatter, caused by the sudden recollection of innumerable "last things" that must be done.

After breakfast came the last chapel service for the year. One of the Seniors chose the morning hymn; it voiced the thought of many a heart, and the merriest faces grew serious as the earnest voices sang, "God be with you till we meet again." Loving thoughts clustered around the girls, who would not meet in that chapel again as pupils, and there rose a prayer for God's blessing upon them in their widely separated lives.

The graduating exercises were held in the M. E. Church, as usual; and, as usual, the church was filled to overflowing. Dr. Pierce, editor of *Zion's Herald*, offered the invocation. Arthur Gilman, of Harvard, gave the address; his subject was "Education and Progress." After sketching a vivid picture of woman's limited education in past centuries, he spoke more fully of the recent change of attitude toward that subject in New England, and showed how every door to education and culture is open, or opening, to the woman of today, and urged the members of the graduating class to appreciate and grasp the wondrous opportunities that lie before them.

The "good-bye" for the class was given by Blanche Lowe. Tears had been near many eyes all the morning, and Blanche's words of farewell called them forth; even some of the stern (?) faculty were seen wiping their eyes in a very suspicious way.

Diplomas for graduation in piano-forte were given to Winnifred Adams and Jane Ninde.

The prizes for the best bread were won by Louise Dietrick and Mamie Peck. Complimentary mention was given the bread made by Josie Wallace.

Mr. Bragdon then presented diplomas to the fourteen graduates, whose names and the subjects of whose essays are as follows: —

Florence Evelyn Bailey, — "The Mediæval Saint."

Lizzie Brainard Burnham, — "The Woman M. D. in Literature."

Emma Brace Civill, — "The Psychology of Dreams."

Carrie Salomé Foster, — "The Evolution of the Club."

Sallie Head, — "Literary Criticism."

Agnes Cole Kingman, — "Æstheticism in Art and Literature."

Blanche Maie Lowe, — "Two Portraits of Evil."

Anna Mitchell, — "Childhood in Modern Literature."

Jane Ninde, — "A Study."

Mary Frances Noyes, — "The Knights of Malta."

Hattie Lavinia Robbins, — "India Mythology."

Grace Irene Seiberling, — "The History of the English Novel."

Mercy Stevens Sinsabaugh, — "Three Theories of Friendship."

Rose Marie Welt, — "Caste in American Society."

In speaking of the graduating exercises, mention should be made of the fine vocal music furnished by the male quartet and five of the Seminary girls.

A delightful feature of the day was the return to the old custom of having lunch on the lawn. The part of the grounds near the gymnasium was the spot chosen, and a more satisfactory selection could not have been made.

At three o'clock all the wise ones took their way to the Seminary chapel, to hear Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson address the Alumnæ Association. She spoke of "The American Woman Abroad and at Home," and gave her audience a rich treat. Every woman who listened must have felt a thrill of patriotic pride as Mrs. Woolson described the women whom she met abroad, and told how American women surpassed all others in knowledge and practical ability. The other exercises of the Alumnæ comprised instrumental music by Miss Ninde, of '87, vocal music by Misses Prickett and Whipple of '85, and a reunion hymn, written by Mrs. Ada Langworthy Collins of '61.

By five o'clock few guests remained, except the Alumnæ, who gathered once more on the lawn for their annual supper.

In the evening, the few who were left at the Seminary gathered in little groups and talked over the events of the day, unanimously voting it one of the pleasantest Commencements that Lasell has enjoyed.

S. C.

THE Leyden jar was discovered in 1745 by Cunens, a philosopher of Leyden.

"S. D." BANQUET.

On the evening of May 28 the "S. D." Society held their annual banquet, and an enjoyable affair it proved to be. The guests were received in the parlors by officers of the society, while the members did their part by entertaining. A brief programme had been arranged, consisting of a vocal solo by Miss Prickett; a piano solo by Miss Barbour; and a harp solo by Miss Lamme.

After this a general move was made to the dining-room, and the club turned their attention to the tables; the one at which the Seniors were seated was beautifully decorated, a large bouquet of roses being placed at each plate. The toast-mistress welcomed the guests in a short address, and the following toasts were given: —

THE SENIORS	Miss Lloyd.
"Push on; keep moving."	
OLD "S. D.'s"	Miss Packard.
"United, yet divided."	
THE CAMERA	Miss Wallace
"Anything for a quiet life."	
THE LASELLIA	Miss McEchron
"Fame! Glory! Power!"	
THE BANJO	Miss Ward
"Bid me discourse; I will enchant thine ear."	

The response to "The Camera" was perhaps the most enjoyable, being written in rhyme, though all were witty and original. Prizes were awarded to every one but the right one, causing much laughter. The equestrian, the high jumper, the agriculturalist, the most indolent, were all remembered, together with many more.

When the tables were relieved of their burden of dainties, the club was invited to the gymnasium, and dancing was enjoyed until the inevitable hour for retiring arrived. All voted the evening one of the merriest the "S. D." Society ever enjoyed.

D. E. L.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY OF LASELL SEMINARY, IN MAY, 1887.

Emerson, R. W.	Essays, 2 vols. 1st and 2d series	814.7
Emerson, R. W.	Conduct of Life	814.3
Emerson, R. W.	English Traits	814.9
Emerson, R. W.	Miscellany	814.10
Emerson, R. W.	Representative Men	814.11
Emerson, R. W.	Letters and Social Aims	814.12
Emerson, R. W.	Nature Addresses and Lectures	814.13
Campbell, Helen.	Prisoners of Poverty	331.3
Campbell, Thos.	Complete Poetical Works	821.22
Dyer, Rev. T. F. Thistleton.	Domestic Folk-Lore	291.7
Higginson, Thos. W.	Common Sense about Women	177.7

Lanier, Sidney. The Science of English Verse	436.1
Lanier, Sidney. The English Novel	801.1
Martin, Lady (Helena Fawcett). Female Characters of Shakespeare	822.57
Müller, Max. The Science of Language, vol. 1	400.1
Parton, Jas. Noted Women of Europe and America	920.35
Sainte Beuve, C. A. Monday Chats (trans. by Wm. Mathews) . . .	844.1
Shakespeare. Ed. by W. J. Rolfe. Timon of Athens	822.58
Titus Andronicus	822.59
Reber, Franz von. History of Mediæval Art	709.8
Whipple, Edwin P. American Literature	820.8
Whipple, Edwin P. Recollections of Eminent Men	814.14

LASELLIA CLUB BANQUET.

THE Seniors were entertained and feasted by the Lasellias on the evening of June 11. The club room was beautifully decorated with festoons of soft bunting of blue and white, and garlands of flowers. The colored lights, the rich rugs and handsome chairs, made the whole appearance that of an Oriental apartment. The fourteen dignified Seniors were received by the President, Miss Hogg, in a most hospitable manner.

We had the honor of the presence of Miss Gussie Lowe, Miss Lizzie Whipple, and Miss Lillie Upton, all loyal Lasellias.

Miss Whipple sang two selections, much to the delight of her hearers, and Miss Upton, assisted by a banjo, rendered several Irish songs in such a clever style that the new girls were convinced that the old girls had not prevaricated, and that Lillie's entertaining manner is inimitable. Miss Upton also favored us with a recitation in Irish dialect.

The hour for eating and drinking came only too soon. The tables were artistically decorated with flowers, and laden with a bountiful repast. The *menus* and dance orders were the handiwork of the committee, and were unique and dainty. Each Senior was presented with a bouquet of roses, attached to her *menu* by a knot of ribbon. Miss Helen Underwood acted as toast-mistress, and afforded great amusement by her witty remarks.

Miss Gussie Lowe responded to the toast, "Our Guests"; Miss Florence Bailey, "Seniors"; Miss Emma Civill, "S. D. Society"; Miss Josephine Bogart, "Murdoch's Food"; Miss Etta Stafford, "Post-Graduate Class"; Miss Mabel Hill Bliss, "Dress Reform"; Miss Lulie Hogg, "Lasellia Club."

All of the toasts were exceedingly amusing, especially the "Post-Graduate Class" with its

full corps of officers passing everything by a two-thirds vote, and its remarkable unity of voice in all matters; while the picture of the "Dress Reform maiden" was vivid indeed:—

See her coming,
Curly hair;
Sleeves loose and easy,
Wrists brown and bare.
Skirts of spring growth,
Short and neat;
(Striped stockings all complete,)
Thus they plainly show her feet;
Newton swells cry, what a treat!
No cruel stays there go to waist,
To shove her short ribs out of place;
No bustle warps her form divine,
And gives her curvature of the spine;
No corns upon her toes do grow,
Her shoes have rooms for each, you know,
And small piazzas round them go.
You'll recognize her now, I trow,
This Dress Reform that's coming slow.

Miss Bliss asserted that although this maiden was so far in arrears as yet, that she could be seen only with the aid of a telescope, still, she is pointed due east and progressing down the age with a Xantippe trip.

The prizes were awarded to the most unsuspecting members, and provoked shouts of laughter. The Senior class yell was one of the features of the evening. Never did a Senior class at Lasell yell in such a professional tenor. Long live Lasellia to banquet its guests and the Seniors so royally.

H.

A STUDY.

(Suggested by Miss Jewett's Country "By-Ways.")

THERE is no such solid enjoyment in life as to lie in a hammock swinging over a brook, the singing water below me lending its notes as an accompaniment to the low murmur of my voice as I read aloud to my cousin Rachel. She sits on the log near me,—an old hemlock-tree, that was long ago bereft of its verdure, then of its branches, and has at last pulled up its large roots out of the shallow sand and lain down to rest and decay across this trout stream.

I always associate pine woods with a trout brook, and a trout with immeasurable moss-covered logs. This one is parallel with my hammock, and Rachel,—may she hereafter be rewarded,—as often as she accomplishes a row in the afghan she is making, puts down her work and gives the hammock a gentle push. It is like clockwork, and I swing away lazily until she winds me up again at the end of another row.

We are near a road, and the bridge is just below us. There are some little urchins with mud-colored bare feet and jolly faces, sitting on the edge fishing, with strings and bent pins for the trout which, tradition says, haunt the shady nooks of the stream. These are noisy

intruders in this silent, far-off place; and though we are braver than any fish, and will not be frightened away by their noise, we try various stratagems to keep them quiet. Rachel, who has a sympathetic nature, and is fond of children, has just delighted the youngest with a cap made of leaves. He is a sturdy little fellow, very fond of his first pair of pants, the pockets of which are bulging out, and seem ready to burst with the overflow of string, sling-shots, and marbles, his face is oh, so dirty, but cherubic in its innocence.

The small fisherman lets his pole and line fall into the water and hurries to put on the cap. With an air of pride he jams his dirty fists into his pockets and struts up and down, the admiration of himself and the rest. Rachel laughs at the comical little fellow, and says, "How true that all is to human nature!"—All what? I have just finished a chapter, most of which she has not heard in her absorption in her protégé, and now I look up to see where she finds her example of human nature. Why, look! see the vanity already showing itself in the child!—and she goes on to deduce some general theories and propositions from this special case. But while we discuss the moral element in these ragamuffins, they have evidently grown disgusted with the poor fishing, and have wandered up the road to a patch of wild raspberries. We can just see, through the trees, their heads appearing and disappearing among the bushes, and every little while the sound of their noisy voices in dispute come to us. Except these far-off childish voices there is no sound now in this wild forest save the ripple of the stream, the dull murmur of our voices and the sighing of the wind through the tops of the pine-trees.

What more peaceful than to lie here with one's face turned upward, and gaze at the sky through a fretwork of nodding and gossiping top branches of pine and birch trees? They rustle and whisper, and find more to busy themselves about than a church sewing society. I turn my head to the left, and try to separate and untangle the many different branches, and find out from what trunk they come; for here the trees are all interlaced, crooked and straight, old and young. They must even get mixed up themselves, and have to call a council to find out who they are. The pines are the straightest in the company; and there is one over there by you, Rachel, that is serving as a crutch for a decrepit old birch. It almost staggers under the weight of the burden; but the old invalid does not seem to mind at all having some younger life hold her up, and reclines at her ease. In these apparent good-for-naught branches there is a whole colony of squirrels, and now that the place has become quieter, several of the little creatures have peered out of their hiding-places

and shown us their striped coats and beady eyes. Rachel tries to coax them to come near us and be friendly; but they are so coy and shy, and hard to please,—such coquettes too, making eyes at one, and then whisking off again at the least advance to further the acquaintance.

They have their own notions too, these shy friskers, though they be flirts; and pretty good notions they are, sometimes, for they are very wise and dainty in their manners, and choice about their eating. Now one has come out and is sitting on his tail on a big limb in front of his magazine of stores, munching away at an acorn, held so daintily between his paws. He eats a bit and nods, and says,—at least so Rachel thinks,—“Come up here, you silly mortals, and enjoy a taste of my dinner, and of my gay and unhampered life.” Rachel goes on to say that she finds a resemblance in our blithe little neighbor to a jolly little old bachelor, dried up by researches, and still keeping his freshness of heart, and enjoying immensely his own wit and learning.

You see Rachel has lately become greatly interested in the transmigration of souls, and “Pug, the monkey.” I have also noticed of late that Rachel has often spoken enthusiastically of the many beauties of Platonic love. However, I believe myself that she has not heard from a certain young man for a week or so, and is now trying to convince herself,—and me,—that, after all, she is only Platonically inclined toward him. Ah, Rachel, if you *will* turn into an orchid or a passion flower, perhaps it is best you should try to make yourself believe such dwarfish theories. Fantastic; yes, all your beliefs will ever be poetical and fantastic; but may Heaven shield thee from being compelled to content thyself with only Michael Angelo’s love for Vittoria, or from the worse misfortune of being transformed into a South African missionary.

Suddenly, I turn to Rachel and hold up our book. She laughs, and we have a merry little time joking about our dreamy talk. The squirrels look astonished at our noise, then flirt their tails in the air, and scamper off into their retreats disgusted with such hilarity. Is it not strange, Rachel, that we should have so become possessed with the spirit of the place? Why, no, not strange, for the “murmuring pines and the hemlocks” sing a lullaby that will put any one’s earthly senses to sleep, if she will only have sensitive enough hearing. Jane, do you not already feel as if you were growing like the beautiful scene around you? I have brought my soul into sympathy with that tall fern on the bank that nods so gracefully with every puff of wind! But let us turn from our day-dreams to our book. Rachel is varying in her moods and tastes, so I am quite

puzzled sometimes about what to bring with us on our wanderings. This time I brought the “Marble Faun,” and as an after thought, tucked under my arm a book of Emerson’s essays, for my conscience smote me when I reflected how little solid reading we were doing these drowsy summer days. Now that we have become so dreamy, so fanciful, I conclude to keep poor Emerson still in the background, and to keep on with the poetical fancy of Hawthorne. Rachel is delighted, and we begin again at once to read,—but how much?—until we come to discussing Donatello, and how well he fits into this green niche. Poor Faun! says Rachel, can you not see him, at first a creation almost akin to the woods and fairy beings that haunt them,—friend of the squirrels and birds, gay and free like them? Yes, Donatello’s great love of nature is so child-like, and he is so much a part of nature, that we pity him all the more when he comes in contact with wickedness and, wild, simple creature that he is, becomes estranged from the life he was intended to live. Hawthorne seems to sympathize with Donatello; yet to what a fate he subjects his beautiful creation? It is like a parent punishing the child he holds nearest his heart. The real material for a Donatello was surely in our wild weird genius, and his love for nature was as passionate and real as if the waving trees of his favorite nooks and walks were human beings. The birds, the flowers were things not to be analyzed calmly, and surveyed with the eye of a critic, but to be caressed, held tenderly and loved. How differently two lovers of nature speak of the cardinal flower! Hawthorne says, “Its gorgeous scarlet is a joy even to remember. The world is made bright by flowers of such a hue. Even perfume, which otherwise is the soul and spirit of a flower, may be spared when it arrays itself in this scarlet glory. It is a flower of thought and feeling, too; it seems to have its roots deep down in the hearts of those who gaze at it.” Then there is Miss Jewitt’s exquisite description of the flower, full of a dainty appreciation, a quiet photograph of its charms taken at a suitable distance and thoroughly objective.

There is a different way still of looking at nature,—the microscopic view taken by the hermit Thoreau. Now, Rachel, here would be a place,—here by this brook,—where the hermit could level his glass at nature undisturbed. “Yes,” says Rachel, “but I think he was content to abide by his little lake, surrounded by the forests he loved, and every feature of which he knew, down to the minutest detail.”

Now, I think that, in his jovial way, Charles Dudley Warner has shown about as much love for nature in his “Summer in a Garden,” as

any of these we have spoken of. He revels in it; he delights in watching his bean-poles grow, and in hoeing out his natural enemies,—snake-grass and pusley.

Rachel looks doubtful at my last example of a nature lover, but avoids, slyly, the necessity of answer, by calling my attention to certain “tinny” sounds in the distance. My! what kind of a batallion of tinkers have we coming up the road? At first the sound was faint. Now it grows louder and louder, and we hear all kinds of voices in the distance, singing in all keys, the new tune of “Seeing Nellie Home,” to a tin bucket accompaniment, with loud rub-a-dub-dub interludes in each pause.

“Well, here are our friends, Jane. They have found us out at last.” I turn my provoked head around, and, sure enough, there is a cloud of dust advancing toward us, and behind it a whole colony of campers-out, in flannel suits and straw hats; and, alas for us, with altogether too many pails on their arms. Now we must climb down off our high perches,—mental and physical,—and go to help in the picking of huckleberries for supper.

Farewell, O fair and lovely retreat; and to thee, wise philosopher of the tribe of “busky tail,” we would express our great regret that we did not take thy sage advice and leave thy lower, berry-picking world, escape to thy lofty station in the tree-tops, there forevermore to swing in ease; and, looking down from our high observatory, gather wisdom instead of huckleberries from the poor, struggling world below.

J. N.

PLYMOUTH.

ON Monday, May 8, a small party of loyal souls took a very unceremonious leave of the Seminary, their object being the exploration of the land of our forefathers. When but part way to the station the train whistled in, a not unusual occurrence, and regardless of lookers-on, all took to their heels. Through the kindness of Lewis, the train was detained, and seats were taken amidst many inquiring glances from those already aboard. It seemed that many had the same destination in view as ourselves, for the train at the Old Colony was well-nigh filled on our arrival.

Those who had never seen the ocean were soon enabled to take in refreshing draughts from it, and to gaze on that hitherto unknown part of the element which covers the earth’s surface. All were too busy taking in the scenery to pay much attention to anything inside of the car, except as an occasional visit from Professor or Mr. Shepherd solicited a response. One serious question arose as to who could point out on the map the situation of Plymouth. Only two felt quite certain; and of these, one had looked it up before starting,

and the other was a resident of an adjoining town. Alas for our geography! We understand that one young lady had a fancy for sketching, and was entertaining her little company with a sketch of a young girl opposite, when a man seated beside the aforesaid young girl leaned forward and said that he had a daughter in the art school, and thought he could judge of the merits of the work. This was a squelch, but was boldly sustained.

The first suggestion of Plymouth was the partly finished monument of Miles Standish, on Captain's Hill; the reality came upon entering the broken-down station. Nevertheless, the street, with the hotel, and the new residence in process of erection, presented a more pleasing appearance.

At the monument, Professor brought forth his camera, and nothing would do but all must be quiet while he counted ten, and try to look real pleasant, smile a little, and hold up their heads.

Again, after sitting and standing on the Rock, we posed with it as a background. Little did we think when we gave in our names to go on the excursion that at every stopping place we must wait for the sun to print our features on a plate of glass.

Next, to the graveyard, where with mingled grief and delight we studied those stones which mark the resting-place of our fathers. Whittier's words came to our minds, —

"We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
Their written words we linger o'er."

Perhaps their quaint epitaphs were expressive of their feelings; but it hardly seems to our mirth-loving eyes that words like these can express true sorrow, or impart to the beholder a feeling of resignation, —

"Look down and view
The hollow, gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons comes."

To return to mortals, we began to feel the pangs of hunger, and forthwith seated ourselves in a vacant part of the cemetery, where our hunger was appeased by a bountifully supplied lunch. We did not choose this dining-room from any desire to rival the Capuchin monks. A kind resident furnished us water and a barrel for débris.

Prof. Cassidy attempted to walk among the graves regardless of stones, but found to his sorrow that they offered some resistance, for the centre of gravity had too great an attraction for him. Again that camera was stationed before us, and again all was still, with the exception of the three small boys of the party. Here we bade farewell to the camera, and went on our way rejoicing.

A vote was taken as to whether we should

go a-maying or visit the jail. The latter carried the day, as none of us expected ever to get in, and especially out, so cheap again, so after visiting the Court House, the prison extended its hospitality. It was honor enough for one day to stand on the very spot where Besse breathed his last only a month before.

Liberty Hall now remained to attract us, and

"Oh that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arose in me,"

as I saw the pictures of those to whom we are indebted for our peace and happiness.

At the station it seemed to be the style to buy Mayflowers; and presumably the flower boy wished more than once that we would come oftener.

Hardly were we started on our homeward way when our thoughtful superintendent sent round in a continuous string the following courses: —

First. Small round crackers (went well).

Second. Square snowflake crackers (not fancy enough).

Third. Olives and pickles (disappeared rapidly).

Fourth. Bread and ham (too substantial).

Fifth. Graham crackers (that's good, too).

Sixth. Mixed candy (left sweet recollections).

Seventh. Mirror. (Oh, what sights!)

We found a tempting dinner awaiting us at home, and with our sun-burned faces shed a radiance throughout the dining-hall.

M. L. C.

LOCALS.

THE wished-for daisies arrived before the close of school.

How did you like the "Annex" maid?

POPULAR drink, — "essence of water."

THE pictures of the Juniata Boat Club were a failure. The photographer could not make the river stand still long enough to catch an expression.

MOSQUITOES and June bugs were on hand, as usual, this year.

"WHAT time does the 2.07 train go?"

THE Juniors had their class supper in Boston. "A fine time," they say.

ON the train the other night, one of the girls looked at her watch to see what station the train had stopped at. Tea, coffee, or soda?

FRESHMAN! "Something has *stang* your eye."

MISS M. has lost her blue jersey. We extend our heartfelt sympathy, for we know with

what deep sorrow she must have parted with that venerable article of dress.

THERE is a report in school that, during the summer, Lasell will be furnished with electric lights and a passenger elevator.

To the class of '87 we offer our cordial congratulations.

A NEW catalogue has been issued. An improved edition.

LAWN tennis has been more popular than boating, this year.

THE Studio girls were too modest to have their work exhibited in the chapel.

SATURDAY evening, June 4th, the Orphean Club gave their last concert for the year. They were assisted by Mr. J. C. Bartlett, tenor; Mr. W. E. Nowell, violinist; and Mr. G. M. Nowell, pianist. The programme was well rendered and much enjoyed. The concert was given in honor of the party from abroad, and at the close of the concert an informal reception was held in the chapel, when the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon and Miss Carpenter had the opportunity of welcoming them.

THE gymnasium has been transformed into an art gallery.

THE Class Day programmes were much admired.

CAST-OFF "gym" suits for sale at the office. New girls please notice.

THE Freshman class is over-crowded. Two girls claim membership.

WE did not see the design for a Lasell pin the old girls promised us. We still have great anticipations.

AT the final recitation of the preparatory Cæsar class, energetic complaints against Cæsar and his methods of dealing with the barbarians were presented by the Veneti, the Belgians, and Ariovistus, in the persons of Miss Gibbons, Miss Hallock, and Miss Sutton. Miss Lee replied with much animation in defence of Cæsar. The spirited charge of the youthful Ariovistus, and the skilfully phrased response from Cæsar, called forth much applause from the class.

AMONG the many excellent things for which Lasell is noted mention should be made of the rare crockery she has secured. A pitcher filled with flowers recently took a flying leap from a second-story window and, dexterously avoiding the heads of three people seated beneath the window, struck the piazza in an emphatic and startling manner. The possessor of the pitcher looked down anxiously, expecting to see broken heads, and beheld not even a broken pitcher.

THE Juniors were accidentally photographed twice on the same plate. The picture was amusing; double headed, two or three nosed, ten-fingered, mixed-banged girls were plentiful.

DEVITALIZE, breathe, and do your motions this summer.

THE A. T. C. tournament was not held. The members of the club like to languish and sleep.

LEWIS should have a "jubilee," having filled the water tank for the last time this year. Lasell girls are noted for their thirstiness.

THE Lasellia supper to the Seniors was given Saturday evening, June 11.

AN adjourned meeting of the Lasell Publishing Association was held June 11, 1887, Vice-President Miss Sayford in the chair. The committee on changing the form of the LEAVES submitted a report, which was accepted. The LEAVES are to be changed to the size of the *Harvard Advocate*. Reports from the different committees were read, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

<i>Editor-in-Chief,</i>	MISS EDDY.
<i>Local Editor,</i>	MISS BOGART.
<i>Exchange Editor,</i>	MISS BUSHNELL.
<i>Musical Editor,</i>	MISS C. BROWN.
<i>Political Editor,</i>	MISS LEE.
<i>Scientific Editor,</i>	MISS L. FOSTER.
<i>Art Editor,</i>	MISS SIMPSON.
<i>President,</i>	MISS LAW.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	MISS M. WHITE.
<i>Secretary,</i>	MISS BINFORD.
<i>Sub. Agent,</i>	MISS MATTHEWS.
<i>Business Manager,</i>	MISS L. JONES.

The last bell has tolled, and we resign our enviable positions, wishing the next year's Board all success. Write more? "I cannot take the responsibility."

PERSONALS.

GERTRUDE RICE, '81, sailed for Europe June 14, and will be absent until fall.

MISS GUSSIE LOWE, '84, spent Commencement week with her sister.

MISS MOLLIE CRANE, of Dalton, spent a few days with Miss Richards.

MISS BURRIDGE, on account of the illness of her brother, was obliged to go home the first of the term.

MISS ANNA WALLACE, '84, was here during the last few days.

MISS MAY BIGELOW visited Miss Joe Wallace during Commencement.

MRS. WOOD, Mrs. Robbins, and Mrs. West spent the last week of school with their daughters.

MEMBERS of the European Party of 1884 will be interested to know that Ella Wassemmer, of Minneapolis, Minn., was married June 8 to Dr. J. H. Martindale. She will make music for him! The Lasell girls will recall her wonderful gifts as a pianist.

JOHN STODDART HERKNESS entered the home of Walter and Mame Shellenberger Herkness, St. Patrick's Day, in the afternoon. Many of the old girls will be pleased to know that Mame is enjoying the society of a little son.

MISS PRICKETT, '85, visited Miss Kit Prescott in May.

MISS NELLIE PACKARD, '84, was present at the "S. D." banquet. We are always glad to see her.

MISS NELLY FERGUSON, '81, was married June 1, but has not let us know officially of it, so we can give no particulars.

MISS ELIZABETH VIRGINIA JOHNSTON has become Mrs. Edward Daniels.

We noticed a number of old girls here on Commencement Day: Blanche Ford, '86; Nellie Packard, '84; George Prickett, '85; Lizzie Whipple, '85; and Mary Marshall.

FLORENCE RYAN was graduated from Ogontz, in June.

THE recent death of Mrs. Fannie Miller Stilwell at Atlantic City, N. J., awakens fresh sympathy for the bereaved family of our Julia Miller. In the thirty-six years of our school, how much of brilliant, joyous youthful life has gladdened these halls, and yet how this sad March day stands out among all the days—when Julia Miller passed from the midst of her work among us. Surely it is not our living only who have tender thoughts. "All the girls"—the later comers as well as her associates—know the familiar name—the one to whom the heavenly calling came, *here*. And so, far away, and personally most of us unknown, we hear of this fresh sorrow with deep sympathy. Mrs. Stilwell is characterized, by those who knew her as "the very model of all those pure, gentle, and crowning qualities which adorn the maiden and the woman."

OUR thoughts turn tenderly to two of Lasell's former pupils, whose hearts have been saddened by the sudden death of a dear and honored father. In days gone by, Mamie (now Mrs. Hodgman) and Gussie Adams were beloved members of our school family, and we extend to them our sincere sympathy in their great loss.

MISS MERCY STEVENS SINSABAUGH, one of our graduates of '87, will sail for Europe in August. She will be accompanied by her mother, and will remain two years, for travel and study.

ART NOTES.

MISS ELIZABETH J. GARDINER, the distinguished American artist, who has resided in Paris many years, has received at the Salon this year the much coveted and highly honorable medal. Miss Gardiner is a native of Exeter, N. H., a graduate of Lasell, and the first American female artist ever honored in Paris as above mentioned.

THE statue by Augustus St. Gaudens of "The Puritan," a heroic work, singularly massive and serious, has just been successfully cast in Philadelphia. The head is a most striking and suggestive expression of the noble, serene Puritan spirit.

OF the four pictures bought by the Royal Academy of London, this season, with the proceeds of the Chantney Fund, one was Mr. Alfred Parsons's landscape, "When Nature Painted all Things Gray," and another was Mr. J. L. Sargent's figure piece, "Carnation, Lily, Rose."

MAJOR AND MINOR.

GOUNOD has composed a cantata for the approaching jubilee of the pope, and will direct its performance at the Vatican.

IT is understood that the authorities of the Paris Grand Opera and Verdi's representatives have reopened negotiations with a view to an early performance of "Otello."

THAT was a bold manager who ventured to bring out the "Mikado" in Yokohama; and discreet as well, as he had the forethought to consult a lawyer, who advised him to change the title and some of the phraseology of the text. So they called it "Three Little Maids from School," sang the opening chorus "If you want to know who we are, we are gentlemen from Siam," and in other ways fixed the text so as not to offend loyal Japanese. Two performances were given, and brought in more money than had six of any other work in the company's repertory.

HOFFMAN is the name of the new musical prodigy, who excites the greatest enthusiasm whenever he appears in any city of Europe. He is said to have a wonderful execution, facility, memory, and a remarkable talent for improvisation. He listens attentively to a melody which he hears for the first time, and immediately without a moment's hesitation or study, he carries the original theme through a dozen or more

variations, never losing it, and never giving it more embellishment than the rhythm and musical idea can support. Hoffman comes from Vienna, and is said to be only nine years of age.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A SCIENTIFIC society at Haarlem (Holland) offers a gold medal and four hundred florins (about £33) for the best treatise, which may be written in English, on the researches of M. Pasteur, to be sent in before April, 1887.

ANCIENT METEORS. — A large piece of meteoric iron has been found in a bed of tertiary lignite, Upper Austria. This is the first find of that sort in distinct geological periods, — a proof that meteoric stones fell also in former periods of the earth's existence.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR intimates that if the so-called star of Bethlehem was about as far away as the first magnitude stars — taking their average distance — may be supposed to lie, we may assume that the light of the star in its suddenly perturbed condition had taken not fewer than twenty years to reach our earth.

MAGIC INK. — Any writing or picture made with a solution of cobalt chloride is invisible until heated strongly for a few seconds, when the written characters or picture appears of a blue color: by simply breathing upon the paper they again disappear from view, to reappear if again heated.

THE observer at Blue Hill records in his monthly summary the first appearance for the season of a cherry blossom on May 6, and of an apple blossom on May 15.

POLITICAL NOTES.

SENATOR SHERMAN, by invitation of the Republican members of the Legislature of Illinois, made a speech at Springfield, on national politics. He called the doctrines and the tendency of the Democratic party, "Confederate," expressed approval of the schemes to give aid to education, and to connect, at the government's expense, the waters of the Mississippi and of the lakes.

WILLIAM G. WHEELER, ex-Vice-President of the United States, died at his home in Malone, N. Y., on June 4, in his sixty-eighth year. Mr. Hamlin is now the only survivor of those who have held the Vice-Presidential office.

THE Russian government has raised the duty on iron and steel from twenty-five to thirty per cent.

It is hinted that Russia will pursue her plans in Afghanistan without much regard to England's feelings.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL VILAS has under him a force of nearly 100,000 men.

THE war continues between the troops of the Ameer of Afghanistan and the Ghilzais, who are in revolt, but the two armies have for some time retained the same position, trying to starve each other out.

EXCHANGES.

DURING the past year the advancement of some college journals has been particularly noticeable. Some which seemed in the fall to be retrograding have risen above the hindrances which then seemed to be impeding their progress; and at this, the close of the school year, we find ourselves agreeably surprised at their success.

In none has this change been more marked than in the *Oberlin Review*. In the fall it seemed discouraged. A deep gloom seemed to overshadow the first numbers. The spring finds it cheerful and promising, with no sign of its former discouragement. The May number was especially noticeable for many well-prepared articles. "My Sketch Book," however, failed to meet our approval. We don't exactly admire that style of rhetoric.

OUR neighbor, *The Tech*, comes to us once more with a poor, meaningless cut on the last page, forming a decided contrast to the well-filled pages preceding it. The new Board of Editors has made a vast improvement in the paper, and started the year with energetic push and literary spirit. "The Facts in the Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is imaginative and original in style, and is in fact the best article of its kind that has appeared in our exchanges for a long time.

In an editorial, *The Tuftonian* states that its aim has been "to combine in one paper the lightness and humor of a college sheet with

the solidity and soberness of a monthly." In our opinion this aim has been nobly carried out. During the past year there has been no superfluity of college items, to the exclusion of literary articles. We have delighted in the choice stanzas and rondeaux which have of late brightened its pages, and its literary department, as a whole, is deserving of no little praise.

THE *University Cynic* might well be placed in the same category as the *Hamilton College Monthly*, and be called an excellent monthly essay reporter. We hope that next year the *Cynic* will stop its child's play at composition writing and do something in the journalistic line, which will indicate that it is a college publication.

WITH the new boards of editors, changes great and small, and sometimes not for the best, have been made in many of our exchanges.

The new editors of the *Yale Courant* have regardlessly dropped some of the best managed departments of their paper without supplying anything in their places. And the stories in the late numbers of the *Courant* are evidently resurrected from the waste-basket of former boards — *very former* boards, judging from the stories.

WEDDING AND COMPLIMENTARY GIFTS!

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ODE TO A PIECE OF CHEWING GUM.

O CHEWING Gum, thou hateful thing,
That tears to loathing eyes can bring
That never wept before !
Why wilt thou stretch the female face,
Depriving of its sweetest grace,
What man would fain adore ?

Why wast thou made to curse mankind ?
Who vain heroic means would find
To stay thy fearful works.
Thy blinded slaves enjoy their fate,
Nor see until it is too late
The harm that in thee lurks.

Oh, would that every scrap of thee
Still clung to the primeval tree
From which at first it sprang !
Then were the girls as bright and sweet,
In every charm of life complete
As ever poet sang.

HOW TO READ.

THERE is an art of reading, although many who read never master it; an art to be acquired, as all arts are acquired, by long and patient practice. Those who learn this art not only read books, but remember them; not only gain the enjoyment of the first keen impression of a writer's style and thought, but make his thinking a part of their own intellectual possession forever after. There are people who are continually making the casual acquaintance of books, but never establishing relations of enduring friendship and intimacy with them. They recall books as they see the titles from time to time, but they do not recall what they once knew of them. There is contact, but no cohesion, between such a reader and the books that have passed under his eye. This kind of superficial knowledge with literary works is not without its advantages, but it misses entirely the deeper and richer results of reading; it retains a vague recollection instead of the vitality, impulse, and power of another's mental struggles and achievements.

The art of reading for mastery of what one reads lies in concentration of attention. The trained reader finds no difficulty in abstracting himself from the noise and crowd of the horse car and putting all his mind on the printed page before him. For the moment More's "Utopia" or the marvellous island where Prospero works his spells is more real to him than the people or the scene actually about him. Everybody who frequents bookstores has noticed men who have fallen on some curious or unfamiliar book, and are straightway oblivious of everything else. They have for the moment escaped from the rush of the tides of life around them, and found a quiet of thought, at once restful and inspiring. All the great scholars have mastered this art of concentration; it is the secret of their achievements. No one can read Ben Jonson's plays and

masques, so full of the wealth of allusion and the resource of scholarship; or Milton's splendid prose, enriched with the spoils of all ages; or Gray's few but lasting contributions to English verse, so pervaded with the scholar's spirit, without recognizing behind these noblest achievements of mind and art a training so sustained and prolonged as to add a certain nobility of character to the work of the imagination.

This training was not completed in a day; there is no easy road to it. The royal roads to achievement are always long and hard, and no one will start on such a journey who is not ready to share the fortunes of the way, and to count himself fortunate in the opportunity to prove his mettle before he has won his prize. One must be ready, with Milton, to "scorn delights and live laborious days," if he would divide with Milton even a small part of his noble intellectual possession. To know great books familiarly is to hold one's mind and heart close to the deepest pulsations of life, to enter into the very heart of history, to penetrate the secrets of the noblest souls, and to be counted a companion of the elect minds of the race. This is a great achievement, and it must be matched by a great endeavor. That endeavor involves labor, patience, and a prolonged effort of will; it rewards this outlay of force with an immense expansion of the horizon lines of one's thought, an immense addition to one's little store of experience and knowledge.

To acquire this art of concentration, commence with the first good book that comes to hand. Read and reread its pages until you find yourself absorbed in them; until you have forgotten that there is anything in the world but the book and its reader. Your thought will probably wander at the start and for a long time after. Your attention will be diverted by trifles around you; the least noise or motion will lift your eye from the line before it; so it has been with every one who began to learn how to abstract himself from his surroundings and to concentrate himself upon the thing in hand, and so it will be to the very end of time. The trained mind is separated from these first irresolute and feeble efforts by one thing only—practice. To learn the art of concentration one must concentrate his mind again and again, patiently and resolutely, until, little by little, his effort becomes habit. When the habit is formed, the mind has received its impulse, and will do its work with increasing ease and efficiency, until one is no longer conscious of effort or resolution or labor.—*Christian Union*.

THE Sultan of Turkey has ceded the Island of Cyprus to England.

DEAR GIRLS:

I think you have been bored enough this year by my travels, and so I send to you these scraps as my contribution for this month: one to show you what Miss Willard thinks about reading; one to give you an actor's notion of the theatre; and a third to tell you the story of our beautiful hymn. I wish you would read them thoughtfully.

As ever your friend, C. C. B.

NOVEL READING.

THE young people who read the greatest quantity of novels know the least, are the dull-est in aspect, and the most vapid in conversation. The flavor of individuality has been burned out of them. Always imagining themselves in an artificial relation to life, always content to look through their author's glasses, they become as commonplace as pawns upon a chess board. "Sir, we had good talk!" was Sam Johnson's highest praise of those he met. But any talk save the dreariest commonplace and most tiresome reiteration is impossible with the regulation reader of novels or player of games. And this is, in my judgment, because God, by the very laws of mind, must punish those who kill time instead of cultivating it. For time is the stuff that life is made of, the crucible of character, the arena of achievement, and woe to those who fritter it away. They cannot help paying great Nature's penalty, and "mediocre," "failure," or "imbecile" will surely be stamped upon their foreheads. Therefore, I would have each generous youth and maiden say to every story spinner, except the few great names that can be counted on the fingers of one hand: I really cannot patronize your wares, and will not furnish you my head for a foot-ball, or my fancy for a sieve. By writing these books you get money, and a fleeting, unsubstantial fame; but by reading them I should turn my possibility of success in life to the certainty of failure. My self plus time is the capital stock with which the good Heavenly Father has pitted me against the world to see if I can gain some foothold. I cannot afford to be a mere spectator. I am a wrestler for the laurel in life's Olympian games. I can make history; why should I maunder in hammock and read the endless repetition of romance? No, find yourself a cheaper patron.

Frances E. Willard.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ON the 28th of December, 1886, I started from San Antonio, Tex., for California. At El Paso a theatre troupe, fifty-eight in number, boarded the train for Los Angeles. In the orchestra were a few Germans, with whom I got in

conversation about one and the other thing. One of these men was very intelligent and well informed. He told me he had travelled nine years with that troupe. I asked him if he had a family. He said that he had a wife and eight children,—two sons and six daughters. I asked him if any of his sons or daughters were with the troupe, or playing on the stage anywhere. He looked at me for a moment, and then deliberately said (listen and hear it, you theatre-going Christians): "Sir, my daughters are all dead, and it was hard, very hard for me to bury them one after another; but rather than to have my sons go on the stage, I would bury them, too. You see these young men and women; by their conduct you see what they are. We have some young and innocent girls in the troupe, but how long will they be able to resist the influence surrounding them before they are dragged down to where the others are,—to the lowest level of immorality?" This man only repeated what Barrett, Stephan, and other actors said before him.—*The Christian Advocate, N. Y.*

"JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL."

THE brothers John and Charles Wesley, with Richard Pilmore, were one evening holding a twilight meeting on the common, when they were attacked by a mob, and fled from its fury for their lives. The first place of refuge that they found, after having been for some time separated, was a hedge-row near at hand, behind which they hid a few minutes, protecting themselves from serious injury by the missiles that fell like hail about them, by clasping their hands above their heads as they lay with their faces in the dust. As night drew on, the darkness enabled them to leave their temporary retreat for a safer one at some distance. They found their way at last to a spring-house, where, in comparative security, they waited for their pursuers to weary of seeking them. Here they struck a light with a flint stone, dusted their soiled and tattered garments, and after quenching their thirst, bathed their hands and faces in the water that bubbled from the spring and flowed away in a sparkling streamlet. Then it was that Charles Wesley was inspired to write "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," with a bit of lead which he had hammered into a pencil.

These circumstances beautifully illustrate the hymn, giving to almost every line a reality that makes it peculiarly significant to every loving Christian heart. They had fled before their enemies, and found shelter from danger. He sang,—

"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

W. H. Dikerman, in Christian Guardian.

WANTED.

DID you ever notice that portion of the newspaper where the various wants of mankind are arranged for public inspection? If not, we advise you to glance at it occasionally. It rivals in interest the police reports; and one feels like exclaiming, "Verily, the fools never die!" That is, they never all die at once, so that their pattern is lost on the face of the earth. First, there is the man who has a "little capital to invest in a paying business," and wishes a partner. A paying business meaning to the advertiser a profit of one hundred per cent; and you amuse yourself imagining the levee the unsophisticated, would-be business man will hold the next day, when all the patent-medicine, sewing-machine, and wonderful-invention men are trying to smuggle his few hard-earned dollars into their capacious pockets. Again, there is the lady who "wants" her dog, which is stolen for the tenth time, and "wants" to pay a "liberal reward" (also for the tenth time) for his return, and ask no questions. The only conceivable circumstance in which the lady can be placed and ask no questions. Also, the man who wants a small—very small—boy, to do the work of a very large man. Boy not to expect any wages the first year, his reward consisting in learning the business of—turning the other cheek when one cheek is smitten. There is also that benefactor of the needy, the man who wishes agents to sell some astonishing some thing. *Work* of selling, absolutely nothing; *profits* of selling, immense. Why will the plodding thousands grub for a living, when no end of money can be made without effort by just applying to this advertiser!

People of the Aladdin-lamp style figure conspicuously in these columns. They are willing to exchange anything for something else. A spider-legged table, that would make a second-hand furniture dealer's mouth water, for a creaking, rheumatic rocking-chair; or their family bedclothes for somebody's family carpet; both articles fearfully the worse for the "moth that doth corrupt," and both equally safe from "the thief that breaks through and steals." In an ornamental line, the exchange is sought of a "creation in china," called in common parlance an old cracked cup and saucer, for somebody's grandmother's ancient rusty andirons.

We must not forget the doctor, who has a diploma either from a New York medical university or from some medical institution in the Indian Territory,—both equally reliable,—and who can be seen by suffering humanity for "one week only." This advertisement is accompanied by a paralyzing picture of an unfortunate patient before treatment, and a radiant

one of the triumphant patient after treatment; also by a likeness of the doctor himself. To be sure the picture more resembles a pugnacious bulldog than an ideal M. D.; still it undoubtedly gratifies the vanity of the doctor and the curiosity of his patients. It is also valuable as a work of art. We are consoled in reading of the man who wants a wife, and the woman in search of a husband, by the reflection that,—

"Both are well suited for life;
She gets a fool for a husband,
He gets a fool for a wife."

Most laughable of all is the father of a rising family, who wishes to purchase, "at a very low figure," a family horse; one which is kind and gentle, and as fleet as a safe animal should be. It is desired that he should possess the easy, rocking, delightful motion of a saddle horse; be large enough to look well before a one-horse vehicle containing four well-developed grown persons and a fair sprinkling of children; and also be small enough to appear to advantage with the stylish drag in which the ambitious daughter or son air their fine clothes. This animal must have such a well-regulated mind as to look with horsely contempt upon the advancing bicycle, with its human freight perched on top; must have an appreciative ear for a brass band, an admiring eye for small boys flying kites, and to be so utterly indifferent to danger as to be willing to run his nose against the incoming locomotive. We draw a veil over the purchasing transaction.

Fifteenthly, and lastly, there is the respectable girl, who wishes a respectable situation in a respectable family to do respectable work at respectable wages; no cards answered. This column is inexhaustible. Chloes succeed Bridgets; black girls, white girls, and green girls, in unending procession, appear, and are as disastrous to the investor as is the family horse. We might go on enumerating, but we wish to leave something for the reader of advertisements to imagine. H. S. J.

THE QUESTION. — Is the world moulding the church, or the church lifting the world? This is a question that has been asked with a good deal of earnestness lately, and it is not yet answered satisfactorily. How is it in case of yourself and your own church and neighborhood? — *Congregationalist.*

"ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL." — The origin of this expression is as follows: In 1540 the abbey-church of St. Peter, Westminster, was advanced to the dignity of a cathedral by letters patent; but ten years later it was joined to the diocese of London again, and many of its estates appropriated to the repairs of St. Paul's Cathedral. — *Christian Union.*

